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Beau Revel*

A SCINTILLANT NOVEL OF MANHATTAN'S MAD GAIETY

By Louis Joseph Vance

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ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

LARRY REVEL, known as Beau Revel, is a polished pleasure-seeker and an adept at love-making. Alice Lathom knows that he is a dangerous man, nevertheless she half promises to get a divorce from her insanely jealous husband and marry him. Revel has a son, Dick, whose mother was divorced from Larry a good many years before. At a dancing-club he finds that his son is in love with Nelly Steele, a dancer. Mrs. Benzoni informs him that Nelly is backed in her dancing-club venture by a society woman, Mrs. Wade, whose son, Rossiter Wade 2nd, is in love with the girl.

Revel cultivates his acquaintance with Nelly Steele in order to learn what sort of woman has won his son's heart, and finds her charming but mercenary. To demonstrate her unworthiness to Dick he calls her up and makes a dinner appointment with her. Dick resents his father's interference, and a heated argument follows, during which Larry first obtains his son's promise to remain away from Nelly for two weeks, then wagers that two weeks from that night he will have the dancer alone with him in his apartment at midnight.

VI

IN a turn of singular detachment such as sometimes, without warning, takes hold upon a mind harassed, causing it to perceive the commonplace as novel—in a guise of false strangeness, Revel found himself contemplating the Coldicott dining-table, with its fringe of guests, as if with the

eyes of an outsider newly introduced to the house and its company.

At the oblong refectory table, with its covering of rare lace beneath glass, its gentle illumination by twin candelabra of triple arms, its faultless service of plate and chinaware, six people were seated. The Dudley-Hobarts had promised to come, but at the last moment had telephoned begging

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"HELLO, WHAT ARE YOU TWO SO SURREPTITIOUS ABOUT?"

"MY FUTURE—"

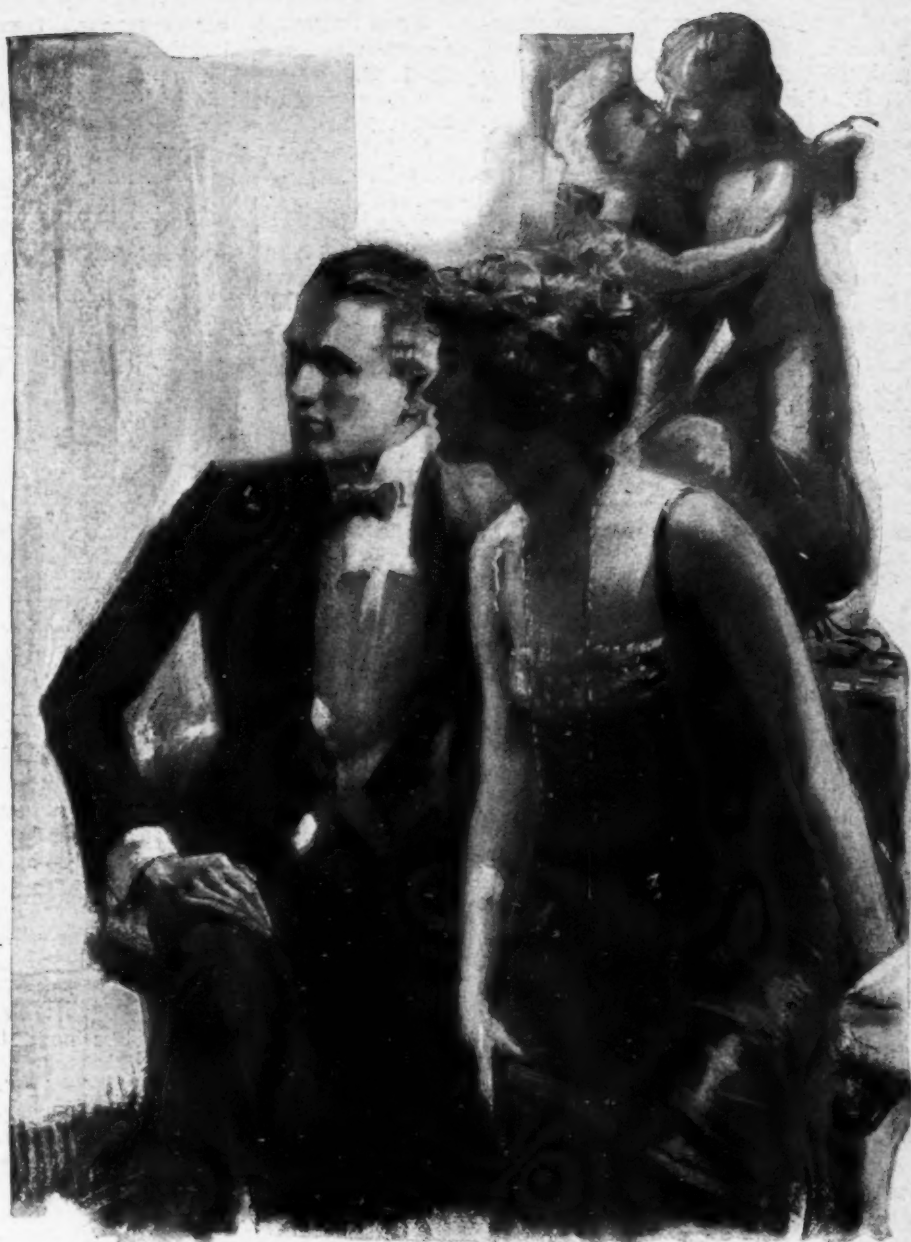
"NO FIT TOPIC IN MIXED COMPANY, LARRY. YOUR FUTURE'S A PAST"

off, their excuse the inevitable motor breakdown out of town. Amelia was, she protested, furious at having her proposed two tables of bridge thus upset. Now it was too late to find acceptable substitutes. Impossible to get good bridgers as second choice, on a scant hour's notice! They'd simply have to cut in and out, leaving two always idle. She was sorry; they could blame the Dudley-Hobarts.

Privately Revel was not sorry. This hitch would, he hoped, afford him opportunity to talk alone with Alice Lathom for a few minutes. He had not had a word

in private with her since Thursday night

at the Ritz; and more than ever he needed to-night the comfort of her sympathy, her unfailing understanding. That scene with Dick was preying on his mind. No matter how light his manner—and he plumed himself that he was carrying on without a sign—there was ever an undercurrent of uneasiness, a secret tugging at his heart-strings that gave him no rest. He loved the boy too well. The bare thought that one might have so blundered as in any measure to



alienate his affection was distressing beyond belief.

For the moment he was left to himself. On his right Queenie Benzoni had turned to chaff with Coldicott; the brisk give and take of their lightly malicious wit made a rumor of pleasant animation. On his left Amelia was talking more soberly with Georges Ben-

zoni, whose dark-skinned face of smooth Oriental cast was rendered brilliant by eyes that burned like black opals with the light of self-content. Apparently his affair with Nora Nettleton still went well. Beyond him, Alice sat listening with a quiet smile to the dialogue between Ben Coldicott and Queenie.

With a feeling of security in the preoccupation of the others, Revel permitted himself the indiscretion of dwelling hungrily upon the vision of Alice. He sat a trifle back from the table, the plump, immaculate fingers of one hand resting on the edge of the plate glass, a cigarette poised in the other, head inclined attentively, as if he, too, were diverted by the nonsense passing on his right, insatiable eyes glimmering under slightly lowered lids.

She had the serenity, he thought, the sure poise of the lily, whose fairness was rivaled by the fairness of her arms and neck, and its finish, too. She was perfection. No, that word was too cold, inadequate; one must fare without the English language for the term to do her justice—*soignée*.

His gaze followed tenderly the pure, firm contours of her face, her low, broad brow, the fine arch of her nose, the lips like petals of some exquisite red flower, the sweet sweep of her throat.

She was to be his! He denied his knowledge that she was now another's—a thought to drive one mad—and held with all his strength to the consolation of the belief that she was one day to be his.

Becoming aware of the intensity of his concentration, she looked round to him, a look of affection, compassion, and intelligence. Then with one swift glance aside, deep lashes curtained her eyes. Revel, shaking off his abstraction, was conscious of the stare of Benzoni, and mustered an aspect of blinking stupidity against that mocking glitter of discovery. But his heart misgave him; he had betrayed himself. Not that he cared, on his part; but Alice—

Queenie turned on him with a challenging quip. Instantly he recollected himself and countered smartly. A ripple of laughter rewarded him. That moment of aloofness had passed—but it had been too long.

In the drawing-room, he cut into the first rubber and played through two with more than his habitual brilliance of cardmanship. Then he was obliged to sit out with Amelia through one tedious and hard-fought rubber before his patience was repaid. It was nearly eleven before Alice rose, crossed the room, and with a little gasp of mock exhaustion dropped into one end of the small settee.

"Three rubbers are too much—the cut-throat game we play. A cigarette, please, lest I perish!"

Revel supplied her demands, then thoughtfully arranged cushions to support her back.

"Fancy you could do with a drink, too—what?"

"Thanks—plain water, please."

He filled two glasses from a crystal jug, and settled down beside her.

"A bit shy of whisky to-night," he explained to the humorous lift of her eyebrows. "Upset."

"I knew." Her glance fled to the card-table; but the quartet there was already bidding on the first hand. "What is it, *mon ami*?"

"Anxiety about the only two beings on earth that mean anything to me. You, to begin with—you make no sign."

She let him take her half-emptied glass and folded her hands in her lap as he put it aside, sitting motionless but for the gentle stir of her bosom, her countenance inscrutable. He had a short-lived spasm of exasperation, muttering:

"You drive me mad with suspense!"

"Must I put an end to it to-night?"

"If you have mercy in your heart."

She said deliberately, her lips scarcely moving:

"It shall be as you wish."

He was profoundly moved, beyond speech; but the eloquence of his dumbness was such that Alice's immobility was broken, and she flashed him a swift, sharp look of warning.

"No fear," he said quietly, reassuming the trifter's mask; "not twice in the same place, thanks."

Her eyes grew dark with inquiry.

"Benzoni," he replied. "At the table, I'm afraid. Remember?" She nodded. "I may have been mistaken."

"I think not; he's dangerously intuitive." Then her dubiety lightened surprisingly. "But I forget. It doesn't matter—does it?—now I'm decided, the die is cast, for better or worse."

"You mean it—at last?"

Her gaze dropped to her hands. She flexed significantly her slender, supple fingers. With a sense of shock Revel perceived the absence from the number of her matchless rings of one slight hoop of diamonds set in platinum.

"When?"

Her eyes held downcast, her words were barely audible:

"Last night."

"What happened?"

She looked up, her mouth convulsed, her eyes haunted, and he murmured in contrition:

"Forgive—I had no right to ask."

"Then no one has. It was just the usual thing. He's going away for a week tomorrow. This time he makes only the flimsiest pretext of deceiving me. When he comes back I shall be gone."

"I must see you alone—as soon as possible."

She nodded:

"I'll telephone." She made a gesture of dismissal and resolutely composed her features. "Now tell me about Dick."

In the flux of emotion Revel had forgotten; for an instant his eyes were blank.

"The young fool's in love with Nelly Steele," he said.

"The dancer?"

"Do you know her?"

"I saw her for the first time last night. She's—incomparable, don't you think?"

"Extraordinary. But Dick wants to marry her."

"Well?" she said, as if puzzled.

"It's unthinkable." Revel had a short laugh of derision. "An actress—Dick—I should say not!"

"I hope you haven't talked to him like that?"

"He told me only this evening. Naturally, I spoke my mind—told him the thing was impossible."

"Oh, I understand how you feel. In your place, I'd feel as you do. But"—her hand rested lightly on the back of his for a mere instant—"are you wise, my friend?" Revel opened astonished eyes. "I mean, Dick's no fool, but he's hopelessly human, Larry, very much the son of his father. Trust him to find out for himself if there's anything—If there isn't, let the affair run its natural course, and don't worry. Left to itself, young love will as often as not burn out of its own accord. But contend against it, dignify it with sincere opposition—You plunge soft iron at white heat into cold water; you know what happens then."

"But you're mistaken in Dick; he's reasonable. We had a row, rather, but in the end I persuaded him. He's going to keep away from her for a fortnight. He promised."

Her tone was patient and regretful.

"What good do you imagine that will

do? Two weeks' separation, if he really loves the girl—"

"It will give me time to size her up."

"How?"

Revel had a sense of thin ice, but remained infatuate with his purpose, his determination at whatever cost to disillusion Dick.

"I mean to see something of her, of course—as much as possible." Alice was silent. "I'm not precisely stupid. If there's anything wrong—"

"You're convinced there is?"

"I'm convinced she's not the sort to be the wife of my son."

"And you think you can convince Dick. Why, Larry! I thought better of your worldly wisdom. Don't you know youth never profits by the wisdom its elders have won through suffering? It can't—in affairs of the heart, I mean. You can't talk youth out of its passions, its illusions. It won't believe you till it has learned the brutal truth for itself. Look back. Did you—or I—believe life was cruel—could anybody have made us believe it—till we had lived long enough to learn?"

But Revel wouldn't listen. Doggedly he persisted:

"Dick won't be able to ignore such evidence as I mean to lay before him."

"If you are right. But if you are wrong—"

"If I am, it'll be the first time in many years I've been mistaken about a woman."

And he said this who so utterly misjudged the woman who loved him! Her eyes clouded. And, blindly, he misread them.

"I'll make her betray herself before the two weeks are up."

"But what of me?"

He gaped out of the depths of his imbecility:

"You?"

"Did you imagine I should approve—"

"What has it to do with you?"

"You mean to test this girl by making love to her yourself."

Too late he perceived how irretrievably he had committed himself. Discountenanced, he faltered:

"It may, of course, be necessary to pay her some attention—"

"Flirt with her, you mean—play the game you know best, and play it to win; you don't know any other way with a woman. Larry, you're an attractive man;

you can be fascinating when you want to. You'd have to be, when I know you as I do, to make me willing to risk a second tragedy by marrying you. And this girl is so young—"

"Older than Dick—"

"That doesn't matter; she's at least twenty years younger than you. She can't help but be flattered if you— You're proposing to play with fire. Is it wise of you, Larry? Is it kind to Nelly Steele? Is it fair to me?"

"I promise you—"

"Don't! You can't make me any promise you can trust yourself to keep. You are inflammable yourself."

"Not I! I'm beyond danger, insulated by my love for you."

"I wonder if you really believe that yourself." Abashed, his eyes winced. "Larry, be advised, be sensible, be generous. I beg you, give this up—"

"I can't let Dick risk ruining his life."

"Give it up, Larry!" she pleaded. "I warn you, if you refuse, you may have to give me up instead."

He muttered sullenly:

"Don't be unreasonable—"

He was interrupted by a crow of triumph from the card-table:

"Grand slam, game, and rubber!" Ben Coldicott pushed back his chair. "Hard labor enough! Let's call it a night and quit." He looked round to the settee. "Hello, what are you two so surreptitious about?"

"My future—"

"No fit topic in mixed company, Larry. Your future's a past."

"Good old wheeze, Ben!"

Revel grimaced tolerantly and, as one pursuing an interrupted conversation, addressed Alice directly:

"Dessay you're right. Perhaps matrimony would be good for me."

She said sweetly the last word:

"It might bring you to your senses, if anything would!"

VII

NELLY STEELE entered the Gotham with a confidence partly innate, partly the result of training, but in the main inspired by the knowledge that her most becoming gown and furs could hardly have been in any way more becoming.

Nevertheless she was not ill-pleased to see no signs of Revel in the lobby.

In the lounge, the small room opening off the restaurant at the back of the elevators, where she was quite alone—another circumstance entirely to her liking—she settled herself easily and picturesquely to wait and think. She liked to think things out in anticipation, such as what her attitude toward Revel must be. It made her feel comfortably sure of herself, and to-day especially she wanted to feel and to seem that way. She was rather glad than otherwise that a minor subterfuge practised upon her mother, in order to get away unquestioned, had brought her to the hotel before the hour of her appointment.

Not that Nelly recognized any reason why she should not lunch with Mr. Revel, or with anybody else, in her unrestricted discretion; but she was jealous of the absolute freedom of action to which she felt herself entitled by virtue of her twenty-five years, and impatient of any sort of supervision. Whereas mother, since retiring from the stage, had fallen—largely through lack of other interests—into a habit of more or less vague and ineffective gestures of anxiety appropriate to the rôle of doting mother to a pretty, spirited, prepossessing young woman who had already, unaided, scored a conspicuous popular success and now seemed in a fair way to become, what mother was fond of calling her, the pampered darling of society. So Nelly was prone to act on the theory that what mother didn't know couldn't worry either of them.

There were times when, in spite of her aversion for the life of the theater, she was conscious of being more than a little irked by the unending circumspection which, rightly or wrongly, mother thought was required of her in this walk of life. As she had confessed to Revel the other night in the taxicab, she was frankly delighted with the change in her circumstances and prospects; and she was, furthermore, firmly resolved that she would conquer this agreeable new world, bring it to her feet, and keep it there, if this were to be compassed through any exercise of native wit, tact, discretion, and courage. Her life had known too many crying wants for her to be willing to forego without a struggle, or forfeit through indiscretion, those golden opportunities which she saw apparently opening to her grasp through her association with people whose names were nationally synonymous with wealth and power—people who seemed to like her quite spontaneously, too.

All the same it was a satisfaction once in a while to do something which, because it might possibly be frowned upon by the super strait-laced, testified to an unimpaired independence of spirit. This mild little adventure of lunching alone with a man of the local reputation of Mr. Laurence Revel imbued her with a pleasant sense of daring. And entirely aside from the allure that danger has for the human animal of either sex, it was gratifying to think she had been singled out for special attention by a man of personal attractions reputedly so disastrous.

She liked the little flutter of anticipation in which she was awaiting him, and even more the confidence that it was thoroughly disguised by a surface equanimity of which she was absolute mistress.

She wondered whether personal interest in her had prompted Revel's invitation, or curiosity about the woman with whom Dick had fallen in love.

In spite of her professional success, there was a marked strain of humility in the composition of the girl's nature—not snobbery toward wealth and social position, but deep-seated respect for superior attainments, accomplishments, and qualities, for anything which she could attribute to the workings of a superior mentality. She was even predisposed to be meek toward musicians, though her stage life had thrown her so much with them that she now privately rated them as artists little lower than the angels, as individuals only a cut above acrobats. She had no suspicion what a finely organized machine her own brain was, but was apt to depreciate its mettle and capacity because she earned her living, as some one had said to her, with her feet. Dancing with her was such an instinctive, spontaneous thing, a sort of singing of her whole body, that she was satisfied thought had nothing to do with it. And Dick's enthusiasm for his father had inspired in her a tolerably exaggerated notion of Revel's intellectual caliber; he would have been amused had he known that his professional status of "corporation lawyer" inclined the girl to regard him with some degree of awe.

While waiting, and indeed all through luncheon, she was subconsciously busy trying to identify those peculiar facets of his personality which made him so interesting, so engaging, and, according to report, so dangerous.

An impersonal courtesy, intrinsic and un-studied, a uniform flow of animal spirits, and an amiable bearing, amused, tolerant, never priggish, toward people and things, provoked liking and admiration. On reflection she decided that, more than most things, she liked in a man this tempered poise. And then, Revel never seemed to betray any tendency to think himself a person of particular consequence—neither did he seem to think there was anybody of more consequence—except, always, herself.

Toward her his demeanor was in moderation deferential; she was given to understand that she was a person of some importance, to be respected, considered, catered to. A most distinctly satisfying sensation! She confessed to herself that it made her want to purr. To all other men she was something to be admired wistfully, made love to hopefully, flirted with cautiously *pour passer le temps*, flattered with condescension, seldom to be met on any common ground.

Quite decidedly Revel made way with her that day. She liked his clothes and the way he wore them. She liked his luncheon and the fact that it was ready to be served to them as soon as they were seated. To find that Revel had looked forward to lunching with her with sufficient interest to telephone his order in advance was to realize a compliment subtle but memorable.

With such a pattern to go by, no wonder Dick had turned out to be such a nice boy.

At that moment Nelly found herself thinking of Dick as much more boyish than she had appreciated—perhaps too much so. She recalled with a feeling of indulgent pity his drolly tragic face when she declined to consider his proposal so momentous as to require the answer he demanded—yes or no. Strange that he should be so jealous of Rossiter Wade! As if she'd waste a moment on that one if she were not beholden to his mother—so manifestly the wrong sort, the sort she couldn't be patient with, the sort she had learned so well how to handle—at arm's length. If Dick only knew how deep was her contempt for the Ross breed, and how abiding her confidence in her ability to deal with it! About Revel she wasn't so sure.

She began to understand how he had earned his nickname, Beau Revel.

She wondered if he knew Dick had proposed to her. If so, he probably knew her answer, and considered the matter

settled and of no more importance. When he had telephoned her, last night, he had said something about wanting to continue their talk in the taxicab; but now Revel seemed to have forgotten that and to be bent solely on making their hour at table enjoyable.

Was it possible that he found her as interesting as he seemed to?

Effortless and constant, his sympathetic regard infolded her like an atmosphere.

Of a sudden and without premeditation she found herself telling him about the scapegrace sponge of a younger brother whose propensity for getting into trouble and out of a job worked, with indifference to her affection and her mother's, to frustrate every effort to make anything of him better than a theatrical camp-follower.

"He doesn't seem to care. If he goes on this way, he'll never be even a good chorus-man; he hasn't any voice, his dancing is third-rate, he can't act; but he isn't happy unless he's painting his nose. Maybe it's in the blood. Perhaps I'd be as bad, denied the fun of dancing and applause. But it seems a pity."

"What's he doing now?"

"He's on the road with a musical comedy. It closes Saturday night in Philadelphia. By Sunday morning he'll be on our hands again."

She checked just in time to avoid detailing how very thoroughly Bert would be on their hands, once he learned how she was prospering. He really asked very little of life. A place to lay his head, casual meals, money for cigarettes, wasp-waisted coats and trick shoes, the privilege of obstructing traffic on the sidewalks of Longacre Square while discussing loftily the politics of the theatrical world—given these, and Bert would avoid "accepting an engagement" with an impersonation of misprized worth and ambition under the tyrant heel of circumstance that would have made his fortune behind footlights.

But Revel was not without intuition.

"Send him to me. Let's see if we can't do something with him. He must be good for something. Every last one of us is. The trouble is, most of us never find out what it is, because nobody takes enough interest to reveal us to ourselves. If I can win his confidence, I'll soon find out, and place him where he'll be both contented and useful."

"You're most kind, but—"

"No, not kind—as selfish as the next man you meet."

"Now I don't understand."

Revel had the quiet smile that goes so well with profession of human weakness.

"None of us do many things without self-interest as the motive. I find you so delightful, I want you to think well of me. If I solve the problem of your brother for you, I shall be serving myself. Even though you find it tiresome, you'll sometimes lighten the loneliness middle age knows too well by lunching with me, or, if you've nothing better to do, dining."

He worked aggrieved brows over the mirth in her eyes.

"Now you're laughing at me!"

"The thought of your being lonely—"

"I know—because I've got a host of acquaintances; but you can't know how few friends. You'll have to come to forty-five before you understand. By that time most of the friends of your youth have gone the way of all flesh. Marriage has claimed some, death has taken others almost painlessly; some have drifted into weird ways of life, like writing novels or reading them; others vote for prohibition and subsist incomprehensibly on disgruntled milk and dreaded wheat; far too many have prematurely committed suburbicide."

His sigh was heavy with disconsolation.

"Now that Dick has deserted me to set up his own bachelor establishment, I foresee and perceive only a weary vista of club dinners, all tasting precisely alike and flavored with the same wheezes, and slippered evenings at home."

"It sounds very dreadful!" The girl wagged her head with mock commiseration. "But somehow I feel quite sure it isn't going to be like that at all."

"You mean"—he brightened amazingly—"you've already made up your mind to let me give you a luncheon or a little dinner every once in so often?"

"I don't mean anything of the sort; but—if you insist on asking me, I'm afraid I shall accept."

"'Afraid'? Depressing word!"

"Humbug!" said Nelly Steele. "You know you like it."

VIII

In the lamp-starred violet dusk of the November afternoon the town-car rolled into the court of the Park Avenue apartment block, and stopped. Its door was

opened by a saluting porter. In her corner Alice Lathom stirred, with an effect of surprise, then got out and moved toward the entrance-hall in a fit of abstraction so complete that the apologetic porter had to pursue and remind her that she had neglected to say whether or not the car was to wait.

wrinkle, no hint of superfluous flesh, that symptom of physical deterioration which most of all things she dreaded. She was perhaps a little pale. Mechanically yet delicately she applied a trace of rouge and powder. At thirty-three she remained one of the most beautiful women in New York.

As she turned away, she noticed a square



HE BROODED HEAVILY FOR A SPACE AND ENTERED THE FIRST AXIOM OF A PHILOSOPHY IN THE MAKING. "WOMEN ARE THE DEVIL!"

She paused, in some hesitation made up her mind, and sent word back to the chauffeur that she would not need him again that night.

A latch-key admitted her to the place she called home. Closing the door quietly, she stood listening to a murmur of voices which, drifting down the hallway of the servants' quarters, was deadened by a swing door. Apparently her return was not known. Indifferently content that this should be so, she went on to her dressing-room and there put off her hat and furs. The face she viewed in her mirror was overcast with weariness of long and fruitless thought, with doubt and indecision; but the melancholy in its eyes served only to make spiritual its beauty. Her jealous inspection discovered no flaw, no sign of

florist's box on her dressing-table, and as she severed its cords the passionate fragrance of violets assailed her senses. She shut her eyes for a moment, affected by a slight feeling of vertigo. The rouge she had just applied gained a sharp accent as her native color faded beneath it. She drew a deep breath and resolutely reassumed command of herself.

The sealed envelope with the flowers was addressed in Revel's hand to "Mrs. Lathom." Within it was a card bearing the symbol—"?"—and nothing more. But she understood. He was asking why she had not kept her promise of last Sunday to telephone and make an appointment to see him alone. Sunday seemed a day incalculably remote. She had lived a lifetime since. Yet nothing had happened;

she had merely wasted day after day doubting herself, doubting him, doubting all things. To-day was Thursday.

She was stricken by a pang of self-reproach, poignant and enduring. She had not kept her promise, she had deliberately avoided all places that he frequented, she had let him wait and wait in Heaven knew what torment of wonder and suspense. Had she perhaps wronged him in her thoughts? Was he too suffering as she had suffered?

Lifting the violets in both hands, she pressed her face into their sweetness and, inhaling their heady and languorous perfume, felt herself relaxing from the desperate nervous tension of the last few days, as if she breathed into body and soul breaths of love anodyne to all pain and care and distrust.

When she put down the flowers, her eyes were clear and shining, her face was luminous with confidence. She went to the telephone-stand, sat down, and communicated to the receiver the number for Revel's rooms.

His valet knew her voice.

"No, Mrs. Lathom, Mr. Revel hasn't been home this afternoon," he said. "Is there any message?"

"Thank you, Rudge. Say I will call up again about seven."

In heavy disappointment, she proceeded to the drawing-room with dragging steps. To the maid whom she found kneeling before the fireplace applying a match to kindling, she said:

"You may serve tea, please, Anna."

Standing beside a table, she took up a book, opened it at random, scanned half a page intently, and put it down without knowing either what she had read or the title of the volume. Her gaze wandered round the room, lingering on objects indelibly associated with her early married life—things she and Frank had shopped for together in that glamorous time when they were happily assembling the elements of a home. Her mind was haunted by misty memories of days with Frank in Florence, in Rome, in Munich, Paris, London.

All fair days dead!

Anna brought in the muffin-stand, then the tea service. She saw the shining silver vessels and translucent chinaware set out upon a stand close by the chair in which she was accustomed to sit, near the fire. The hall clock sounded a musical salute to the half-hour. She was expecting nobody.

Still she delayed, denying the desire for tea, and turned away.

Thrusting aside the draperies, she contemplated from the recess of a window the confounding spectacle of man-made cliffs, tier upon tier of golden windows which, rearing insolently into a sky of profound purple, starless, serene, and vast, walled in a well of night searched through and through by stray, uncertain shafts of light, wavering, crossing and recrossing, yearning and frustrate—like restless wraiths of mortal passions insatiable even in death.

In a dull way she was aware of the muffled, incessant grumble of traffic, and presently, more near, of the tinkle of the house telephone. She heard the maid answer, and turned from the window as Anna entered and announced.

"Mr. Revel is calling, Mrs. Lathom."

She felt as if she were being suffocated by wave on wave of emotion, and wondered if it were true that Anna was eying her strangely as, with difficulty, she made herself say in an inconsequent voice:

"Please ask him to come up."

It was her intention to return to the fireplace and pose herself becomingly in one of the chairs by the tea-table, but she found herself still standing, staring at the doorway, when Dick Revel came in.

The reaction was cruel. It was some time before she was able to grasp the fact that Dick himself was laboring under stress of emotion so acute that he was insensible to any sign of agitation on her part. It was only a week or so since she had last seen the boy, but he had aged visibly. His face was drawn and lined, his mouth grim, his eyes restless and morose. He tried in vain, with a manner of feverish animation, to appear interested in the small talk which she manufactured while giving him a cup of tea.

"I dare say you're wondering what's the matter with me," he said abruptly.

He bent forward in his chair, elbows on knees, working his hands together, staring into the fire.

Premonition visited her like a shuddering of the soul. She experienced an effect of dissociation of spirit from body, an effect of standing without herself, a quivering, naked thing, cringing from the menace of torture, and perceiving her body quietly seated, clothed and sane, preserving an unruffled countenance informed with dignity, sympathy, and graciousness. And she

heard herself say in an even tone not lacking in kindly humor:

"Perhaps I understand, Dick—at least a little."

"I hoped maybe you would. That's why I called, without asking if I might. Dad thinks such an awful lot of you—"

"Do you think so, Dick?"

"He's said so often; he considers you the cleverest woman he ever met. He—we've always been rather open with each other, you know, talked a lot about—life and things—more like friends—until—"

"Sunday?"

"Yes." The boy looked up sharply.

"Then he did consult you?"

"About your wanting to marry Nelly Steele—yes."

"What—what did he say? I don't mean that exactly. I know he said he didn't want me to marry her. What I do want to know is, how much he told you, and if he said anything about making me promise to keep away from her for a fortnight while he—he—"

Dick checked on a gulp.

"Your father told me about that—yes."

"What he meant to do? Did you understand that?"

"I understood, perhaps, more than he told me."

"I had a notion perhaps you would."

She felt that he expected an expression of opinion, but was silent till he lost patience.

"Well, what do you think?"

Still positively in control of her visible self, she smiled indulgently.

"I haven't any right to judge others, you know, Dick."

"I know, but—" A cry was wrung from the boy's tormented heart. "Oh, Mrs. Lathom, I'm so unhappy! You can't know—nobody can—we've always been such pals. And Nelly liked me, I know she liked me, and more, until— Now I can't think of anything else, I can't sleep for thinking of what's happened and—what's happening—and how I can't do anything to stop it!"

It was necessary to keep tight hold of herself. She knew her sympathetic expression of interest was unaltered, but felt as if the muscles of her face had suddenly become petrified; and it was not possible for her to speak without betraying herself.

With a movement of uncontrollable nervousness, Dick jumped up.

"Don't you understand?" he demanded.

She nodded, bending low over her teacup.

"I can't sit still. If you don't mind my roaming round a bit while I talk—" Immediately he stopped short in the act of roaming and stared at her apprehensively. "If you don't mind my talking—"

"If it's any help to you, Dick; if I can help you by listening."

"You don't know how much! I want your advice, too. I've got nobody else to go to for advice. A man can't talk to his friends about such things—I mean his men friends. It isn't the sort of thing you can discuss in the club or office, you know." He made a grimace of deprecation. "But a fellow's got to talk to somebody or go mad!"

"I quite understand." Her tone robbed the formal phrase of coldness. "Please go on, tell me everything—or as much as you want to."

"When did you see dad last?"

On Sunday, she told him.

"Then you don't know what's happened since."

She made a slight negative motion of the head. Dick plunged his hands deep into his pockets and resumed his roaming.

"Well, I dined with him Monday—in-
vited myself—he couldn't well refuse. I told him I'd been thinking over the arrangement he'd suggested—that I should stay away from Nelly for two weeks, while he tried to find out something against her—and it seemed so dead wrong, so abominable, I'd decided I couldn't stand for it. He said he would hold me to my promise. I said I wouldn't be held, I took my promise back, I was going to find Nelly and tell her everything right away. All right, he said; I could do as I pleased; only if I affronted him that way, disregarding his wishes in addition to breaking my word, he didn't want anything more to do with me. I lost my temper and left before dinner was over. Not that I could eat anything, anyway. That night I saw Nelly at the Club de Danse."

Dick threw himself down into his chair with a movement of despair.

"What did she say?"

"I—I didn't tell her anything. There were too many people. I tried while we were dancing, but it seemed such an inappropriate time. I counted on taking her home as I often have—thought that would be a good opportunity; but about midnight that awful mother of hers turned up with



SHE DESCRIED IN THE MIRROR THE MOVEMENT
OF SOMEBODY BEHIND HER. SHE—

an animal named Phyfe, a vaudeville actor, Nelly's former partner in a dancing act, and they made up a sort of family party, and I—I went away."

"But you have seen her since?"

Dick nodded gloomily.

"Wednesday — yesterday evening. All

day Tuesday I tried to get in touch with her, but she was out—I don't know with whom, except I think he took her to dinner."

"Your father?"

"Yes. I dropped into Sherry's for a



—TURNED WITHOUT A CRY, BUT STARTLED;
THEN ROSE SLOWLY, SHUDDERING WITH DISGUST

cocktail with some fellows and caught sight of him in the lounge, waiting for somebody. I didn't stick around to see who it was; somehow I felt I couldn't stand it if it was Nelly. But he was with her at the club that night—took a party there; and she

was at their table all evening. Yesterday they must have had tea together. I called at the hotel, found she wasn't in, and waited. About six he brought her to the door in his car. He went on; and when she came in, I spoke to her, asked her for

a few minutes. We went into the lounge, and I tried to tell her."

"Didn't you succeed?" Alice asked sympathetically.

Dick's head sagged despondently.

"It wasn't any use; she wouldn't listen. It wasn't an easy thing to talk about, and I kind of stammered, I guess, and made a mess of it. At any rate, she misunderstood something, and flared up, told me she was perfectly well able to take care of herself without my assistance, it was none of my business if she found dad interesting to dine or go to lunch with, and I was only a boy, anyway. She was nice enough, or tried to be, you know, but unreasonable; she all but told me to go to the devil—not in so many words, of course. I tried to put myself right, but only managed to make things worse. At last she jumped up, told me she never wanted to see me again, and flounced out."

Dick clutched his temples between melodramatic hands and groaned aloud.

"I went home and wrote to her, apologized and explained everything—put it all before her, very clearly and politely. I said I wouldn't trouble her any more, but I thought she ought to know."

"And what was her answer?"

"There wasn't any. She sent my letter back unopened—without a word—just put it in an envelope and gave it to a messenger to bring to me."

He brooded heavily for a space and uttered the first axiom of a philosophy in the making, the first, perhaps, that any man ever formulates with conviction of its immortal, implacable truth:

"Women are the devil!"

At once, appreciating his offense, he apologized. But Alice laughed.

"It doesn't matter, Dick. I know how you feel. So are men, to women. It happens to all of us, sooner or later, to think that."

"I suppose so, but—Nelly— If I could only make her listen to me!"

"You can't. If you could, Dick, it wouldn't do any good."

Words to frame the thoughts shaping in her mind came to her with strange fluency. She found herself surprisingly able to talk without self-consciousness, at least without conspicuous constraint. Her wretchedness was in fact unmitigated; confirmation of her fears and doubts clutched her heart like a hand of ice; with almost

every sentence she turned a knife in her wound. Yet there was a sort of satisfaction, inexplicable though it was, in discussing matters so intimate to her with one who could not know how nearly they touched her.

"Women are in some ways very much like men," she said— "too much. The more clearly they understand danger, the more it fascinates them. If you tell this girl your father's interest is not genuine, you pique her vanity; she'll go almost any length to prove you wrong by making it real to him. Convince her that he's insincere, and still she will persist, partly to see how far he'll go, partly to avenge her *amour propre* before he gets a chance to jilt her—but not till the last moment. Come between a woman and such satisfaction of her vanity, and you'll earn her lasting hatred. Be advised, Dick—stand clear; wait."

"Is it fair to her not to warn her?"

"Leave her alone, and she'll find out for herself. Women have an instinct denied to men, I think, that warns them in time when men are treacherous. For all that, sometimes they disregard it. You've got to face that danger."

"You mean that Nelly might fall in love with dad?"

"It's possible. Other women have."

"It's unthinkable! Why, he's twenty years older—"

"Don't you know that's one of the strongest attractions he has for her? The attentions of men of experience, men who have had your father's success with women, are the most flattering a young woman can receive. Suppose, she says to herself, I succeed where all other women have failed, in making him love me and then holding his love. What a temptation! What a temptation for any human being! Don't judge her too unkindly, Dick, if she proves unable to withstand it."

The boy's gesture was heavy with despair.

"You take away every hope—"

"It doesn't make me happy to talk to you this way, Dick, or to see you unhappy. I'm fond of you; you're very like your father."

"And you're fond of him?"

She inclined her head with a cool and open smile.

"Of course," she said.

"I know he's awfully fond of you. If you won't think it an impertinence—"

Knowing what was coming, she made a sign of permission. "Sometimes I've thought dad was in love with you."

"No, Dick. We've been good friends, that's all."

"Well, that's why I came to you. I thought, since Nelly won't have anything to do with me, perhaps you could make him listen to reason."

"Where you have failed? Ah, no, Dick—hardly!"

The boy's eyes grew round.

"But naturally he wouldn't listen to me. I'm only his son."

"That's the reason why he would consider you before any other human being—if he meant to consider anybody but himself."

"Except the woman he loves—"

"You are mistaken. Larry loves you more than he has ever loved any woman. Wells says—and I've not heard it said before, but it's true—men don't love women as they do their children. If you want proof of that, Dick, think how man's love for his children lasts. Let it run a normal course, and it never fails. Now with women it is otherwise."

"Why? I don't understand."

"Man sees himself in his children. The reflection never fails him—even when it isn't there he sees it, and adores the mirror that so caters to his vanity. With man, no less than with woman, the touchstone is vanity."

She was pensive, and sighed when, roused by consciousness of Dick's persistent stare of wonder, she resumed:

"So, you see, if Larry won't let his love for you stand in his way, he's not likely to listen to a woman he once thought he loved."

There was a pause, Alice sitting with a hand lifted to shade her eyes from the fire, the boy lost in contemplation of new thoughts. At length she rose and, with a gesture full of charm, offered him her hands.

"Will you forgive me, Dick, if I ask you to excuse me now? I'm very tired; I've had a trying day."

"You've been awfully kind to let me howl about my troubles."

"No; I was interested to hear what you had to tell me. I'm only sorry. I know I haven't helped. I can't. I wish I could; not for your sake alone, but for his, too."

"You mean, you think he won't—Nelly won't—"

"Just as you are suffering to-day, Dick, your father will suffer presently. He's a proud man and vain. Perhaps not this time, but some day some woman is going to break his pride and humble his vanity to the dust. He won't understand, and he'll be hurt deeply, Dick—desperately. Remember that, when his time comes, and your heart is hard with the thought of how he made you suffer."

"I think," the boy said slowly, "I understand why dad calls you the wisest woman he knows."

"It isn't true, Dick; but—perhaps it's true that I'm clear of vision; perhaps I have learned to recognize some bitter truths. If so, it's because I've been to the only school where lessons are lasting." She answered his stare with the one word: "Folly!" Then her effort to smile naturally nearly gave her away. "I am still learning."

The spirit that sustained her failed as she returned to her dressing-room. The philosophy that sent Dick away a little tranquilized was powerless to bolster up her waning courage. She sank abjectly into the cushions of the *chaise longue*. For a long time she remained without a move, her gaze, itself vacant, focused upon vacancy, her face dull, its muscles slack, its customary intelligence blurred by an obliterating lethargy of every faculty. Bereft, by Dick's information concerning the flirtation between Revel and Nelly Steele, of all that had spelled hope to her for nearly a year—the comforting belief that she had Revel's love to turn to when all else failed her—she was temporarily incapable of connected thought. Through a dense gray fog of sadness that infolded her consciousness vague sensations of pain drifted like lost ghosts of thought.

The fairy chime of the French gilt clock upon her dressing-table, the signal for the mellow chant of the tall clock in the entrance-hall, booming the hour of seven, failed to dispel that apathy. She had dismissed all remaining faith in Revel, and with it her intention to call him up a second time at seven.

But on the entrance of her maid she pulled herself together.

"I sha'n't want dinner to-night," she said. "You may bring a sandwich and a glass of milk in case I get hungry later. After that, I sha'n't need you."

The maid once out of the way, Alice rose and bestirred herself in a sudden seizure of

activity. Definite purpose had taken possession of her without her knowledge, in the course of that long spell of lethargy during which the processes of unconscious cerebration had proceeded without any stay—if anything, with stimulated activity. She knew now, without knowing how she had arrived at the decision, that she was going away this night, going by herself, leaving no sign, to seek peace in some far place where, under an assumed name, she might, uninfluenced, consider the shards of her shattered life, and might perhaps scheme out some way to piece them together anew, to remake the vessel of her happiness.

She would need money, and had little. The allowance she received from Frank was generous enough, but her habits had been heedlessly extravagant. On the other hand, she had much valuable jewelry. Seated at her dressing-table, packing her largest jewel-case, she descried in the mirror the movement of somebody behind her. She turned without a cry, but startled; then rose slowly, shuddering with disgust.

Frank Lathom stood drooping against

one side of the doorway. Even as he appeared without warning, days in advance of the date that he had set for his return to the city, he had mysteriously managed to enter the apartment without creating any disturbance. The fact was the more strange in view of his pallor, which was deathly, his fixed and dilated eyes, the uncertain fumbling of his hands—all indications revealing too plainly to Alice's sickened understanding that condition of advanced alcoholism whose ever more frequent recurrence had of late made life with him a hell on earth.

Lathom lurched toward her, stumbled to his knees, and, seizing her hands, covered them with kisses. Incoherent babblings escaped his lips. Words now and then distinguishable formed wild phrases of endearment, repentance, and fear.

In the clasp of his arms round her knees, ignoring the stricken face the man lifted imploringly to her, she stood like a woman turned to stone, with eyes of stone. A hand moved after a time, fluttering uncertainly to rest in the damp and matted hair of her husband.

(To be continued in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE STREAM

I KNOW a stream
Than which no lovelier flows.
Its banks agleam
With yarrow and wild rose,
Singing it goes
And shining through my dream.

Its waters glide
Beneath the basking noon,
A magic tide
That keeps perpetual June.

There the light sleeps
Unstirred by any storm;
The wild mouse creeps
Through tall weeds hushed and warm;

And the shy snipe
Alighting unafraid,
With sudden pipe
Awakes the dreaming shade.

So long ago!
Still, still my memory hears
Its silver flow
Across the sundering years;
Its roses glow,
Ah, through what longing tears!

Charles G. D. Roberts

Women in National Politics

FIFTEEN MILLION WOMEN ARE NOW ORGANIZING FOR THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE
AS VOTERS ON A REALLY NATIONAL SCALE

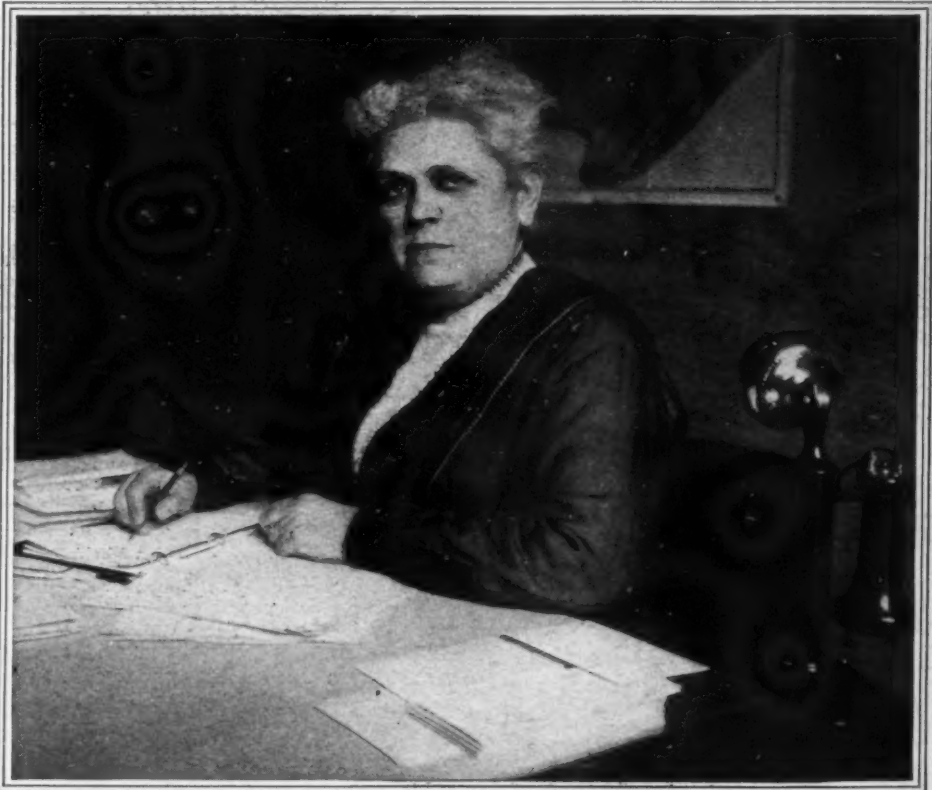
By William S. Bridgman

FIFTEEN million American women are getting ready for the first grand plunge of their sex into organized politics on a really national scale. That number of them, approximately, will be entitled to vote in the Presidential contest of 1920, representing twenty-seven States, with a possibility of others joining the procession.

The following fifteen States have now granted full suffrage to women—Arizona,

California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

In the following ten States women have suffrage with various limitations, and will vote for Presidential electors—Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Wisconsin.



MISS MARY GARRETT HAY, OF NEW YORK, TREASURER OF THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, AND LONG A LEADER OF THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT



MRS. MEDILL MCCORMICK, OF ILLINOIS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR HANNA, WIFE OF SENATOR MCCORMICK, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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MRS. GEORGE BASS, OF ILLINOIS, TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO WOMEN'S CLUB, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE WOMEN'S BUREAU OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

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To these two lists may be added Arkansas and Texas. Their women vote only at primaries, but in what are practically one-party States that is more important than voting at actual elections.

In Vermont, a bill empowering women to vote for Presidential electors was recently passed by both branches of the Legislature, but was vetoed by the Governor, who declared it to be a violation of the State con-

stitution. On the other hand, the women's organizations claim that the Governor had no right to veto a bill of this sort, and the Republican National Committee has provisionally placed Vermont in its list of States whose women will vote for the next President. Alaska women also have full suffrage, but, it being a Territory, its citizens, men or women, have no voting rights in a Presidential contest.

With what concern the politicians are regarding the attitude of the women voters one may judge from the fact that the woman-suffrage States stand for two hundred and eighty-nine votes in the Electoral College. As that body includes only five hundred and thirty-one votes, with two hun-

dred and sixty-six necessary to elect, it will be observed—and it is being observed with prodigious zest—that the woman-suffrage States will elect a comfortable majority of the college. It is only speculation, of course, but withal it is the kind of speculation that the women enjoy indulging in occasionally,



MRS. JOHN A. PETERS, OF MAINE, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN PETERS, AND AN ACTIVE WORKER IN THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF REPUBLICAN WOMEN

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MRS. FLETCHER DOBYNS, OF CHICAGO, CHAIRMAN OF THE WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR ILLINOIS

From a photograph by the Daguerre Studio, Chicago

that if the women's vote should be cast solidly for a particular candidate, he would be certain of election. It is not at all likely, however, that such a thing will ever happen. The tendency is for the women to divide among the parties as the men do, and in about the same proportions.

Note that word "about," for there's the rub. It is one of the big "ifs" in the political lexicon as revised down to date—a bright little volume, containing no such word as "defeat," but amply sprinkled with "buts," "ifs," and "althoughs." For, while admitting that the women divide



MRS. FRANK KELLOGG, OF MINNESOTA, WIFE OF SENATOR KELLOGG, AND MEMBER OF THE HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

roughly as the men do, a wise woman politician from a Western State, in which she has been a voter some twenty years, assured me that the women elected Wilson in 1916.

In that year less than five million women had the vote, and only ninety-one electoral

votes were counted in the States where they voted. Nevertheless, the lady presented a fetching argument to support her claim that the women did the business for the Democrats in the mountain and Pacific States, where they had the chance, and thereby put

Mr. Wilson in the White House for the second time. Certain it is that Democratic women vigorously insist that their sex turned the trick, and some of them are frank enough to add that it happened because the Republican campaign managers "handled the woman vote" in precisely the wrong way.

But that's testimony for the coroner to take. The woman in politics is not interested in inquests.

How are the women voters to be appealed to? What issues will most interest and move them? To what extent will they take their politics as a hand-me-down from the same shelves that have provided it to fathers



MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN, OF MONTANA, THE FIRST WOMAN ELECTED TO CONGRESS, NOW WORKING WITH THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF REPUBLICAN WOMEN

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MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, OF OHIO, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN LONGWORTH, AND AN ACTIVE WORKER IN THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF REPUBLICAN WOMEN

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or husbands these many years? These are the questions that the political managers want to see answered just now, and for answers to which they are searching with all diligence. I have talked with a good many of the women politicians, and with some of

the men, in an effort to get their ideas on these points.

The women seem to have more definite and confident views about how to do it than the men. One of them told me:

"The men don't understand how to man-



MRS. RAYMOND ROBINS, OF CHICAGO, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE,
AND MEMBER FOR ILLINOIS OF THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Koehn, Chicago

age this problem of the women, and how can it be wondered at? Men have been trying to get a line on the other sex ever since Adam and Eve, and are as much in the dark as ever. They don't grasp the—I hate to use the word, it's so overworked that it must be tired, but it's the only one

for this idea—they don't grasp the psychology of women, as individuals or in mass. The women understand each other. They ought to, they've been working through organization so long. They're more willing to work faithfully and hard at this sort of thing. They know what appeals to women.

The party that goes farthest in finding the right women to handle the woman vote, and then most emphatically leaves those women to do the work, will have all the advantage."

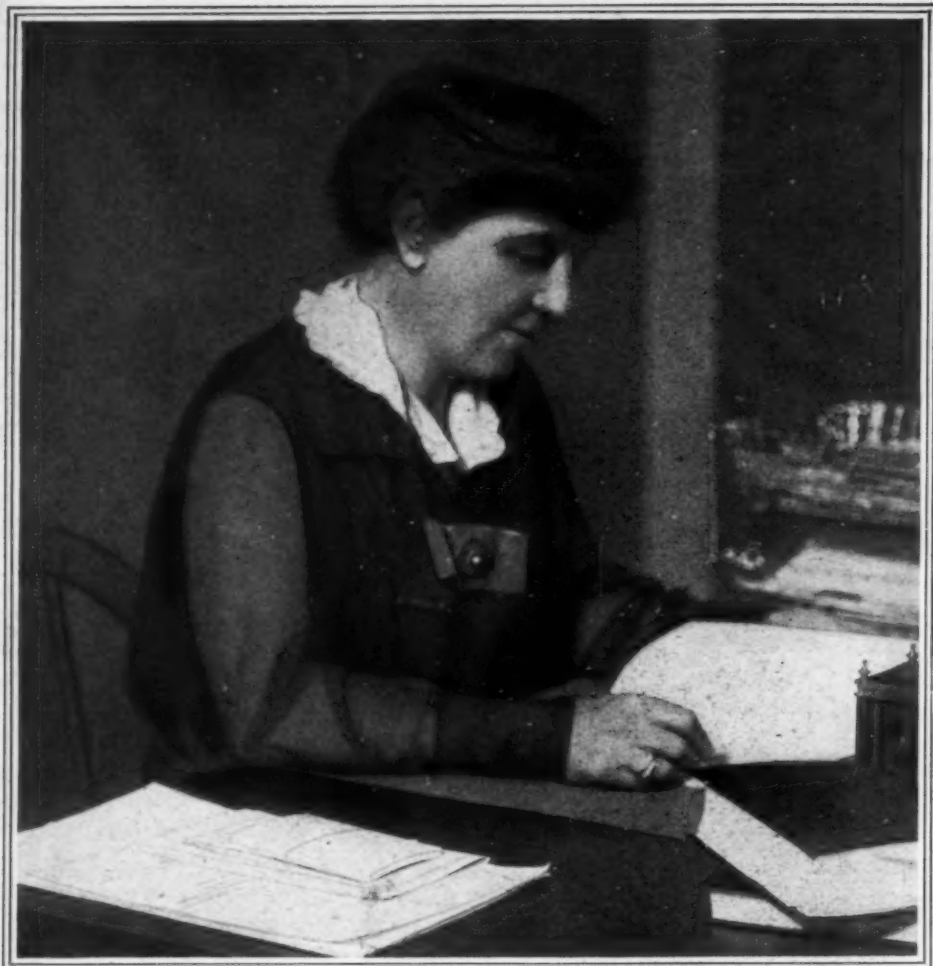
Inasmuch as that expression was a strictly non-partizan one—the ladies at both Democratic and Republican headquarters

seemed to agree on it—it will perhaps be a useful tip to the men struggling with the question.

Which recalls the fact that the women, though some of them are Republicans and some are Democrats, and they are therefore divided into hostile armies, have been working together, regardless of party, in many



MISS ANNA DICKIE OLSEN, OF MINNESOTA, MEMBER FOR HER STATE OF THE WOMEN'S BUREAU OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE



MISS CAROLINE RUUTZ REES, OF CONNECTICUT, ASSOCIATE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE-WOMAN FOR HER STATE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

common causes for years. The political generals for the women's armies must be selected from those who have been generals in other organizations and in other movements—in the long fight to get the vote, in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the long list of like organizations.

In our Civil War the leaders of both armies were men who had served together. Many of them had gone through West Point together, and then perhaps had shared tent-space in Mexico or out on the plains, fighting Indians. They knew one another's no-

tions of tactics, strategy, organization, operations. Each had some basis of intimate personal understanding from which he could project a shrewd guess as to what the other might be expected to do in given circumstances.

The women generals of to-day are in a like case. They have fought together on many a field; and now that their elements of leadership are divided into opposing general staffs, it's a good guess that they will provide a political *mêlée* quite worth the price of admission. One doesn't need to organize an espionage corps to discover that each side is watching the other with all the keenness of two athletes trained under the

same coach, developed in the same school, and now suddenly contesting for a prize.

By and large, the ladies got their start in politics through the women's-club movement, about which the serious writers used to write in awesome phrases, and the funny writers jokesomely, back about the period

when typewriters were beginning to make the editors realize that typed manuscripts were of higher literary quality than the old-fashioned hand-made kind—say, twenty-five years ago. It took the club movement quite a spell to decide whether it was going to be more interested in study-



MISS MARY STEWART, OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE WOMEN'S COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

ing Browning or suppressing booze, in suffrage or in Shakespeare; but it was finally annexed by the "realists," and now we have a dry, woman-suffrage country, one of whose leading indoor activities is getting child-labor bills passed so that the courts may find them unconstitutional.

To-day there are two and one-half millions of women in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, most of whom belong to several organizations with a wide variety of objects. The women have learned organization, are efficient lobbyists, and take themselves almost as seriously as—all of a sud-



MRS. TERESA M. GRAHAM, OF IDAHO, ASSOCIATE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEEWOMAN
FOR HER STATE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



MRS. ALEXANDER THOMPSON, OF OREGON, TWICE ELECTED TO THE OREGON LEGISLATURE, AND MEMBER FOR HER STATE OF THE WOMEN'S BUREAU OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

den—the men are taking them. They know just what they want, and various ways of getting it.

The activities of organized women in the past make it possible to judge pretty confidently the sort of issues and questions in which they will be most engrossed, and to which they will insist that legislative and administrative attention must be given. The

women have naturally been interested, first, in those aspects of affairs which concern the feminine side of life—the home, its economics, its sanitation, its children, its relation to the educational system. These things, with their implications, cover a vast range.

Even without political power, women have been leaders in compelling attention



MRS. PATTIE R. JACOBS, OF ALABAMA, ASSOCIATE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEEWOMAN
FOR HER STATE

to the problems of municipal housekeeping and public health, slums; they have everywhere pressed to the front the issue of Americanization; the child-labor issue would hardly have been a real one but for the tremendous campaign carried on by the women's organizations. Playgrounds and parks in cities, better homes and schools in

the country, better milk for babies, control of the factors that make the cost of living a nightmare to the housewife—these and others of like human sort are the matters in which women will be most concerned, and which they will press upon municipal, State, and national governments.

"The women will be powerful in politics

because they have real organization and real objects," declares Mrs. George Bass, of Chicago, who is head of the Women's Bureau of the Democratic National Committee. "They have more leisure than the men, and they use it to get results. Just compare a Woman's Club convention, say,

with a conclave of Shriners, when a lot of men with silly little red caps hung over their ears get together to uplift the high-balls! Or dwell for a moment on the contrast between a W. C. T. U. convention and a convocation of Elks! You'll understand what I mean. Yes, you can quote that;



MRS. CHARLES F. REAVIS, OF NEBRASKA, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN REAVIS, AND AN ACTIVE WORKER
IN THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF REPUBLICAN WOMEN

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MISS MAUDE WETMORE, OF RHODE ISLAND, MEMBER
FOR HER STATE OF THE REPUBLICAN WOMEN'S
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

I've been wanting to say it for a long time, anyhow."

So I quote it, leaving the Shriners and the Elks to defend themselves.

In the Republican organization, Mrs. Medill McCormick is the "opposite number" to Mrs. Bass. She is chairman of the Republican Women's National Executive Committee, which acts with the Republican National Committee. Both ladies are from Chicago; both are members of the famous Chicago Women's Club, now some forty years old, and the real model on which the club movement of the Middle West has

been built. Both have been leaders in the national suffrage movement, working together in directing State and national campaigns for the ballot.

They are still sisters in suffrage and devoted friends; but in party politics friendship ends. Mrs. McCormick is a daughter of the redoubtable Mark Hanna, and wife of the newly elected Senator from Illinois. She has inherited a lively strain of her father's genius for political command, and no napkin has ever concealed her talents. Both she and Mrs. Bass are regular business organizers and tireless workers, are reputed



MRS. D. A. McDOUGAL, OF OKLAHOMA, MEMBER FOR
HER STATE OF THE WOMEN'S BUREAU OF THE
DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

to have a good deal of the quality that causes men in politics to be denominated bosses. Mrs. McCormick is described by her friends as of the crusader type, a born fighter, yet an excellent executive.

The organizations of which these two women are the chiefs are substantially, but not in detail, similar. Cooperation of the men's and women's departments of political work is aimed at in both parties. In each case, the organization of the women is proceeding from the precinct up through the county and the State to the nation. Mrs. McCormick outlined to the Republican National Committee, at its meeting in Chicago last January, the plan that was adopted by that party. The Women's National Executive Committee will comprise a member from each State. The chairman of each State central committee, in consultation with the Women's National Executive Committee, will appoint a State executive committee of five to fifteen women to act with the State central committee. This woman's State executive committee will arrange the appointment of subchairmen in all political units of the State, in consultation with the regular chairmen for these units; and in turn the local chairman will see to the selection of a leader of women in each precinct or election district.

It is recommended, in connection with this plan, by the National Committee, that wherever there is an executive State committee composed of members not necessarily members of the State central committee, a fair representation of women shall be named on this executive committee; that when the National Committee is chosen, women shall be appointed to it; and that a woman be "appointed by the Women's National Executive Committee to direct the activities of the women in each of the listening-posts, under supervision of the man designated by the National Committee."

The foregoing outlines the Republican organization whereby to knit together the women's and men's managerial organizations. Mrs. McCormick, at the head, has among the members of her committee Miss Mary Garrett Hay, of New York, affectionately known as the "big boss" among the cohorts of the National American Woman Suffrage Association; Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of California, a suffrage leader in that State; Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, of Kansas, writer and public woman; Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, of Washington

State, an educator of such standing as to win her election as State superintendent of public instruction; Mrs. Raymond Robins, of Illinois, president of the National Women's Trade Union League; Mrs. John Glover South, of Kentucky, daughter of former Governor and Senator William G. Bradley of that State; Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, of Washington and Montana, widow of the late Senator Carter of Montana; and Miss Maude Wetmore, of Rhode Island. Mrs. George W. Reinecke, of Chicago, is executive secretary of this organization, which, when completed, will include a representative of every State.

In States where the women have had the vote for a considerable time, and are already organized and familiar with the management of politics, they will, for the greater part, manage their own affairs, under this Republican organization. The men in States like Colorado and Wyoming, pioneers of the suffrage movement, know that they don't need to bother about directing the women, who have repeatedly demonstrated their ability to look after themselves.

In other States, however, where they have recently come into the franchise and are new at the political game, the men's and women's organizations will cooperate more closely. The task of organizing more than half of the nation, precinct by precinct, is one calling for all the experience and energy that can well be loaned to it.

Under the Democratic organization plan, each State will have a woman as associate member of the National Committee. These ladies will exercise substantially the functions of national committeemen, and will also act as State chairmen for the women voters until that office is formally provided for by law or party custom. It is advised that each State committee should select a woman vice-chairman, and that similar women officers be named with the Congressional, County, and precinct committees. It is proposed that a committeewoman shall be elected at a caucus of the Democratic women of every precinct in the country, this being the real basis of the whole organization. These precinct leaders will elect their own county chairmen, who will be vice-chairmen of the county committees.

"It's a fifty-fifty plan, men and women working together, all the way from the precinct up," explained Mrs. Ellis Meredith, of Colorado.

Mrs. Meredith is one of Mrs. Bass's chief

lieutenants, and is herself a veteran of real politics. She is newspaper woman, poet, political expert, and public speaker; served on the charter convention of Denver in 1903; was elected one of the three members of the Denver Election Commission in 1910, receiving the highest vote of any candidate, and serving five years; has been a voter ever since Colorado was a woman-suffrage State; and has highly interesting views about the place woman will take in national politics.

The question I asked of Mrs. Meredith was the question the politicians are all asking nowadays—what proportion of women vote as husband, father, or brother votes? Mrs. Meredith was not cheering to those people who assume that giving the vote to the ladies is merely doubling the number of votes without changing the result. She went back to the beginnings of Colorado experience, and analyzed the matter thus:

"The great majority of young married women, when they first get the vote, don't vote as their husbands do. They tend to follow the lead of their fathers, just as sons do. Most boys borrow their politics at first from their fathers, and a considerable proportion tend to continue in that faith. The same is true of women. Hubby doesn't count much in a young wife's political arrangements, as against father.

"Later, husband and wife tend to develop political individualities independent of each other. The young woman may break away from loyalty to her father's politics, but that doesn't imply that she will take up her husband's affiliations. Women are more particular about the candidates they support. A man who is bad, but a good fellow, may get the men's votes; he doesn't get the women's. I should say that in seventy-five per cent of cases the votes of husband and wife will not be identical."

Another lady politician said this:

"I was riding, in company with a husband and wife, on a train in a State where the women had just received the vote. The husband was one of these opinionated, insistent, argumentative people; had always been opposed to women voting, and thought it was a mistake. He knew his wife agreed with him, too. She was a quiet, mild-mannered little body, of the sort whose place is in the home—good cook, satisfied to take care of the children and darn Jim's socks. Never was suspected of having any opinions of her own, independent of Jim; least of all, by him.

"He and I quarreled and argued about politics all afternoon. We debated the tariff, foreign policy, the war, reconstruction, railroads, the league of nations, and we agreed about nothing. We might have been suspected of thoroughly disliking each other, although we don't. The wife sat and knitted, never saying a word.

"Well," finally said Jim, 'the women have got the vote now, and of course Milly will vote; that's part of her business, and I'll take her to the primaries and elections. But what difference will it make? We shall vote the same way; they all will.'

"Milly never batted an eye. She went right on knitting. Presently, the discussion still continuing, we arrived at our destination, where Jim got up, gathered up the bags, and led the way out. As he went, Milly looked up quietly at me and said, under her breath:

"Jim doesn't know it, but I belong to your party, not his."

"Then she walked out, just as sweet-faced, acquiescent, and demure as ever. But I know what Milly will do when she gets into the booth. I know her type. There are a lot of 'em, too."

It has been a sorry disappointment to the suffragist that they didn't get the Susan B. Anthony amendment for the nation-wide enfranchisement of women submitted in time for ratification before the 1920 election. It died in the Senate after receiving the necessary two-thirds vote of the House. The Republicans say the Southern Democrats are to blame; the Democrats hitch it all to the "little bunch of reactionary Republicans" from Northern States; and it doesn't seem to have jarred a single woman politician from her old partizan moorings.

When we get back to this amendment, however, the women politicians are once more a unity. Republican or Democratic, they're for it, and one doesn't get far in the discussion of it until he realizes that they are quietly confident that it will be passed and ratified soon.

And no wonder. The old political parties can't go on very long, each blaming the other for the failure. Responsibility will be settled down before long to the point where one party will have to take the blame if there are any more flukes. Then it will be all day for the party on which the fifteen million enfranchised women get their eye fixed as responsible for the trouble.

Cleveland—A Community Character-Sketch

THE FACTORS, GEOGRAPHICAL, INDUSTRIAL, CIVIC, AND INDIVIDUAL, THAT HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF A CITY WHICH NOW STANDS SIXTH AMONG THE GREAT TOWNS OF AMERICA, AND WHICH IS CONFIDENT OF A HIGHER PLACE IN THE NEXT CENSUS

By Judson C. Welliver

ON the afternoon of a certain Fourth of July, late in the eighteenth century, a party of surveyors, representing the Connecticut Land Company, was exploring a wilderness area recently purchased from the State of Connecticut—part of the so-called Western Reserve, a tract south of Lake Erie, which the Nutmeg State retained when she ceded to the Federal government her sweeping claims to vast territories in the West. The commander of the expedition was one Moses Cleaveland, a sturdy New Englander, who is reputed to have had a nice taste for the rum of his native region. His principals had bought a goodly slice of what is now one of the world's greatest commercial and industrial districts, and quite appropriately had chosen Moses to inspect their promised land.

On this particular afternoon the surveyors came to a little stream called Conneaut Creek, and decided in honor of the occasion to knock off and celebrate the anniversary of the nation's birth. Wherefore Moses wrote in his journal:

It being Independence Day, we stopped early, had a pail of rum, and went to bed early and quite mellow.

A man of less foresight might have been inspired, by the good cheer of this celebration, to give his own name to the community destined for this location; but Moses Cleaveland was a better guesser. One place in the wilderness looked as much as another like a coming metropolis in those days; but not until near three weeks later,

after seventy miles' further progress westward, was the point reached, to which the name of Cleaveland—since abbreviated by the excision of a letter—was given. This was at the point where the Cuyahoga River flows into Lake Erie. While Moses Cleaveland was privileged to provide a name and a properly staked-off local habitation for what was to become the sixth city of the nation, the beginnings of a town had been indicated some years earlier, when a trading-post was established there.

Cleveland, like everything else of New England origin, remains a standing testimonial to the virtues of the stout New England character. Just as New England continues to be New England despite the infiltration of alien elements, and just as Massachusetts is still Massachusetts and leader of New England despite the fact that it has received more than its share of this cosmopolitan accretion, so Cleveland remains true to the spirit of its New England origin.

Perhaps somebody has wrought out a satisfying analysis of the elements of New England character that perpetuate themselves, to give color and quality to communities so fortunate as to have inherited them. Such communities are to be found all over the West; the essence of New England transplanted out of itself, overgrown with new forces and alien peoples, but still true to type.

Moses Cleaveland's spirituous celebration of Independence Day may or may not provide a key to mysteries which have to do with discrepancies between recorded lines

and surveyors' marks, and with certain eccentricities in political boundaries throughout the Western Reserve. At any rate, its progeniture is the obvious explanation of much that had contributed to make Cleveland what it is to-day. Moses might have affixed his name to any other town in this region; by guessing rightly, he stamped it upon the map of his country in letters very tall and very red at exactly the right place.

If one will go back to Norwich, Connecticut, and stroll down the old main street, he will be astonished to discover how much evidence is still extant of the debt that Cleveland owes to colonial Connecticut. The same families occupy the solid eighteenth-century houses in Norwich that live in the rows of grim and monumental piles along Cleveland's famous Euclid Avenue. James R. Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior, is my authority for this parallel.

"A number of years ago," he said, "I visited in Norwich, and nothing was more interesting than my observation of the extent to which the first families of Norwich have been transplanted to Cleveland; the same names—Christian and surnames alike—the same relations of leadership in the community; the same intimacies and neighborliness were to be found in Norwich that I had known all my life in Cleveland."

Moses Cleveland had lived in Windham, Connecticut; and in his enthusiasm for the town bearing his name, he wrote back that this Western Reserve settlement ought to be a fine place some day—perhaps even attaining the importance of Windham itself. At that time Windham may have had something like a thousand people, while to-day the last call is out for members of Cleveland's One Million Club, and those desiring accommodation should file early, or they will have to content themselves with places in the Two Million Club, to be formed as soon as the million mark is passed.

CLEVELAND'S STRATEGIC LOCATION

But it isn't remarkable that General Cleveland should have taken a modest view of his town's future. Who in the world of 1796 could have guessed that in 1919 ships would be built of steel instead of wood, and that on the banks of the tortuous Cuyahoga, six hundred miles from salt water, there would be one of the world's greatest ship-building centers? Or who would have dreamed that, less than

twenty years from General Cleveland's mellow Independence Day, there would be fought, at Put-in-Bay, fifty miles down the coast from Cleveland, one of the decisive naval battles of history? Or what prescience could have foreseen that Ohio valley coal and Lake Superior iron would one day find this their economic meeting-point, the strategic location for vast manufacturing industries?

Even an up-to-date American with a reasonably accurate impression of the huge proportions of the water-borne commerce of our Great Lakes finds himself a bit amazed when he is told that war-time derangement of statistics makes it uncertain whether Cleveland or Liverpool now controls the larger maritime traffic tonnage. To-day great ships pass through the lakes, the Welland Canal, and the St. Lawrence River, making the round-trip voyage to transoceanic ports; and during the war Cleveland produced many ocean-going steel ships for the Shipping Board. In a few years larger locks and deeper harbors will make her a real port for overseas business on a great scale. The lake shipping registered from Cleveland exceeds a million tons—more than half the total of the ocean-going, foreign-trade tonnage of the country when the great war started.

The standardized explanation of Cleveland's greatness assumes three industrial epochs, each representing the development of a special factor.

First was the rise of the petroleum industry, wherein Cleveland early became the refining capital; by 1870 one-third of America's oil was refined here. Therein Mr. Rockefeller laid the foundation of the greatest fortune the world has seen in a private citizen's control; and Cleveland yet takes great pride in him, pointing out as one of its special sights the modest square house on Euclid Avenue that was long his home. In making himself somewhat preposterously solvent, the oil king also contributed much to establish Cleveland industrially and financially.

Then came the development of the up-lake iron deposits, and the junction of coal and iron at Cleveland; and, finally, the vast latter-day growth of lake shipping, founded largely on this traffic—iron coming down from Duluth and Superior in the big, severely plain and practical cargo-boats that take back coal for the Northwest. There is cargo always, moving both ways; and

Cleveland is the point of contact and clearance for the movement. The coal from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia comes to Cleveland by easy gradients on the railroads. The iron of the north comes down the lake to meet it, at a lower ton-mile cost than is imposed on any other traffic in the world. The limestone for smelting is here in inexhaustible quantities and of just the right qualities. The combination tells the story of Cleveland's industrial greatness.

THE OLD TOWN-MEETING SPIRIT

But after hearing Cleveland's explanation of itself repeated many times, my own desire for a more elemental causation carried my thoughts out eastward along old Euclid Avenue, once the main turnpike to "down East"—to Windham, and Norwich, and Connecticut. It seemed to me that these Cleveland folks had lived among themselves so long that they had not had opportunity to know themselves; they hadn't observed the woods because the trees were so thick. I got the feeling that at the bottom of the Cleveland phenomenon was the spirit of a real, persistent community imported by the Yankee pioneers, and that it had given to every public interest of Cleveland the support of the old town-meeting spirit of New England.

For Cleveland, more than perhaps any other big town, has preserved the get-together, pull-together inspiration of the town meeting. The city may have its factional and political quarrels, but it fights them out inside the family and presents a united front to the outside world. As a community, Cleveland has the courage of its convictions, and—which is perhaps just as important—a habit of getting together with itself in executive session and finding out what its convictions are.

This is the explanation of the era of Tom Johnson and Tom Johnsonism. In a time when it was still rather populist and disreputable for a town to think of interfering with the leading citizens who owned its municipal facilities, and when the "best people" agreed that rows of that sort hurt the town, Cleveland dared have its row, and a whale of a row it was, too. Some people in Cleveland, and many outside, were sure that such unseemly doings were bound to "make capital suspicious" about investment in a hotbed of radicalism, and would bring disaster in their train.

The only trouble with this diagnosis was that it was one hundred per cent wrong. Right in the midst of the fracas, Cleveland donned its seven-league boots and started on the spurt which in the last census landed it in sixth place among American cities. It isn't so many years ago that it was No. 40 in that list. In 1910, with 560,663 inhabitants, it was headed only by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Boston. No confidence will be violated if I seize this opportunity to extend the friendly tip to Boston and St. Louis that Cleveland expects to count its round million and pass both of them next year.

Parenthetically, I may remark that as a result of the industrial developments due to war exigencies, the census of 1920 will disclose some amazing facts, productive of rejoicings in some cases and heartaches in others, as ambitious towns find their places in the list hopelessly jumbled. Cleveland is among those that confidently expect to be jumbled a notch or two forward in the procession.

Right here in this community character-sketch, and right now in the history of American municipal development, it is appropriate to explain what Tom Johnsonism has finally meant to Cleveland's public utilities. At a time when the flat five-cent car-fare was unthinkingly accepted in cities big or little, regardless of modifying factors, Cleveland got the idea that five cents was too much to pay for a ride. It studied capitalization, investment, construction and operating costs, and franchise values, and decided that, whatever other towns ought to pay, Cleveland ought to ride for three cents. Through much anguish and travail, it legislated and litigated and campaigned to this effect.

Ultimately compromise brought a plan, complex in detail, simple in substance. The Cleveland street-railway is guaranteed the right to earn six per cent on its investment; the people are guaranteed rides at whatever fare must be charged in order to operate and maintain the properties and produce this rate of interest. If expenses go up, the fare does, too; and *vice versa*. The people are assured of their transportation at a reasonable rate, and the stockholders are assured of a reasonable dividend.

Observe now how the plan has wrought for prosperity rather than ruin of the traction interests, and for satisfactory service to the town. When war sent prices sky-

hooting, almost every other necessary of life adjusted to the new basis more easily than street-car fares. Companies that had clung to the sacred nickel as a divine ratio found themselves going broke. Wages, rails, cars, equipment, went up; the rate of fare, frozen tight by unreasoning tradition and franchise stipulation, couldn't be changed. So in towns big and little, net earnings disappeared, surpluses vanished, dividends ceased, and receivers stepped in.

Not so in Cleveland, where under the cost-plus arrangement the rate of fare automatically adjusts itself. Fares have, indeed, gone up. Cleveland no longer rides for three cents. The average fare, I was told, is probably a trifle under five cents now. It varies on different routes. In some cases a cent is charged for a transfer, in others a transfer is free. The people get good service, and are satisfied because they know they are getting a square deal; the company gets its six per cent.

Cleveland has no street-car problem as that problem is known in other towns. Contrariwise, while other towns grope for measures to keep their transit systems alive, Cleveland discusses building subways to relieve street congestion; and the traction company is ready to provide them, because it knows it will be paid cost plus six per cent. When the subways are built and it can be calculated whether the fare must be three cents, or five cents, or more, the rate will be fixed accordingly, and everybody will be satisfied.

CLEVELAND A CITY OF HOMES

A generation ago Euclid Avenue was acclaimed as the most beautiful residence street in America. Its glories are gone, submerged by the tide of business expansion. The mansions still stand in their wide-spreading grounds, but they are largely occupied by institutions, clubs, and the like; the old families have moved to Euclid Heights or other outlying areas. But Euclid Avenue became Cleveland's ideal in home development—detached houses, room, air.

The town's street scheme is on a generous basis, wide, roomy, well paved. A large share of the primeval forest trees have been preserved and new ones systematically planted along streets and avenues, so that the sobriquet "Forest City" is as descriptive as when first applied decades ago.

Less than almost any other city is Cleveland built in solid brick rows. On the

whole, it has rejected the apartment-house. The Euclid Heights "Nob Hill" region in the East End, and the fine residential section on the West Side lake-front, with individual homes, ample grounds, and wide, shaded streets, would have been impossible if the town had accepted the easy, slothful formula of "bath, kitchenette, and—" One wonders if devotion to the ideal of a real home-unit has not helped propagate the spirit of patriotism, of pride in "our town," that is so strong in Cleveland.

For a sketchy ensemble of Cleveland, you may now imagine Lake Erie a big bowl of blue water, on whose southern margin a huge butterfly has alighted to drink, spreading his wings along the margin. His head represents the inner harbor, where most of the shipping lies. Far outside is the outer breakwater, extending several miles northeast, parallel to the shore.

The inner harbor has been chiefly Cleveland's own municipal affair; the outer, a Federal government matter. The jointure of local and national interests has produced advantages that might commend the plan to some other towns, too willingly acquiescing in the notion that the river and harbor legislation of Congress ought to provide everything needed for harbor betterment.

Our butterfly is still drinking. His body represents the Cuyahoga River valley, through the middle of the town. Between East Side and West Side there has at times been much rivalry. The Cuyahoga is one of the crookedest streams ever mapped, winding through a low bottom-land area which has become a factory section. Dredged to ample depth, the river admits the biggest lake craft to serve the industries, while the railroad terminals bring freight to the wharves. A great project for straightening the Cuyahoga at a cost of many millions is now engrossing some of the town's boundless enthusiasm for improvement.

On both sides of the Cuyahoga valley high bluffs rear themselves, breaking the town in two in the middle. Several great viaducts have been thrown across the valley, among which the most important is a wonderful cantilever span with approaches built of cement in wide arches.

A FINE GROUP OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS

The down-town center lies in the lower Cuyahoga valley, near the lake-front. Its central and distinguishing features are the

Mall and the famous group of public buildings surrounding it—court-house and city hall, post-office and public library, music-hall and art-gallery. This Mall and group scheme was adopted about seventeen years ago, and the proposal to superimpose it upon the plan of a great city at a cost of twenty-five million dollars immediately marked Cleveland as a town of imagination and vision, and made it a Mecca for town-planning enthusiasts.

The Mall is six hundred feet wide and fifteen hundred feet long. The monumental structures about it are by style and architecture adapted to a sympathetic working out of the ambitious design. The scheme was wrought out through the cooperative efforts of the late Daniel H. Burnham and the late John M. Carrère, who were chiefly responsible for the artistic building-plans of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago and the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Seemingly insurmountable obstacles were overcome, with a result that is the pride of every Clevelander.

At present the town is in the throes of a struggle to locate a union railway-station to which all passenger-trains of its railroads and interurban lines can be brought. One plan would place the station, which will be one of the finest in the world, at the foot of the Mall nearest the lake; the other in the Public Square a short distance away.

This group plan for public buildings fits exactly into the scheme of Cleveland; but for a city less richly endowed with attractions some have doubted its desirability. Some city-planners have rejected it, as centering too much of the architectural pretensions of the town in one vista. It precisely suits the ground-plan of Cleveland; its appropriateness for Kansas City, Kalamazoo, or Keokuk is another matter. At least, a town adopting it testifies unbounded confidence in a future big enough to absorb it.

The public thought and purpose of Cleveland, as wrought into these monumental accomplishments, have inspired the business community to efforts in keeping. The mercantile buildings, the banks, the office structures, and even the factories, are conceived in the desire to ornament as well as to serve. The office and retail district, near the Mall, is one of the most attractive in any American city. The first city to use electric street-lights, Cleveland continues one of the best illumined in the world.

Its educational system is one of the objects of Cleveland's especial satisfaction. Its basis is a particularly up-to-date public-school organization, with a dozen high schools at its apex, and a system wherein effort is directed to develop the special individual qualities of pupils. Educators seeking to broaden and humanize public-school methods always find inspiration in the "Cleveland plan," which inculcates intelligence quite as much as information.

The public schools are supplemented by a great number of collegiate, special, and technical institutions, including a Jesuit college, a school of art, and an institution for the deaf and dumb. The crown of the structure is provided by the Western Reserve University and the Case School of Applied Science.

The Western Reserve college was founded nearly a century ago at Hudson, Ohio, and was adopted by Cleveland in 1882. Thereby it gained the advantages of a city's interest and support, and opportunity for expansion into the fields of university endeavor. Case School was founded about the same time that Western Reserve was annexed to Cleveland, and is the memorial to its founder, Leonard Case, a distinguished Clevelander. It ranks among the most efficient, thorough, and well-equipped technical institutions in the country.

A splendid public library system, with nearly a hundred branches and several hundred distributing agencies, possesses almost four hundred thousand volumes, and has been popularized in a fashion which is the more striking in view of the large proportion of people of foreign birth or parentage in Cleveland's population. It is said that twenty-six nationalities are recorded among the citizenship of the town, but their war activities demonstrated that they have been marvelously assimilated to real Americanism. In its own population, Cleveland presents an epitome of the great conglomerate of races and tongues of southern and eastern Europe and of the Orient.

Its wide variety of manufacturing interests gave Cleveland opportunity to serve Uncle Sam's war needs greatly, without distorting its industrial organization so much as was the case in many industrial centers. Almost everything for equipping army and navy was produced here—uniforms, airplane engines and fuselages, big guns—the largest howitzer plant in the country is claimed by Cleveland—mounts

for heavy artillery, shells, tractors, anything the government needed. At one time sixty per cent of the city's industrial workers were "on munitions."

But this is not the whole story of Cleveland in the war. It gave fifty-six thousand men to army and navy, more than a third of them by voluntary enlistment. Its naval-training station fitted ten thousand men for navy or merchant-marine service.

Here was invented a typical Cleveland cooperative idea—the Victory War Chest, pooling gifts and making one great canvass take the place of multitudinous drives and solicitations. The plan was adopted all over the country, to the vast saving of time and energies and the prevention of frauds. The town gave more than seventeen million dollars to war relief; put some four hundred millions into Liberty bonds; and invested heavily in loans of Allied countries before we were in the war. Its cosmopolitan population made it an especially fruitful field for raising funds for special relief work among unfortunate nationalities—Belgians, Italians, French, Poles, Russians, Jews, Czechoslovaks, Armenians, and others. To all calls Cleveland responded so generously that at the end it was credited with over-subscribing its quota in every war cause.

Community generosity toward public and quasi-public interests has been equaled by the liberality of individual citizens. Gordon Park, Wade Park, Rockefeller Park, bear the names of their donors. The park system, with connecting boulevards, substantially encircles the city, and an outer chain of parks is by way of development. Among the most beautiful in the country, the parks are not maintained merely for the pleasure of motorists driving through them. There is never a "keep off the grass" sign, because the grass is free as the air.

In Wade Park is the excellent zoological garden. Altogether the parks contain more than twenty-four hundred acres, so distributed that nobody is more than a few minutes' walk or ride from fresh air. Public golf-courses, boating, bathing, and sport fields are provided, while playgrounds for the children are scattered all over the city.

Something about Cleveland seems always to insist that the visitor should interest himself in matters which, in most cities, take subordinate place; in that intimate relation between the community and its members, between city and citizens, that makes Cleveland different. It isn't that

Cleveland is so big, but that it's the sort of town it is.

Munson Havens, secretary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, is an unusual man for such a position—though he is just the sort of man you would expect Cleveland to have, if he could be found. He knows and understands the industrial significance of his metropolis, and he also thoroughly senses the contribution that has been made to the city's greatness by its genius for development on the civic and spiritual sides. When I asked him what he considered the great characteristic achievements of Cleveland, he promptly replied:

"They are, first, the group scheme of public buildings.

"Second, the street-railway system and settlement.

"Third, the City Farm at Warrensville—don't fail to see it."

Mr. Havens was willing enough to tell of the commercial side of Cleveland, but that was his listing of the big things that made the city different. Then he added that by all means I must talk with Sherman C. Kingsley, and learn from him the story of the great system of unifying and coordinating Cleveland's charitable and philanthropic activities.

Indeed, almost every leading citizen I saw insisted that I must talk with Sherman C. Kingsley. He could explain the spirit of Cleveland. If he had been the mayor, the foremost banker, the chief industrial organizer, the political boss, head of the Chamber of Commerce, the great philanthropist, and a dozen other civic superlatives all rolled into one, he could not have enjoyed more repute as Cleveland's true interpreter. But what do you imagine is Mr. Kingsley's job?

He is director of the Welfare Federation of Cleveland!

AN INTERPRETATION OF CLEVELAND

I hunted up Mr. Kingsley, and said to him, right off the bat:

"Mr. Kingsley, I have found that Cleveland is sixth city, with almost a million inhabitants; claims the most varied manufactures of any American city; is one of the world's greatest ports; not only a steel-making center, but possessed of a wonderful range of steel-fabricating businesses; makes more electrical doings than any other place; owns and builds more ships, and justifies its claim that the Cuyahoga is America's

Clyde. I find that thirty cents in every dollar that Americans spend for automobiles and accessories comes here; that it is the fourth dry-goods market; that a fair share of Americans would be naked if it weren't for Cleveland-made clothes; and that in hardware it leads everything.

"Your statisticians avow that there are three thousand factories here, employing nearly three hundred thousand people, representing \$500,000,000 investment, paying out \$300,000,000 yearly wages, using \$150,000,000 worth of material.

"Your town has four hundred miles of street railways. Every trunk-line railway system in this part of the country has terminals here. You count ninety passenger-trains daily. Cleveland is an easy place to reach or leave, with a marked tendency to come and not to go away.

"Your town is a highly successful experiment-station for municipal trading, with model markets, city-owned water-works, municipal cold storage, electric lights, and a garbage-disposal system that turns refuse, at a profit, into valuable products and keeps the place looking like a parlor.

"Cleveland first adopted daylight-saving in America; invented skip-stops, and pay-as-you-enter cars. Your plants turned out the lion's share of the giant machinery used in building and equipping the Panama Canal; your wares are sold to all the world.

"Sixth in population, your town claims to be fourth in financial weight. With no natural harbor, it challenges Liverpool for lead in maritime tonnage movement. It shows census figures to prove that it has a larger proportion of home-owners than any other large city, and a lower death-rate. If with perhaps seventy-five per cent of its people of foreign birth or parentage it can't exactly claim to be a 'typical American city,' it certainly might claim to be the most successful of municipal melting-pots.

"Everybody refers to you as the interpreter of Cleveland. Will you tell me the big, characteristic things Cleveland has done for itself that attest this difference from other towns? Not the things nature or location did for it; not the things any town must do for itself in order to be a great city; but the ones that are memorials of the Cleveland spirit?"

I concluded by giving him Mr. Havens's list of the three outstanding characteristics of the city, and without hesitation Mr. Kingsley agreed. Never a word about

business, bank-deposits, shipping, trade, manufactures! Cleveland's interpreter believes that its real monuments are those which tell of community ideals, inspiration, usefulness. These make it "different."

Perhaps from modesty, Mr. Kingsley did not mention the Welfare Federation; but no one else failed to mention it. It is a unification on the "war-chest" plan of all the philanthropies and good community works; a federation wherein the directorates and trustees of all the charities, homes, aid societies, hospitals, fresh-air camps, boy and girl scouts, asylums, Christian associations—every manner of social-service organization—come together in a general board, which chooses a board of trustees. These trustees are responsible for the conduct of the institutions through their paid staffs and volunteer committees. The basis is cooperation, the elimination of useless effort and duplication. The solid substance of this coordination is an annual budget wherein are calculated the needs of each organization. Then the money is raised on the war-chest plan. Everybody contributes to the general fund, knowing that gifts will be wisely apportioned and carefully expended; that the purchasing will be pooled, the accounts audited, everything done in a shipshape and businesslike way.

Mr. Kingsley handed me copies of the annual report and the budget, and a blueprint of the organization scheme. The present article might well have been devoted exclusively to this characteristic Cleveland institution; but it must be passed with just the suggestion that, to me, this practical, intelligent method of weaving into a firm fabric the loose ends of philanthropic effort seemed exactly explanatory of the phenomenon of Cleveland itself.

Warrensville and the City Farm constitute just one phase. Here, well out in the country, a farm of fifteen hundred acres is owned and worked by the town. It is not the unfathomable horror of a "poor-farm" such as disgraces too many American communities and cries out for the retributive justice that could only be done by the genius of an American Dickens; but a real, humanizing, helping, character-making, strength-restoring, man-saving establishment that gives back self-respect, teaches self-help, develops unsuspected usefulness in the disheartened individual, provides vocational training—in short, makes useful, capable citizens out of society's derelicts.

It's another story worthy of an article by itself, but only to be mentioned in this meager effort at outlining the community character of Cleveland.

Yes, Cleveland has had to struggle for the things that make it individual; has struggled so long and so hard that now, in their achievement, they overlie the mere, ordinary evidences of a town's bigness and importance, and make it hard to write of the things that elsewhere would be of permanent interest. It has been a long warfare for "self-determination"—a hand-to-hand contest with local bosses and State Legislatures and charter-building and "ripper" legislation and constitutional limitations and inherent toryism and established tradition.

But there was something which I suspect came out in the canvas-covered wagon-trains from Norwich and Windham, and before that came from old Plymouth to new Plymouth, that has stuck by Cleveland all through. In my talk with Mr. Havens, of the Chamber of Commerce, I noted a significant sentence.

"Tom Johnson won," he told me, "because his was the voice of all sections of the population. He was the leader of the conscious movement of a community."

There it is. Cleveland didn't just happen. All the way from Moses Cleaveland to this year 1919, it has been "the conscious movement of a community" that has made Cleveland what it is.

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

BY JOY KIME BENTON

"Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home!"

OUT over the cotton-fields the song drifted, filled with the exquisite melody that only the happy darcy, working in the sunshine, can put into it.

"I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home!"

The words floated softly through the scented air and reached the ears of a lonely piccaninny lying in a one-room cabin at the edge of the cotton-patch. He turned his head and looked wistfully out of the small window to where the singers moved rhythmically in the sunlight. The little black child was small, quite small, for all his nine years, but what he lacked in stature he made up in name, for he bore the imposing title of Wonderful Counselor Tuck.

When he was born, his mammy, Malinda Tuck, called for the Bible and said:

"I's gwine open dis heah book an' put my finger down, an' wharever I puts it, dat gwine be dis heah chile's name!"

With great solemnity she opened the Bi-

ble, and, putting a blunt finger down on the ninth chapter of Isaiah, covered the latter part of "Wonderful" and the foremost part of "Counselor." Laboriously she spelled it out:

"W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l C-o-u-n-s-e-l-o-r—
Wonderful Counselor. Dat's it! Dis chile gwine hab two names; yassuh, he gwine be smart!"

Thus was he christened Wonderful Counselor Tuck.

When Count was six years old he came down with a serious illness, and when the doctor told Malinda that it was typhoid fever, she nodded her old black head cannily, and, with the mental confusion characteristic of her race, misunderstood the diagnosis.

"High forehead fever!" she muttered. "Always knowed I'd nebber raise dat chile. He got too much sense—too much room in de front ob his haid; an' now he done gone an' got de high forehead fever!"

Count survived the disease, but it settled in his spine, leaving him a hopeless cripple. All day long he lay on his bed in the little cabin and amused himself as best he could while the others went to work in the fields. The red-letter days of his lonely little life were the days when

Miss Lucy came from the "big house" on the hill and read to him or told him stories.

He was intensely religious, and loved the Bible stories best. Once, when she brought a large Bible with pictures in it, instead of the small Testament which she usually brought, his joy knew no bounds. Reverently he touched the picture of the infant Jesus; joyously he feasted his eyes on the youth David slaying Goliath; but the two pictures he loved best were illuminated in gold—"Jacob's Dream," where the white-clad angels with shining wings and golden hair ascended and descended the ladder, and "Elijah Being Caught up to Heaven in a Chariot of Fire." Long and earnestly he looked at them, and Miss Lucy, seeing that they pleased him, explained in a soft voice that the angels were the angels of death.

"Death," she said, "is just a journey. There is no dark river to cross, as some folks will tell you, Count; but when the time comes to leave this world, with all its suffering, the angels come and take you in their arms and mount the ladder into heaven."

She told him, also, the story of Elijah—how, because he was beloved of God, he was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire.

Count lay and thought this over for a long while. When Miss Lucy was preparing to leave, wistfully and timidly the little darky asked:

"Miss Lucy, 'bout de angels ob death an' de golden chariot—dey is jes' for de white folks, ain't dey? De Lord wouldn't bother 'bout sendin' no angels ner a chariot for no little black boy, would He?"

Tears came into the girl's eyes as she explained to the child that the angels of death made no distinction; that they came for white and black alike if they were good and served the Lord.

"An', Miss Lucy," Count persisted, "is dese de same angels an' de same chariot whut's in de song, 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot'?"

Miss Lucy told him she was sure that they were.

From that time on Count's one desire was for a Bible with pictures. His prayers, which hitherto had ended with a plea to be made well and strong like the other children, now ended with:

"Please, good Lord, sen' me a Bible wid de angels an' de golden chariot in it."

Now times were hard with Brookshire and Malinda Tuck. It was all they could do to feed and in a measure clothe the seven little Tucks, so there was no money for a Bible; but as Count's prayers became more fervent, and the little body grew thinner and weaker, Malinda's heart smote her, and she resolved to go hungry that she might grant the wish of the little wistful black child who would always be her baby, even though there were three others younger than he. So she worked a bit longer in the field, doing her ironing at night, and soon extra pennies began slowly to accumulate. These she put carefully away.

Day by day Count grew weaker, and the wistful light in the big, expressive eyes changed to a far-away look not of this earth. Finally one day he was quite ill, and the kindly old doctor told Malinda that she would not be able to keep the child with her very much longer. When the doctor had gone, mammy gathered the passive little form to her ample breast and asked him what he wanted above everything else. The tired head raised itself for a moment, and a weak voice answered:

"Mammy, I wants a Bible lak Miss Lucy brung up heah once—one whut got de angels climbin' up an' down de ladder, an' de golden chariot. I wouldn't mind layin' heah all de day whiles you-all is wukin' in de fiel' if I jes' could have de Bible wid de angels ob death an' de golden chariot heah on de baid beside me. Oh, mammy, do you s'pose de good Lord gwine have time to fool wid a little, sick, black boy? I axes Him every night for de Bible. Do you s'pose—"

Here the pathetic voice trailed off, and Malinda, with tears running down her wrinkled black face, held him close.

"Dar, dar, lamb," she comforted him. "Sho de good Lord gwine sen' my chile a Bible. Now you hol' your year close an' I gwine tell you a secret. Yisterday, when I wus hoein' dat las' row o' cotton, de Lord spoke to me. 'Malinda!' He say. 'Who dat talkin' to Lindy?' I ax. Den a voice say: 'Dis heah de Lord.' Den I say: 'Good Marster, whut you want wif ole black Lindy?' An' He say: 'Malinda, Count want a Bible. Purty nigh every night he been axin' for one. Now I's gwine sen' him one, an' I's gwine tell you whar to find it. I's gwine hab one o' de angels fotch it an' leave it at de root o' de big oak-tree whar de spring is at de

crossroads. Den, when you an' Brookshire goes to town on a Sat'd'y, you can git it an' fotch it home to Count.' I started to ax de Lord much obleeged, but He war off in dat clap o' thunder whut made sich a fuss when de storm blowed up."

After that the little face did not seem so drawn, and the bright black eyes followed Mammy Lindy round the cabin wistfully as day by day he asked:

"Whut day is dis, mammy?"

"Whut day is dis? Why, dis is We'nes-d'y," she told him.

"An' whut day dis?"

"Why, dis is Thursd'y."

And so the days passed. Then came Saturday, and Count woke early and lay very still, his eyes large with expectation. Malinda did not go to the field, but worked about the cabin getting things in readiness for the morrow, for, being exceedingly religious, she did nothing on the Sabbath that she could have done the day before.

The morning was a long one to Count. It seemed as if the time for her to start for town would never come; but at last, all dressed in her Sunday best, she went out into the yard, where Brookshire, with old Jill hitched to the carryall, waited. She climbed clumsily over the wheel and sat down in the straight-backed, splint-bottomed chair which had been placed for her. Then they were off.

At the turn of the road Malinda looked back and waved her handkerchief to the little figure huddled in the bed near the window. Then she untied the corner of the handkerchief and counted the small coins which she had so carefully hoarded. There was a dollar and forty-three cents—enough, surely, to purchase the promised Bible for Count.

Just before they reached town they stopped, as was their custom, to water old Jill at the spring beneath the big oak-tree at the crossroads. As they waited, another rig drove up, and in it was a flashily dressed colored man, who doffed his hat with an elaborate flourish as he greeted them.

"Mawnin', sister; mawnin', brudder. How is you-all dis fine day? Well, I hopes?"

When Malinda and Brookshire both had assured the obsequious stranger that it was indeed a fine day, and that they were quite well, he leaned over the side of the ramshackle buggy in which he sat and said in a confidential tone:

"Brudder an' sister, I'd lak to show you-all dis heah Bible I's de agent for, an' 'splain to you about hits magnanifold qualities—"

At the word Bible, Malinda arose and climbed down out of the carryall. The stranger also alighted, and soon they were deeply absorbed in the subject at hand.

The Bible proved to be one of an edition which enterprising agents sold for a short while in the South. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the text of the book, but the illustrations were of a very dark race of people. As they turned the pages, Malinda saw the angels climbing up and down the ladder, and they were angels of her own race. There was also the picture of the chariot; but as the book was a cheap edition, the picture was printed in black and white, instead of in gold as Miss Lucy's had been.

Surely this man had been sent to her, Malinda thought. Now her poor little sick child would have not only a Bible with pictures in it, but one with pictures of his own race. Her heart was light when, after some dickering over the price, the man delivered the book into her hands and took her dollar and forty-three cents in exchange.

All the way to town and back the old face beamed with happiness, for she was carrying her lamb his heart's desire. As they drove into the yard she saw the eager little face at the window, and almost before old Jill stopped she climbed out and entered the house.

Count reached his thin arms up, and his mother laid the book in his hands. The wan little face lighted up. For a moment he held the Bible close, as if it were too precious to examine save by degrees. With loving tenderness he drew his clawlike hands over the cheap pasteboard cover, then slowly opened the book. As Malinda had often looked at the picture of the angels and the ladder, the book opened there.

For a moment, as if stunned, Count looked at the picture; then turned hastily to Elijah and the chariot. What he saw there was more than he could bear. He looked up piteously at the waiting woman. Piteously he tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. The book fell from his trembling fingers and he put them over his eyes. A hot tear trickled out between them, and great sobs shook the wasted figure.

"Mammy's lamb, mammy's lamb; whut de matter wid de precious chile?" Malinda begged, gathering him close in hurt astonishment. "Heah yo' Bible wid de pictures, heah it is!"

She tried to put the book into his hands, but he would have none of it. A sudden spasm of coughing seized him. Thoroughly alarmed, Malinda tried harder to soothe him, for the doctor had said that any undue excitement might cost him his life; but he was not to be comforted. After a while he found his voice.

"Oh, mammy," he sobbed, "whar de golden chariot wid de white horses? Whar de angels wid de big shiny wings an' blue eyes? Whar de beautiful white angels wid golden hair whut Miss Lucy done say were gwine come an' take Count in dere arms an' carry him right up de big ladder? Oh, mammy, I don't want no colored angels; don't want no ugly chariot! I wants de golden chariot an' de white angels to come for to carry me—"

Here his voice trailed off, and his head fell back.

Gently his mother laid the limp little body down. A light step behind her caused her to turn. It was Miss Lucy, and in her hand she held a package.

"He has fainted, Mammy Lindy," she said.

Together they worked over the prostrate child. After a while a shudder ran through the slight frame, and the big eyes opened.

"I wants de white angels to come for to tote me up de ladder," he said weakly.

Miss Lucy hurriedly undid the package she had brought, and took out a book. It was a Bible. She opened it at the picture of the angels ascending and descending the ladder, and placed it in Count's hands. A light from heaven touched for a moment the little black face.

"White angels!" he said. "Come for to tote Count up de golden ladder!"

There was unutterable content in his voice. The book slid softly from the relaxed fingers, and with a smile on his little pinched face, Count sank back. The angel arms were beneath him. The sweet chariot had swung low.

The Fifty-Six of 1776

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, WHOSE COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM WE YEARLY CELEBRATE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, THOUGH ONLY JOHN HANCOCK ACTUALLY SIGNED ON THAT DAY

By Carl Schurz Lowden

THROUGH twenty days of May and June, in 1776, the Continental Congress wondered and wavered. Separation from the mother country must be accomplished; but which of the members would dare to offer the motion which would mark him, if captured, for death on the gallows as the arch rebel and ringleader of the embattled colonies?

This question received its answer when on June's seventh day Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, arose in the hall of the old Pennsylvania State House, where Congress was sitting, and read aloud the following resolution:

These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and all politi-

cal connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

John Adams, of Massachusetts, frank, impetuous, and yet a close observer of men and events, immediately seconded the memorable assertion. Then somebody must have counseled further deliberation, for no vote was taken at that time. By request the secretary omitted the names of the mover and seconder, Lee and Adams, from the record.

Three days afterward Congress, having postponed action until the 1st of July, agreed to the appointment of a committee to draft the proposed declaration. Lee would have been made chairman if the illness of his wife had not compelled him to return to his home in Virginia. Thomas

Jefferson, of the same colony, headed the five members, and drafted the text of the declaration because of his reputation as an expert penman.

On July's opening day Richard Henry Lee made an impassioned appeal for prompt action. He mourned the delay, and urged the immediate proclamation of a republic. He closed his ardent oratory with this fervent prediction:

If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators of '76 will be placed by posterity at the side of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and forever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts—a distant kinsman of John Adams, and a stern and uncompromising patriot—vigorously seconded Lee's eloquence. He advised persistence in the struggle for liberty, even if Heaven decreed that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand to survive.

A Pennsylvania representative, John Dickenson, regarded the measure as premature. He pointed out the lack of money, the need of munitions, the absence of a trained army, and the apathy of certain colonies. He also asserted that the people were not ripe for the declaration.

"Not ripe, sir!" interrupted Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey, president of Princeton, and the only minister in the assembly. "In my judgment we are not only ripe, but rotting. Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem, and your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it!"

Various delegates criticised the declaration. One of Jefferson's paragraphs, severely denouncing slavery, was stricken out because it imperiled the unanimity of the vote. Of Delaware's three members only two—Thomas McKean and George Read—were present, and these two were on opposite sides. To secure his colony's vote for the resolution, McKean, who favored it, sent a messenger in quest of the third delegate, Caesar Rodney, who was making patriotic speeches in southern Delaware. Rodney arrived in Philadelphia a little past noon on July 4, and made the vote by colonies unanimous. One delegation, however—that of New York—did not vote, as its members had not been authorized to support the movement for independence.

"Gentlemen"—Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, the oldest of the delegates and signers, broke the silence that followed the approval of the declaration—"we must now all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately!"

A few minutes later the bell of the State House was rung to celebrate the adoption of the momentous declaration. The motto on the bell was prophetic, for it was the following sentence from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus:

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

For many years the Liberty Bell, as it came to be called, was rung annually on the 4th of July, and occasionally at other times. On July 8, 1835, while it was being tolled on the day of Chief Justice Marshall's funeral, a serious crack appeared in it, and the old bell has never been sounded since. It is still preserved, as one of America's most cherished historical relics, in the old Pennsylvania State House, now known as Independence Hall.

John Hancock, of Massachusetts, president of the Continental Congress, was the only delegate who signed the historic document on that 4th of July. The declaration was then engrossed on parchment, and on the 2nd of August fifty-three of the fifty-eight members of Congress attached their names. At a later date Thomas McKean, of Delaware, Dr. Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, and Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, performed the same honorable act. The two who did not sign were John Dickenson, of Pennsylvania, and Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee to draft the declaration, of New York.

PERSONALITIES OF THE SIGNERS

Perhaps the bulkiest man present on that August day was Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, the father of William Henry Harrison, who became a famous Indian-fighter and President. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, was at the other end of the scale of avoirdupois. As Harrison raised his hand from the table, after affixing his name, he observed Gerry beside him, and at once referred to the dreary fate they might share.

"Well, Mr. Gerry," he joked, "when the time of hanging comes, I shall have the advantage over you. It will be over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone!"

William Ellery, a Rhode Island delegate, felt the import of the situation, for he placed himself at the side of the secretary to see the faces of the men as they signed "their death-warrant." He observed their solemnity and earnestness, but fear seemed absent.

Only one hand, that of Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, trembled as the quill traced his name; but Hopkins was seventy years of age, had a paralytic affection, and used his left hand to steady his right as he did his duty on that occasion.

The most elegantly appareled man of the assemblage was John Hancock, who wrote his name so boldly that the British king could not fail to decipher it. He wore a scarlet coat embroidered in gold, black breeches, a waistcoat of white velvet, and shoes with silver buckles. Jefferson had on a white coat and hose, with breeches and vest of scarlet. Franklin, serene and benevolent, displayed a silk vest and a buff coat.

Charles Carroll, of Maryland, was reputed to be the wealthiest of the signers, and some doubted if he would willingly risk his earthly possessions by affixing his name. Eagerly he subscribed to the record of glory, while an onlooker observed:

"There go a few millions!"

Carroll outlived all his comrades of the Continental Congress. It is a curious coincidence that Jefferson and John Adams passed away on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration, July 4, 1826. "Thomas Jefferson still survives," were Adams's dying words, but the great Virginian had passed away a few hours before. More than six years later—November 14, 1832—the Maryland man died at the age of ninety-five.

Roger Sherman, a Connecticut judge who began life as a shoemaker's apprentice, was closely associated with John Adams and Jefferson. "He never said a foolish thing in his life," asserted the author of the famous document. Adams called him "one of the most sensible men in the world—the clearest head and the steadiest heart." He was truly self-made, for he gained his education by conning open books while he worked at his cobbler's bench.

The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was only twenty-six years old; and next in youthfulness was Thomas Lynch, of the same colony. When Lord Howe replied to the

uncompromising declaration of Congress with proposals for a reconciliation, Rutledge was one of the three members delegated to confer with the British admiral, the other two being Franklin and John Adams. Later, during the fighting in the South, he was captured by the British, but he was exchanged, and lived to become Governor of South Carolina. Lynch's later life was short, for he was lost at sea in 1779.

Thomas Nelson, Jr., of Virginia, became a general in the Revolutionary War, and spent two million dollars to finance the equipment of Virginia troops. He had a fine home at Yorktown, but promptly ordered the bombardment of the mansion when he learned that Lord Cornwallis was occupying it. He and many of his colleagues died poor.

Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, besides possessing a curious name, met a tragic fate, for in May, 1777, he was mortally wounded in a duel. His quarrel with his slayer, General Lachlan McIntosh, arose from a dispute over the command of the Georgia troops.

As an office-holder, none of the signers equaled George Walton, of Georgia. Besides serving as a member of the Georgia Legislature and of the Continental Congress, he was chief justice of Georgia, twice Governor of Georgia, United States Senator, and a justice of the United States Supreme Court.

All the signers were natives of the colonies or of Great Britain. Those born abroad included one in Wales, two in England, two in Scotland, and three in Ireland. No fewer than twenty-five of the fifty-six had attended school in the mother country.

Ten signers bore names beginning with H, and seven had W as the initial of their surnames. Their average age on that August day of 1776 was forty-three years and ten months. Twenty-seven were college graduates. The lawyers numbered twenty-four, easily distancing the farmers, with fourteen, and the merchants, who came third, with nine.

"Not one," asserted Benson J. Lossing, the historian, "ever fell from the high estate to which that great act had elevated him. It has been well said that 'the annals of the world can present no political body the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the zeal of the patriot, dignified and chastened by the virtues of the man.'"

Memories of Edwin Booth

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Brander Matthews

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University

MY earliest recollection of Edwin Booth goes back to 1865, when I was taken to the Winter Garden Theater to see one of the hundred consecutive performances of "Hamlet"—the longest run that any play of Shakespeare's had ever had, up to that time, in any city in the world. I find that all I can recall of the play, then seen for the first time, is a misty memory of the moonlit battlements of Elsinore with the gray figure of the *Ghost* as he solemnly stalked forward.

A few weeks later in that same winter I was allowed to see Booth again, as *Richelieu*; and I can more readily recapture the thrill with which I heard him threaten to launch the curse of Rome. I have an impression that the scenery for "Richelieu" had been painted in Paris; and I think that even now, after the lapse of more than half a century, I can visualize the spacious and beautiful hall in which *Richelieu* had his interview with *Marion Delorme*.

In 1869, when I was scant seventeen, I had the good fortune to be present at the opening of Booth's own theater, the handsomest playhouse which had ever been erected in New York, and the most elaborately equipped. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," and the part of the impulsive heroine was taken by Mary McVickar, whom Booth was soon to marry. The only picture still imprinted on my memory is the lovely garden, flooded with moonlight, as *Juliet* appeared on the balcony and as *Romeo* lightly overleaped the wall.

After I attained to man's estate I saw Booth in all his great parts—excepting only *Richard II*, which he did not long retain in his repertory. The sinister malignity of his *Pescara*, in Sheil's "Apostate," has etched itself in my memory; and

so also has the demoniac dance of *Bertuccio*, in "The Fool's Revenge," when the deeply outraged jester believes that he has been able at last to repay in full the injury he had received from his enemy. As the audience knows that it is not this enemy's wife, but his own beloved daughter that he has just helped to abduct, the tragic irony of the poignant situation was intensified by the few irrepressible capers of the hunchback—an effect as daring as it was successful, and possible only to an actor of imagination and of unflinching certainty of execution.

Although I saw Edwin Booth often on the stage, I did not have the pleasure of making his acquaintance until about 1884—three or four years before he founded the Players, which opened its doors just before midnight on the last day of 1888. One of my good friends, Laurence Hutton, was a good friend of Booth's; and when Hutton and I, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Millet, and E. A. Abbey organized a little dinner club, called the Kinsmen, Booth was one of the first of the practitioners of the several allied arts whom we asked to join us. In private life he was unaffected and unassuming, gentle, simple, modest—although he was naturally dignified, and although he could not but be conscious of his position at the head of the American stage.

It has been my privilege to know fairly well the leaders of the dramatic profession in the later years of the nineteenth century—Booth and Irving, Jefferson and Coquelin, Salvini and Barnay. They were none of them openly vainglorious or even unduly self-centered; and perhaps Booth was the least pretentious of them all. He had the saving sense of humor, and while he

took his work seriously, he did not take himself too seriously. In fact, when I read his familiar correspondence, lovingly set in order by his devoted daughter, I recognized the man disclosed in these letters as the very man whose characteristics Sargent captured and fixed forever in the illuminating portrait which Mr. E. C. Benedict presented to the Players. There was a certain transparency about his character; and in private life his personality was very winning—a quality which on the stage transmuted itself into what is often termed “magnetism.”

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOTH AND IRVING

At the supper which the Kinsmen gave when we welcomed Irving as a member—it had to be a supper and not a dinner, since Irving was acting every night—chance placed me at table between Booth and Irving. I noted with appreciation the high friendliness of their association, devoid of any suspicion of jealousy or even of rivalry, although one of them was the acknowledged leader of the American stage and the other was the undisputed chief of the British theater. It was evident that their cordiality was not put on for the occasion only, and that they really liked one another and were glad to foregather for the interchange of experiences.

Of course their talk soon turned to their profession, and to the mighty actors who had preceded them. I soon discovered that Irving had never been greatly interested in the performers of an earlier generation. He was familiar enough with the careers of Macready and of Charles Kean, who were his immediate predecessors, but he had not cared to study the lives of Edmund Kean, of George Frederick Cooke, and of the Kembles, who had been the leaders of the stage two generations earlier. Of course it is never necessary for an artist to be a student of the biographical history of his art; for him it is sufficient if he has spent his strength in mastering its principles and in training himself to apply them.

Booth's devotion to the memory of his father, the Junius Brutus Booth who had been hailed as a rival of Edmund Kean, had lured him into the study of the lives of all of his father's more important contemporaries and predecessors. While he could not be called a bookish man, he owned most of the volumes of histrionic

criticism and of theatrical biography which elucidate the history of the English-speaking stage in the first half of the nineteenth century. Not only did he own them, he had read them; and by their aid his father's fellow players had become living men to him. He had accumulated anecdotes about them and had studied out their methods.

As he had found this reading instructive as well as interesting, he assumed that Irving had done the same; and in reviving these half-forgotten figures, already going into the night, one and all, Booth frankly took for granted Irving's equal intimacy with them. Apparently Irving saw no reason to undeceive him, and without in any way pretending to an exhaustive acquaintance with the careers of his renowned predecessors, he was able to throw in from time to time an apt anecdote which had probably come to him by oral tradition.

Booth was three years older than Irving. In 1861, when he was not yet thirty, and already a star of proclaimed promise, he paid his first professional visit to England; and in Manchester, Irving, then only an obscure stock actor, supported him.

A score of years later, when Irving was the prosperous manager of the foremost theater in England, Booth again ventured across the Atlantic to act in London. His season was none too successful financially, partly because he had unwisely allowed himself to be taken to the wrong theater. With characteristic kindness Irving invited Booth to join him for a month at the Lyceum, to alternate with him in the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*, and to have the aid of Ellen Terry as *Desdemona*. This was in the spring of 1881; and for four weeks the Lyceum was crowded to its full capacity.

A friend of mine, who had played one of the minor parts in the tragedy, described the rehearsals to me and dwelt on the un-failing courtesy with which Irving, as the host, sought always to make Booth, as the guest, feel at home. Whenever they came to a scene in which Booth appeared, Irving would ask how he would prefer to have the action arranged; and with equal courtesy Booth would leave the settling of the business to Irving, suggesting only when it was necessary:

“This is the way I usually do it.”

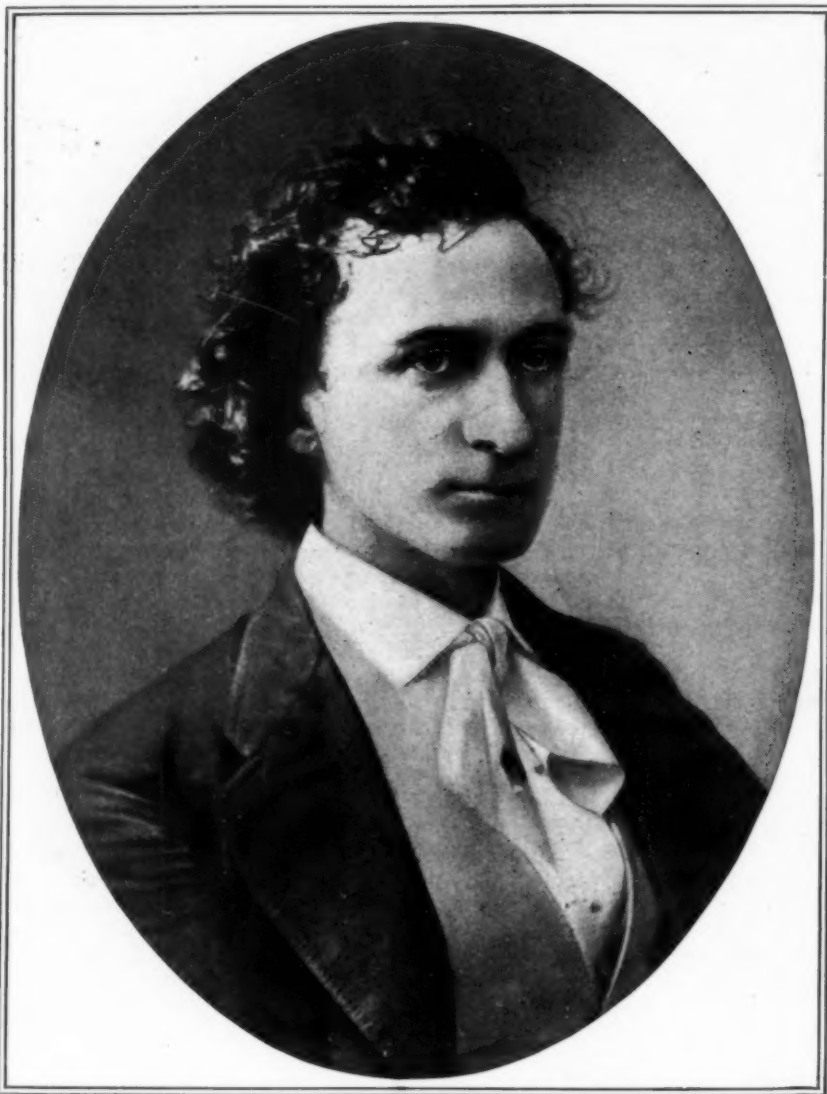
My friend noticed that Irving seemed surprised, and perhaps even a little

shocked, that Booth set so little store by the details of stage-management. And here the most marked difference between these two great actors stood revealed.

Booth was an actor, first of all, and he

that he was a stage-manager of extraordinary fertility of invention, and that he was accustomed to use his skill as a stage-manager to support his efforts as an actor.

Booth was always careful about his own



EDWIN BOOTH IN THE EARLIER DAYS OF HIS FAME AS THE LEADING TRAGEDIAN OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

was a stage-manager only in so far as stage-management might be necessary for the effect which he himself desired to make as an actor. Perhaps it would not be fair to say that Irving was primarily a stage-manager; but it is not unfair to suggest

effects, his own business; but he relied mainly on himself and upon his own individual power as an actor. So it was that he was less interested in the play as a whole, and in those scenes in which he did not himself appear. Irving, on the other

hand, was insistent in getting the smallest details exactly to his taste, holding with Michelangelo that "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Perhaps this difference in their attitude explains why it was that Booth was unsuccessful in the management of the theater he had built for himself, while Irving managed his theater triumphantly for more than a score of years.

It is possible that Irving never himself perceived how truly magnanimous he had been in inviting Booth to appear with him at the Lyceum. In the first week, when Booth was *Othello* and Irving *Iago*, there was a comparative equality between them. Booth had the amplitude of elocution and the fiery passion which *Othello* demanded; and Irving was a brilliant and picturesque *Iago*. But the second week, when they exchanged parts, the comparative equality disappeared. Fine as Booth was as *Othello*, he was even finer as *Iago*, whom he represented as the incarnation of implacable malignity, whereas Irving lacked the simple utterance and the massive emotion required for the adequate performance of *Othello*. It would be going too far to suggest that Irving failed as *Othello*; he was too clever, too experienced, and too richly endowed to fail in anything he undertook. Yet it may be said not unfairly that his *Othello* was among the least successful of his Shakespearian characters, ranking with his spasmodic *Romeo*, and far below his graceful and noble *Hamlet*.

WHEN EXPERTS DIFFERED

It was after Irving's first visit to the United States that he took part in a discussion with Coquelin as to the completeness with which the actor ought actually to feel the emotion he is expressing.

Coquelin had declared that Diderot's "Paradox on Acting"—to the effect that the performer must have felt the emotion while he is studying the part, but that he must not feel it too acutely on the stage, or it will interfere with his certainty of execution—Coquelin had declared that this was not a paradox, but only a plain statement of the indisputable fact. Irving had denied this, asserting that the actor needs to be moved by the actual passion when he is expressing it. I recall that Joseph Jefferson told me that he thought they were both right, each from his own point of view, and each advocating the method

he himself had found satisfactory—Coquelin merely recalling the emotion he had originally felt, and Irving allowing himself to feel it again and again as amply as he could.

When I spoke to Booth about Diderot's "Paradox," he said that he thought that there was more in it than Irving was willing to admit; and he illustrated this opinion by an experience of his own. One night, when he was acting in "The Fool's Revenge," he saw his daughter sitting in a stage-box; and this reminded him that, like *Bertuccio*, he had an only daughter whom he loved devotedly. The thought kept recurring as the play advanced, and he was conscious that his own paternal affection was making him identify himself more than ever before with the hunchback father whom he was portraying. He found that he was putting himself into the place of *Bertuccio*, and asking how he would feel if his own daughter, then before his eyes, suffered the pitiable fate of the heroine of the play.

It seemed to him that, as a result of this intensified personal emotion, he had never acted the character with so much poignancy of pathos. Yet when his daughter took him home in a carriage, she asked what had been the matter with him that evening, since she had never seen him impersonate *Bertuccio* so ineffectively. Here was a case where excess of actual feeling had interfered with the self-control needed for the complete artistic expression of the emotion.

Irving may have expressed his opinion with more emphasis than was warranted; and Coquelin was quite as intolerant in maintaining his. I must confess that I thought Coquelin a little extreme in his insistence on the necessity of absolute freedom from emotion when the actor was before the audience. In one of our many talks about the art of acting, the principles of which are but little understood even by the more intelligent of the public, he once went so far as to assert that after he had seen a certain actress shed real tears at a moment of emotional tension, this accomplished performer immediately sank in his estimation, since her weeping seemed to him to reveal an absence of the complete self-control which a fine artist ought always to possess.

Booth's famous father, so his son has recorded, endeavored always to sink his

own personality in that of the character he was performing.

Whatever the part he had to impersonate, he was, from the time of its rehearsal until he slept at night, imbued with its very essence. If "Othello" was billed for the evening, he would perhaps wear a crescent pin on his breast that day. . . . If *Shylock* was to be his part at night, he was a Jew all day; and, if in Baltimore at the time, he would pass hours with a learned Israelite, discussing Hebrew history.

During the actual performance of one of these mighty characters with which he had thus sought to identify himself, the elder Booth was possessed by the passion which surged from the progressive situations of the play. His son tells us that "at the instant of intense emotion, when the spectators were enthralled by his magnetic influence, he would whisper some silliness or make a face," while his head was momentarily turned from the audience. His fellow actors attributed his conduct at such times to lack of feeling, whereas it was in reality, so Edwin Booth testifies, due to his "extreme excess of feeling."

BOOTH AS A WRITER

In 1884, Laurence Hutton and I made prep-

arations to edit a book about the theater upon a novel plan; and a year or two later we sent forth at intervals the five volumes entitled "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the Days of David Garrick to the Present Time." We carefully selected about eighty performers of acknowledged prominence, each in his own generation; and we wrote ourselves, or had written by experts in histrionic history, brief but carefully documented biographies, appending to the sketch of every performer's career excerpts from contemporary dramatic criticism, from memoirs and reminiscences, and from collections of theatrical anecdotes, so as to depict from several angles the men and women who were sitting for their portraits.

Our friends came generously to our assistance, more especially those devoted students of stage history, William Winter and William Archer. Austin Dobson enriched our first volume with a delightful account of the varied activities of David Garrick; and H. C. Bunner contributed to our fifth volume an equally delightful account of Joseph Jefferson. The article on Edwin Booth was prepared by Lawrence Barrett; and Edwin Booth himself was to prepare that on his father. Irving willingly agreed to write the paper on Edmund Kean; but when the time came he asked us to release him from his promise. So we turned to Edwin Booth again, and requested him to give us a sketch of Kean to accompany his portrayal of Kean's sometime rival, Junius Brutus Booth; and he allowed himself to be persuaded.

I think that the writing of these two papers was Edwin Booth's first venture into literature, since his valuable notes on the acting of *Othello* and of *Shylock* were prepared a little later. To write was for him a novel experience, and he was modestly diffident, postponing the unwonted task until at last the spirit moved him.



THE STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH RECENTLY ERECTED IN GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK, OPPOSITE THE PLAYERS' CLUBHOUSE, IN WHICH HE DIED—THE STATUE IS THE WORK OF EDMOND T. QUINN



EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU—THE TITLE-RÔLE OF BULWER'S FAMOUS DRAMA WAS ALWAYS ONE OF BOOTH'S FAVORITE PARTS, AND IT WAS IN THIS THAT HE MADE HIS FIRST MARKED SUCCESS IN LONDON IN 1861

Then he sat himself down to the work and poured forth his unpremeditated recollections of his father with the precipitancy with which he might write a letter.

Even when he had set down what was in his heart, he hesitated to let the manuscript

pass out of his own hands. When Hutton was at last empowered to carry it off, he brought it to me; and it made glad our editorial souls. It was not at all in accord with the pattern accepted by the professional writers who had prepared the articles



EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET—BOOTH'S ONE HUNDRED CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCES OF "HAMLET" IN 1864-1865 CONSTITUTED THE LONGEST RUN THAT ANY SHAKESPEARIAN PLAY HAD EVER HAD AT THAT DATE

for the earlier volumes. It did not give the facts of its subject's career in strict chronological sequence, with the obligatory dates in their proper places. It contained no dates, and only a few facts; but it did give what was better than all the panoply of information—an illuminating interpretation of an extraordinary character by the one person who knew him best and loved him most.

It had been thrown on paper in haste; it had not been modified by second thoughts; it had the flowing ease of a familiar letter; its sentences were sometimes

entangled; and its punctuation was eccentric. But these external inadvertences were negligible. To precede Booth's tribute to his father, and to be distinguished from it by a difference of type, we prepared an outline biography of Junius Brutus, with all the missing facts and all the obligatory dates. We then had Booth's own manuscript copied faithfully, and made the few adjustments necessary to bring it into conformity with the conventions of literature. The result stood forth as an admirable piece of writing, individual in expression, full of flavor, and rich in sympathetic understanding.

It may be noted that actors, when they can write at all, generally write well; perhaps because their profession has trained them to avoid prolixity, while its practise can scarcely fail to have

stored their memory with a vocabulary as varied as it is vigorous.

Encouraged by our editorial appreciation, Edwin Booth wrote out for us his impressions of Kean, inspired in some measure by the study of Kean's death-mask. He told us that although Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth had been rivals in London, there was no personal enmity in their contest for the crown, and when they came together again in America their meeting was not only friendly, but cordial. That the two great actors were not hostile to one another was made certain by this

glowing tribute to Edmund Kean, written by the son of Junius Brutus Booth, as it had been made probable years before by the appearance of Junius Brutus Booth as the *Second Actor* in support of the *Hamlet* of Edmund Kean's son.

Doubtful as Edwin Booth had been as to his ability to put on paper adequately his impressions of Kean and Booth, he was keenly interested in their reception by his friends after they were printed in the third volume of our "Actors and Actresses." In the correspondence lovingly collected by his daughter he is constantly mentioning his "little sketches," anxious to learn what his friends thought of them. As an actor he was surfeited with newspaper criticism, and he had come to pay little attention to it; but as a writer he wanted to see every journalistic review of our volume which might comment on his two contributions.

It is amusing—in fact, it is almost pathetic—to note the new interest which the writing of these two articles had brought into his life when he was beginning to be wearied, and to observe the eagerness with which he awaited any casual comment on what he had written. I am glad to be able to record that the two brief essays were highly valued by those most competent to appreciate them.

BOOTH'S SAYINGS AND OPINIONS

One of the most intelligent and accomplished actors of the present day has made it a rule not to read the incessant newspaper notices of his performance; and he once gave me an excellent reason for his decision:

"If the criticism is unfriendly it is likely to disturb me at my work. If it is friendly it is likely to increase my natural conceit."

I think that this would have won the approval of Edwin Booth. I recall that when I once asked him if he had ever been benefited by any of the criticisms of his acting, he responded at once:

"Never!"

Then, after a moment's pause, and with his good-humored smile, he added:

"That's not quite true. Sometimes, in one of the little cities, the theatrical critic points out that I have been careless in the performance of this scene or that; and sometimes I have seen that he was right. But that is the only benefit I ever got from anything of the sort."

He held that it was not good for the actor to associate with those whose duty it was to criticise his artistic endeavors. For this reason he suggested that critics of acting should not be admitted to the Players; and to this day, after thirty years, that is the unwritten law of the club he founded. He regretted greatly that this ruling excluded his cherished friend, William Winter; but he did not wish us to make a single exception. I think that it was in his thought that it would be unfortunate if the actor should be tempted to make up to the critics and to get on the blind side of them, so to speak.

Perhaps he had also in mind two other reasons for his request. The first is that artists of all kinds, and perhaps the actors more especially, are prone to express exaggerated opinions of one another's work—opinions often extravagantly favorable, and sometimes extravagantly unfavorable; opinions which it would be undesirable to have overheard by outsiders. And the second is that as the actor's canvas on which he paints his picture, and the actor's clay with which he molds his statue, are his own person, his own features, his own members; any criticism of his achievement, or of his failure to achieve, is necessarily personal—so personal, possibly, as to make it unpleasant for artist and critic to have to sit at meat together.

It was after he made his home at the Players—where the room in which he lived and died is piously kept exactly as he left it—that I had more frequently opportunities of meeting him. He liked to come down to the reading-room and the dining-room, to mingle freely with his fellow members, and to have them accept him as one of themselves, not setting him apart as the founder of the club.

As it chanced, he used to spend at least a portion of the later summers of his life with his daughter at Narragansett Pier, almost exactly opposite our own summer home. Sometimes he came over to see us, and sometimes we went over to call on him. I regret now that I did not make notes of the more interesting things he said at one or another of our talks. I can recapture only a few of them.

He told me that the conditions of the theater were very primitive when he first began to act in support of his father. In "Richard III," for instance, when the time came for *Richard* to fight *Richmond*,

his father used to go to the wings on one side of the stage, while the actor of *Richard* went to the wings on the other side; and each of them seized by the hilt a combat sword thrust out by an invisible stage-hand, whereupon they went back to the center of the stage and began their fight



EDWIN BOOTH AS OTHELLO—BOOTH'S MOST
POPULAR SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS
WERE HAMLET AND OTHELLO, BUT
HE WAS EQUALLY FINE AS
IAGO AND AS LEAR

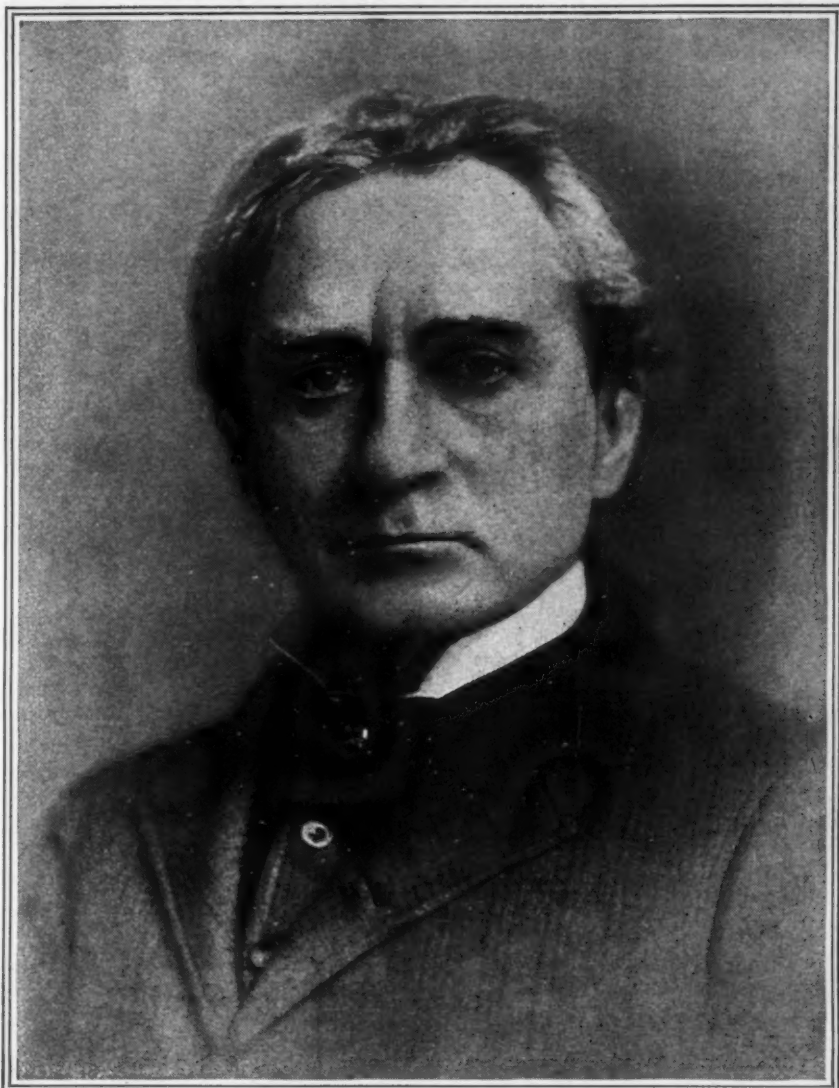
to the death. He also confessed that he had been inclined to doubt the wisdom of discarding Colley Cibber's perversion of "Richard III"—a fiery and bombastic adaptation which had held the stage for two centuries, and which was really more effective theatrically than the reverent rearrangement of Shakespeare's own text which Booth had substituted for it.

I happened once to mention Irving's taking Ellen Terry and his whole company to West Point to play "The Merchant of Venice," in the mess hall on a platform draped only with American flags, and therefore without any scenery; and I remarked that Irving had assured me that the power of the play was in no wise lessened by the enforced deprivation of the decorative aid. To cap this, Booth told me about an unexpected misadventure of his at Waterbury, Connecticut. He arrived at the theater only to be informed that the costumes had not arrived. Scenery and properties had been delivered all right; but the trunks containing the dresses for "Hamlet" could not be found. Booth inquired about the advance sale of tickets, and learned that every seat had been sold.

"Very well, then," he said, "we must not disappoint an audience. We'll give the play in the clothes we have on!"

When the time came, he sent the manager before the curtain to explain the situation, and to announce that any spectator who was not satisfied could have his money back from the box-office.

"Of course nobody left the house," he commented, smiling; "but you should have seen the fright of the company—especially the women—at the idea of appearing in a Shakespearian tragedy in the dresses they wore to travel in. They got over that as soon as they found that the effect of strangeness quickly wore off. After the first act, Robert Pateman, who did not appear as the *Grave-Digger* until the fifth act, and who had gone in front to judge the effect, came round behind to reassure his wife, who was our *Ophelia*. He explained that there were little runs of laughter every now and then during the opening scenes, but that these soon died down, until toward the end of the act the performance was apparently as effective as if we had all been garbed with historic propriety. It was an odd experience; and perhaps the most amusing part of it was that the trunks containing the costumes were discovered



EDWIN BOOTH, FROM THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE HIS DEATH, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON JUNE 7, 1893, IN HIS SIXTIETH YEAR

at last lying in a heap outside the railroad-station!"

On another occasion he told me about a discussion he had had with Jefferson, when "Rip Van Winkle" was first produced at Booth's Theater. He had wanted his old friend to be pleased, and had prepared entirely new scenery. The set for the first act—the home from which *Rip* is to be driven out by his shrewish wife—was a careful reconstitution of an old farmhouse kitchen, with a kettle swinging on a crane

before a glowing fire. But at the dress rehearsal, when Jefferson made his entrance, he stopped short and called out:

"Take that thing away!" That thing was the gas-log blazing brightly. "I don't want people to be looking at that. I want them to look at me!"

The rehearsal waited while the objectionable distraction was removed. When the first act had been gone through, Booth called Jefferson's attention to the black gap where the log had been, and asked if

that might not draw the eyes of the spectators away from *Rip's* features.

"Perhaps you are right," Jefferson admitted; "put the log back—but don't light it. I don't want it to sparkle and hiss!"

Fifty years ago a gas-log was a novelty, and it might have diverted the spectators' gaze and thereby interfered with the current of dramatic sympathy. It was not personal vanity, but a due respect for art, which led Jefferson to declare that he want-

ed people to look at him all the time. When he played *Rip*, the true center of interest was *Rip's* ever-changing countenance.

Unless my memory plays me false, it was in this same conversation with Booth that he told me of a remark Charlotte Cushman made to him when they were rehearsing "*Macbeth*."

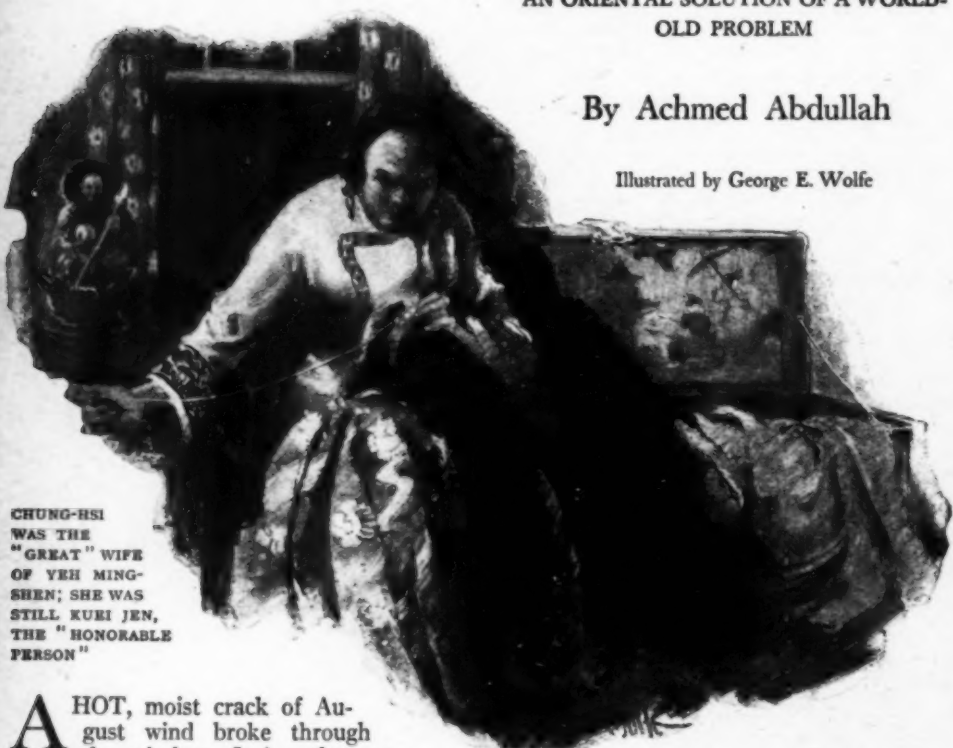
"Do not be afraid of overdoing the part," she said. "Remember that *Macbeth* is the father of all the stage villains!"

The Yellow Wife

AN ORIENTAL SOLUTION OF A WORLD-OLD PROBLEM

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by George E. Wolfe



CHUNG-HSI WAS THE "GREAT" WIFE OF YEH MING-SHEN; SHE WAS STILL KUEI JEN, THE "HONORABLE PERSON"

A HOT, moist crack of August wind broke through the window, flaring the gas-jet to a forked, yellow flicker, painting bloated, malicious shadows on ceiling and walls and furniture, clattering the unfastened shutters without, and fluttering the plum-blue silk under Chung-hsi's nimble fingers—the plum-blue robe of state embroidered with moonbeams, scarlet butterflies, and chrome-yellow roses, which be-

longed to Fanny, the daughter of Nag Hong Fah, proprietor of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, and the second wife of Chung-hsi's husband, Yeh Ming-shen, the wealthy wholesale tea-merchant.

Fanny would wear the robe to-morrow, over a fourteen-and-a-half-dollar tailor-made serge bought on Grand Street, and

topped by a home-made, sleazy, three-dollar straw-and-maline toque, when the little son she had borne her lord and master four months earlier would be christened in the Baptist Mission Chapel around the corner on Mott Street, with Miss Edith Rutter, the social-settlement investigator, acting as god-mother, and Chung-hsi herself as dry-nurse.

For the latter's marriage, performed in Los Angeles nineteen years back, had been Chinese, from the shooting of giant fire-crackers to the tossing of the quilt, from the proper obeisances in front of the ancestral tablets to the priest fumigating the bride's finery over a charcoal brazier and chanting the ceremonious words:

"A thousand eyes, ten thousand eyes, I sift out; gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, wealth and precious things, I sift in!"

Complete the wedding had been, in every detail and ancient ritual, but Chinese; while Fanny's marriage to Yeh Ming-shen had been Christian, American—and, by the same token, legal.

All this was unknown to Miss Edith Rutter, who, for nearly three decades, had been groping at the elusive fringes of the Mongol soul; unknown to Bill Devoy, the detective, whose honest Irish feet had become almost furtive walking the padded slime of the Chinatown beat; unknown to all the whites of the neighborhood. They knew Chung-hsi only as the respectable and elderly tea-merchant's respectable and elderly housekeeper.

II

BUT all the yellow boys knew.

They knew that Chung-hsi was the "great" wife of Yeh Ming-shen; that she was still *kuei jen*, the "honorable person," though it was Fanny who was entered on the marriage register as Mrs. Ming-shen. Moreover, they were all familiar with the reason, and approved of it, on moral as well as on sociological grounds.

For Chung-hsi had borne no man child to her husband, not even a daughter; and it was proper that he should have married again.

"It is your duty," had said Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss temple, acting as official spokesman for the Azure Dragon Trading Company, of which Ming-shen was president. "You are the most respectable burgess in Pell Street. You are a shining example for our younger men; and there is

nothing quite so unfilial as to have no children."

"It is your duty," had said Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant proprietor, quoting a rude Cantonese river proverb. "For if you have no children, you will have no one to burn sacred paper for you at the Feast of Universal Rescue."

"It is your duty," had said Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer. "For you need a son to pacify the little devils who follow when your dead body will be buried in its charming retreat, while your soul will be leaping the Dragon Gate."

"It is your duty," had said Quong Mah, his mother-in-law. "For a man without a son is like a finely dressed person walking in the dark, like a learned man without nobility of character, like a cloud without rain."

"It is your duty," had said Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, when Yeh Ming-shen, who loved Chung-hsi with a slow, passive sort of love, had tried to rebel against the Pell Street dictum—epitome of the Chinese creed that the individual is a negligible nothing, while the family, including its unborn children and its dead and buried progenitors, is an unbreakable entity. "Love itself is a shadow. Love, without the fruit of children, is a flattened flower, a breath of wind flitting into the dark, an infidel act, a stinking, spent candle, a diamond fallen into a refuse-heap."

"A diamond fallen into a refuse-heap is none the less precious," Yeh Ming-shen had argued.

"But you will muddy your hand to your wrist fishing it out, wise and older brother!" had come the grocer's reply. "Love without children is an indecency and a blasphemy, especially condemned by Tzeng Tzu, the great philosopher. Love without children is like the aim of the archer who misses a hairbreadth at the bow—and a mile at the butt."

"Fate!" Yeh Ming-shen had remonstrated rather weakly. "It is not the fault of the spring-time that the leafless tree does not bring forth leaves. It is not the fault of the sun that the owl cannot see by daylight. It is not the fault of the cloud that the rain does not drop into the mouth of the cuckoo. Who can interfere with what fate has written on the foreheads of all of us?"

Yung Long had smiled.

"Fate?" he had echoed ironically.

"When I see you, strong and rich and well-fleshed and not yet fifty; when I look down Pell Street and behold the little buds of plum and lotus that grow and giggle on every painted balcony—then I say that there is no fate as long as a man has his loins and a woman soft lips. Take another wife unto yourself, wise and older brother!"

"A lack of harmonious subjection spills the tea!" Yeh Ming-shen had quoted. "The little buds of plum and lotus you speak of are foreign-born, American-born. Their ideas are curiously independent and immoral. Their perception of what love is is abominable. Such a little bud will not be satisfied with being the pearl-wife. She will want to be the gold-wife. She will demand that I divorce Chung-hsi—whom I love."

"There are still some buds brought up in the good ways, the old ways, the ways of our fathers."

"Perhaps; but who? I spend my life between my office and my home. I know nothing of buds. Who will act as go-between?"

"There is decency and orthodox fastidiousness in such matters, wise and older brother. Ask your wife. It is both her right and her duty to choose the mother of your children. Also, having lived in close intimacy with you for many years, she will know what type of woman is best for your honorable happiness."

III

WHEN finally, overwhelmed by the massive surge of Pell Street public opinion, Yeh Ming-shen had given in and had told Chung-hsi that he would take a second wife—that he would "sip vinegar," as he had expressed it—she, too, had said that it was his duty.

"I myself shall pick her out," she had added. "A stout, full-breasted, wide-hipped woman. A girl who will bear men children to you."

"And to you, old woman!" Yeh Ming-shen had rejoined.

"To both of us. My withered heart craves for the feel of soft, warm, selfish, helpless little baby hands. I shall love your second wife for the sake of the children she will bear."

And that night, while Chung-hsi was paying observantly ceremonious visits to several Chinese women of her acquaintance who had marriageable daughters, Yeh Ming-

shen, speaking to the priest over the spiced cups of the liquor-store which belonged to the Chin Sor Company, and was known as the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, had said that a good wife condensed in her soul the wisdom of the three faiths of China—the faith of Buddha, the faith of Confucius, and the faith of Tao.

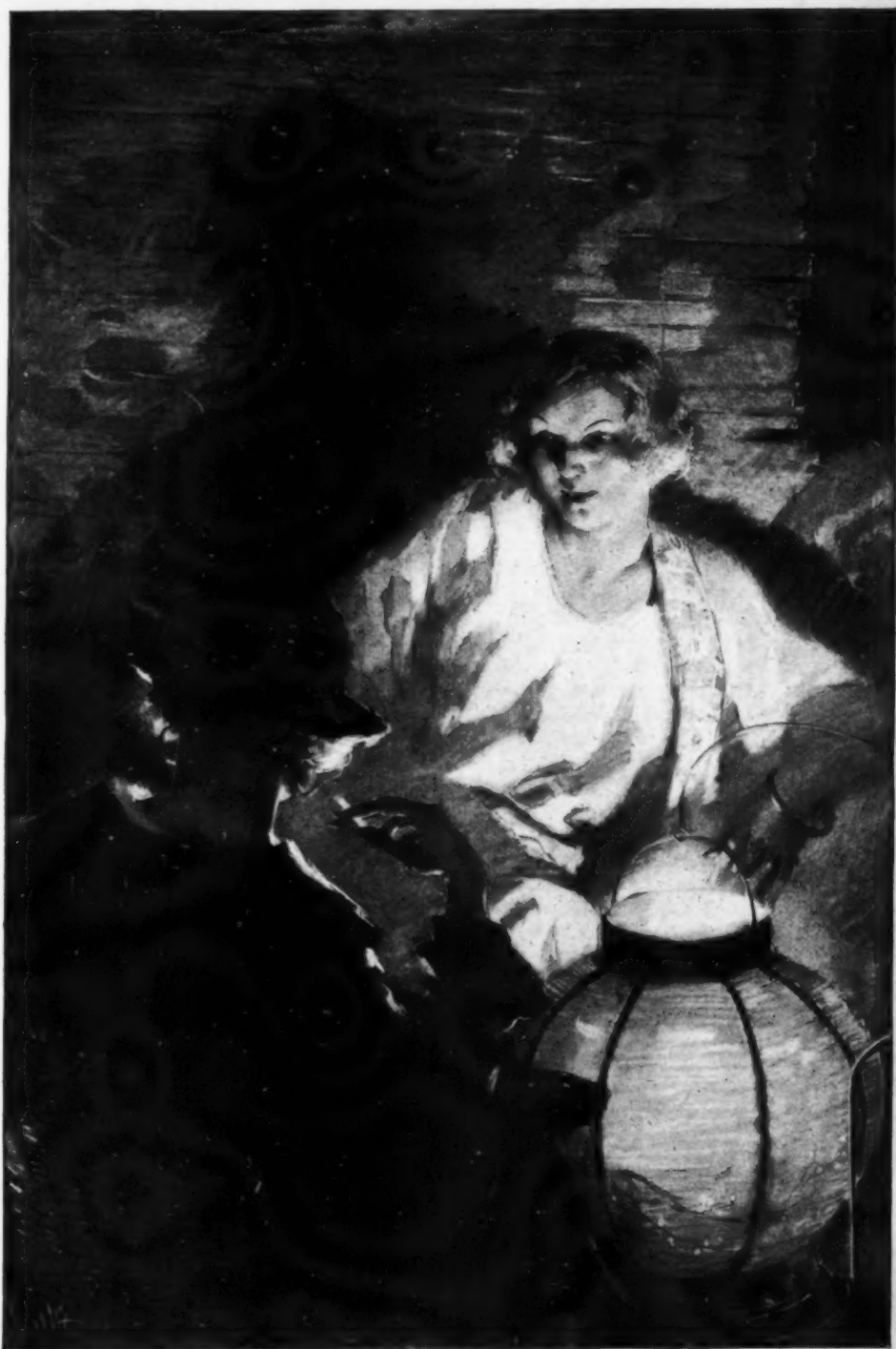
"For," he had added, "such a woman's heart holds the essence of the three great sages' teachings: *li*, which is the ultimate law of right action; *chu*, which is the golden rule of tolerance and equity; and *chuntz*, which is good morals."

"Pooh!" had sneered the priest, whose domestic bickerings were a byword in Pell Street. "The titmouse held up its feet so that the sky might not fall upon it and crush it; and the tailless ox attempted to push away the elephant with the strength of its back. Both tried the impossible—as does the fool who prates of the soul of woman. Consider her body, and only her body. Kiss her, or beat her, but do not think about her. Do not thresh straw. Do not paint a picture on running water."

Yeh Ming-shen had smiled, serene in his and Chung-hsi's mutual affection, and after a careful survey, a great deal of close bargaining, and questions asked with that mixture of sudden, brutal directness and flowery, archaic ceremonialism which means good breeding to the Mongol, she had found a second wife for her husband—Fanny, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Nag Hong Fah, who, in spite of the white blood inherited from her mother, had been trained in the Chinese manner.

Fanny had submitted without much argument.

"Betcha sweet life!" she had said to Gwendolyn Wah Yat, her chum, like herself a half-caste with golden hair and slanting eyes, and like herself familiar since early youth with the smug reek, the tame conveniences, the hot, secret passions of the Pell Street world. "I know wot's goin' on. I can hear the fleas cough. But—Gawd!—all men are alike, ain't they? Sure. Po-ly-gam-wotyecallit?" She had learned the word and its meaning in Miss Edith Rutter's sociological classes. "They're all po-ly-gams, white and yellor and polka-dotted—sure Mike! But them Chinks is decent about it, y'understand. They owns up to it like little men—among themselves, that is. They don't do it just out o' beast wickedness as them Bowery toughs do, and



"I KNOW WOT'S GOIN' ON. I CAN HEAR THE FLEAS COUGH. BUT—GAWD!—ALL MEN ARE ALIKE, AIN'T THEY? SURE. PO-LY-GAM-WOTYECALLIT?"

give the goil the doity end o' the stick. And then I'm sorta fond of Yeh. He's nice and solid and—oh, smooth, like some piece of Chinese silk, see? And his old goil ain't so bad—and, say, she's a swell cook. You oughta taste the way she fixes up duck cooked sweet and sour! Take it from me, kid, this three-in-one is goin' to pan out all right, all right!"

And it had, from the very first, thought Chung-hsi, as she bent over her work.

Of course, Fanny was young, and had the sweeping sublimity and selfishness of youth. She had done little of the household work; she had run off to the motion-picture theater around the corner on the Bowery, night after night; she had occasionally caused Chung-hsi to lose face by a thoughtless word; she had a vague and sketchy way of washing and dressing—alien to Chung-hsi's meticulous Chinese soul—and a strong perfume followed her wherever she went.

Moreover, at times Chung-hsi had been jealous.

But—had she?

Jealous of that frothy, tinkly, golden-haired little half-caste?

She threaded her needle with twisted gold, looked up, out, into the rushing, wailing silence of the night, punctured by the gliding of slippered feet, an eery Cantonese song, staccato stammering, a soft clash of crockery from the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace across the way, where Pell Street plays follow-the-leader with the Bowery, the singsong of a Chinese voice speaking in English with passionate laboriousness:

"Sure I'll be good to you—damn good—Malie—"

"You better, old yeller-face! You better, you old Chinky sweetmeat!"

A smacking kiss and a policeman's obscene laughter; and Chung-hsi smiled.

Jealous of—that?

Voices and laughter slurred into the thick, reeking night. The wind collapsed, beaten by the heat. The padded, slippered feet shuffled away mysteriously, nastily. The silence clogged, choked.

Then, again, clanking, jarring, shrieking, maniacal, the night noises—the Elevated shooting past in its screaming, brassy modernity; a beer-bottle smashing against the pavement; the asthmatic hiss of a pop-corn wagon; a curse—once more voices.

"I'm crazy about you, Malie."

"All right, yeller-face! We'll make it a go, sure."

"Clazy—clazy—"

Again the wind broke, again collapsed. The gas-jet straightened, jerked sidewise, flickered, blue, gold-tipped, and Chung-hsi sighed. She felt the heat like a stabbing pain. It seemed to her that Pell Street, the whole earth, had shrunk to a mote of star-dust madly whirling in the moon's immense white dazzle.

But she must finish her work. She had promised Yeh Ming-shen.

"For the sake of the little son whom Fanny has borne—to both of us!" he had said, gently patting her smooth, raven tresses.

To both of them!

Fanny had been in the room at the time, and Chung-hsi remembered the crooked, elusive little smile on her face.

IV

SHE returned to her work.

Steadily she embroidered the bottom and shoulders of the robe, threading with gold among the moonbeams and scarlet butterflies and chrome-yellow roses words in Mandarin ideographs, copied from the "Book of Ceremonies and Outer Observances" lent her by Yu Ch'ang, the priest—words which would proclaim, amid the cold, alien pomp of the foreigners' church, the Chinese qualifications of the young mother.

Tun she embroidered, and *tuan*; *kung* and *ch'un*, *lung* *yu* and *fu* and *sung* and *chen* and *yi*—meaning that Fanny, for all the rebel white blood in her veins, was generous and orthodox, respectful and liberal-minded, blessed and prosperous, reverential, sedate, and harmonious.

Kang tu—not jealous—embroidered Chung-hsi, and her hand dropped. Dropped her head.

Not jealous!

Why, there was no reason why Fanny should be jealous. Fanny, who was wrapped in the golden, silken sheen of her arrogant youth! Fanny, who had borne a man child to her husband!

But she herself—the "great" wife—the old, worn-out wife who cooked and scrubbed and—

She looked out into the hot, violet night with eyes that were less those of an individual than those of a race, an old race. And there is perhaps no more costly and

terrible privilege in the world than to belong to an old race. It means the memory of too many pains, too many disillusion—like the church she could see from the roof of her house, gray with years and seamed with sufferings.

She was not a Western woman, given to dissecting her emotions and screwing them into test-tubes. She seldom permitted her thoughts to wanton with her fancy. All violent emotions, of love as well as of hate, of joy as well as of sorrow, were repugnant to her—almost physically repugnant. Pity, for herself and for others, was alien to her clear, concise Chinese soul. Such pity she had always dismissed contemptuously, impatiently, as an outgrowth not of good-heartedness but of shrinking, maudlin cowardice.

She had come into the world, as all things come, for an immutable purpose. Hers had been to propagate the honorable name of her husband; and in this she had failed.

Not that she blamed herself for the failure. But, since she had given Yeh Ming-shen no son of her own body to worship him, after his death, with *hiao*, or filial submission, it made it so much more incumbent upon her to look after his earthly happiness. Happiness meant tranquil serenity, and she knew that, as breath stains a mirror and rust a sword, thus anger stains the delicate crystal of the soul, and that there is no anger more corrosive than the anger of the flesh called jealousy.

She did not wish, did not mean, to be jealous; but, meaning to or not, the primitive emotion had been stronger than her ancient racial philosophy, chiefly during those first weeks when it had become known that Fanny would be a mother.

In those days her husband had surrounded his second wife with extra care, extra tenderness. He had brought her a vase of splendid Kiang Hi blue, at which she had sniffed; a quilted silk robe embroidered with black bats—the symbol of happiness—over a shimmering, confused blending of pearly rose, lambent saffron-yellow, and delicate nacreous blue, which, an hour later, in Carlos Garcia's second-hand shop on the Bowery, Fanny had swapped for a ball-gown of arrogant, meretricious scarlet glittering with silver spangles; slippers of pale rose and apple-green, which, to Chung-hsi's slightly malicious but unvoiced amusement, had been too small for her. Finally—acting on the

suggestion of Chung-hsi, who had been trying to atone for her gentle malice at the episode of the slippers—he had bought for Fanny a set of white-fox furs which she had folded rapturously to her young bosom. Also, he had spoken to Fanny, softly and at length, in his careful, slightly clipped English, which she preferred to Chinese, and of which Chung-hsi understood little more than a smattering.

But though the English words had been strange to the latter, their meaning had been clear; and then flickers of sudden rage had darted through her calm, bland philosophy, causing her to pray to her painted gods for the eternal and intransmutable *tao*, the changeless principle without labor, without desire, without emotions—without the seething, black passions of the flesh, or the passions, as seething, as black, of the twisting, imagining, lying mind.

V

HER husband had seen, had understood, had tried to explain.

"One looks carefully after the new field that is yellow with the glint of kerning corn," he had said. "One looks carefully after the woman about to bear a child."

Then, when Chung-hsi, afraid of losing face, had not replied, he had continued:

"Old woman, an elephant is not afraid of fishes, and it has also been said that if a mouse be as big as a bullock, yet it would be the slave of the cat. You are the wife of my youth, my great wife, my gold wife. The other, the little bud—"

"You love—her?" she had asked, the turmoil in her heart making her breathless.

"No," he had replied very calmly, drawing a tiny fan from his sleeve and clicking open the fretted ivory sticks.

"But—she loves *you*!"

He had inclined his head, without the slightest vanity, without the slightest complacency.

He knew, as all Pell Street knew, that from the first day of their marriage Fanny had loved him with that overpowering, unreasoning passion which once in a while—perhaps to give the lie to the cut-and-dried romantic standards—a young girl brings to a much older man. But, being a Chinaman, thus accepting facts as facts and not as a basis for shifting, harrying speculations, he was innocent of what—again to his purely Oriental mind—seemed the de-

structive philosophy of the Occident, a mixture of emphasizing trivialities, of cloaking hypocrisy with the mantle of modesty, and obscenity with that of piety.

Moreover, he was without either physical or mental curiosity, and, therefore, the fact that he was loved by the woman whom he had married solely for the sake of propagating his family was as important to him as the fact that the Cantonese lilies which he grew on his balcony, in a square, dragon-painted porcelain pot of glaucous green, were white, gold-flecked, and richly scented.

It was pleasant, but without real consequence. It was a sending of fate, to be accepted as such, to be enjoyed in decent moderation; but hardly to be given thanks for.

He had said so to Chung-hsi; and she had sighed, not altogether convinced.

"She"—this had been after Fanny had given birth to her child—"she is the mother of your son!"

"No more than you! For no goal is gained by simple abandonment to action. No child is created by the simple gesture of the body. He who lives by action and gesture alone weaves the boat of his life with withered leaves. The heart and mind, too, help to conceive. And my mind—nearly twenty years have we been married!—is suffused with the flame of yours—and my heart, old woman, touches your feet."

"You kiss her!"

"Yes. And there is the child, her child, my child, your child. With every kiss I gave her was the memory of your lips, old woman!"

"You speak to her of love!" she had argued.

"Of course I do, just as I sprinkle the flowers on my balcony; but I only speak to her of love in the language of the white devils—the foreigners—"

"Oh—yes!"

VI

AND, suddenly, the fact that her husband never spoke to Fanny of love in Chinese, had seemed all-convincing, all-important, to Chung-hsi. For just as in every terrible memory there is always one moment, often a trivial moment, more poignantly lasting than the rest, thus in every important crisis in a man's or a woman's life it is some negligible detail—negligible only when considered by itself—which at times seems to hold the crux of the matter. It had been

so with Chung-hsi, with the groping self-questionings, the perplexities, the mazed, subtle intricacies of her dilemma.

Now she had found the answer. Her husband talked to Fanny of love. Yes—but only in English! That did not matter. There was no meaning, no inner heart, in such words—foreign words—crude, silly, barbarous words—like the hiccupy barking of dogs.

She smiled and bent to her work, embroidering the final word—*kang tu*, not jealous—with steady fingers.

Outside the night rushed. A wind came up from the Hudson and walked across the roofs on slow feet. Pell Street streamed into the east like a fretted, grotesque smudge. The spires of the Baptist Mission Chapel soared up like eager lances. From the joss temple, a short distance away, came the pungent scent of Hung Shu incense-sticks, and the priest's high-pitched words—doubtless for the benefit and the clinking dimes of some goggle-eyed, rubberneck-wagon tourists:

"Strive for meditation, for the purification of the heart, making the mind one-pointed, and reducing to rest the action of the thinking principle as well as of the senses and organs—"

Clear the blessed Lord Buddha's words drifted through the motley, patched symphony of the Pell Street night, and again Chung-hsi smiled.

"Reducing to rest the senses and the organs," she echoed.

Why, she thought, such was her *tao*, her eternal, changeless principle of happiness—reducing to rest the senses and the organs—without labor, without desires, without regret—

She looked at her dollar watch, her one and only surrender to American modernity. It was nearly midnight. Her husband and Fanny and their little son had gone to a Chinese celebration in honor of the child. Soon they would be home, and Yeh Ming-shen would ask for tea and preserves and his pipe.

She folded up the plum robe of ceremony, put it in a camphor-wood chest, and walked to the kitchen. There she prepared the porcelain samovar and returned to the front room and arranged the opium layout—the pot-bellied jar with its treacly, acrid contents, the small silver lamp, brushes, needles, and brass rod. From a black-velvet case she took a smoke-browned bamboo



"I SHALL TAKE THE CHILD. YOU ARE TIRED. GO TO BED. SLEEP. TO-MORROW MORNING IS THE CHRISTENING"

pipe with ivory mouthpiece and scarlet, silken tassels.

A few seconds later she heard a brushing of feet on the door-mat in the hall below, coming up the stairs; a child's fretting, sleepy gurgle—voices.

Momentarily something clutched at her heart-strings. Momentarily jealousy touched her soul, like a clay-cold hand. But she smiled serenely, as the voices came nearer, speaking in English:

"Sure I love you, Fanny."

"Gee, I'm glad, Yeh! You know I'm just plumb nutty about you—you old snoozle-ookums!"

"Yes. And I am—how you say?—yes—nutty about *you*!" And, as the door to Fanny's room across the hall opened with a creaking of hinges: "I shall take the child. You are tired. Go to bed. Sleep. Tomorrow morning early is the christening."

"Good night, lump o' sweetness!"

"Good night, little Fanny!"

Chung-hsi looked up. Her husband stood on the threshold, holding in his arms a little bundle of silk and linen.

"Look, old woman!" he said, carefully baring the head of the infant. "See the creamy skin, the hooded brow, the high cheek-bones, the long-lobed ears! Our child, old woman! Yours and mine!"

"Yours and mine!" echoed Chung-hsi.

And she added, after a little pause:

"And Fanny's?"

Yeh Ming-shen smiled. He shook his head.

"Oh—" he began; then was silent.

"And Fanny's?" she insisted. "Is not the child Fanny's, too?"

Again he did not know what to reply. Somehow, Chung-hsi's voice made him feel

nervous, apprehensive. He seemed to fancy it as an ancient voice of China itself, time itself, echoing down immense corridors of carved, fretted stone, from the depths of vast temples, from the very heart of the black-haired race.

He shook himself together.

"Why," he said, "Fanny is only the instrument—the instrument which we needed, you and I, to bear us this little child."

She looked at him steadily, stonily.

"Only the—*instrument*?" she repeated.

"Yes, old woman. And the instrument has—"

"Done its duty? Served its turn?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" she breathed gently, and left the room.

Came silence.

VII

AND, a few minutes later, from the direction of Fanny's bedchamber, there rose a high shriek—a shriek that changed, ludicrously, into a choked gurgle.

Again silence; and even as Yeh Ming-shen, the child clutched tightly against his breast, leaped to the door, it opened, and Chung-hsi came in, in her right hand a dagger crimson with blood.

"The instrument has done its duty," she said calmly. "The instrument has served its turn. I have broken the instrument."

Erect she stood, formidable, absolutely in control of the situation, while Yeh Ming-shen shivered, frantically searching his brain how he might be able to dispose of Fanny's lifeless body, how to explain her disappearance when neighbors and the white man's ridiculous law began to ask questions.

A FAREWELL

FAREWELL, spring, and at your going
Know that no one can forget
Days of magic, dawn winds blowing
Leaf and grass and violet;
Days of dreaming, days of sowing—
No one can forget!

Farewell, spring! The cloud-ships waken
With the winds. Oh, take my heart
Down the sky-seas you have taken
Now that you at last depart.
There are dreams you leave forsaken—
Take, oh, take my heart!

Glenn Ward Dresbach

Brokers in Adventure*

A ROMANCE OF LIGHTEST FIFTH AVENUE AND DARKEST AFRICA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Author of "Home," "Taxi," "White Man," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

MR. CHARLES HARLOW, an ex-athlete who had grown fat and flabby in the pursuit of mammon, is visited in his office one day by his old college chum, Flange Rordon, who, thanks to an outdoor life in the wild places of the earth, is still athletic and vigorous. Rordon reproaches Harlow for becoming a sordid money-grubber, and by way of emphasizing his statement that Harlow, although only in his early thirties, is no longer a real man, but merely a soft ball of putty, proceeds to "wipe up the floor" with him.

Having demonstrated to Harlow that he is out of condition and needs an outdoor life more than he needs money, Rordon takes Harlow to his hotel, where they repair damages and phone some members of their old college coterie. That night ten good fellows foregather at the Aspic roof-garden.

In the midst of their somewhat unconventional frolic an aristocratic, wealthy, and good-looking cousin of Harlow's, Miss Helen Pelter Hume, is attracted by Rordon's cave-man appearance and jolly behavior, and asks to be permitted to join the party. Harlow tells her that it is a stag-party, but Rordon says, "Aw, let the kid sit down, Charlie," and forthwith Miss Hume joins the celebrators. When Rordon and Harlow speak of a hunting expedition in Africa, she insists upon accompanying them.

After a free-for-all fight with the waiters, Harlow, Rordon, and Miss Hume escape together in a taxi. At her home the self-willed girl, still bent upon escaping the boredom of society and going with the men on their hunting expedition, refuses to alight; so they secure a suite for her at Rordon's hotel and bid her good night.

They succeed in slipping away from New York without her, but in London they learn from a man who is shadowing them that Miss Hume is watching them, and is still resolved to have her way about accompanying them. After outfitting themselves for the hunting of big game, they board a German steamer, the Gertrude Wormwoman, for the East Coast of Africa, and are congratulating themselves upon their successful getaway from the relentlessly pursuing woman when she astonishes them by appearing on deck. They plan to leave the boat before reaching their destination, but Miss Hume has prepared for that contingency by having all her baggage on deck at every port, ready for immediate departure. She informs the men that she has duplicated their game-hunting outfit, and is both prepared and determined to accompany them wherever they go.

Rordon tells her that they are getting off the following day at Beira—where, knowing everybody, he hopes to give her the slip—and she replies:

"Oh, are we? I'm so glad, and so grateful to you because you told me."

VII

MISS HUME was in excellent spirits next morning. She superintended the disembarkation of her outfit so competently that she and all her cases were chug-chugging toward the quay and the custom-house within half an hour of the departure of Messrs. Rordon and Harlow with all their goods and chattels. They had offered perfunctorily to help her, but there had been nothing perfunctory in her refusal of aid. She was on her own, and she intimated that the sooner they understood

that fact the more comfortable it would be for all concerned.

Scarce an hour had passed, however, before her interior barometer had fallen to incalculable depths. Upon arriving at the custom-house, she found that while not a trace of Mr. Rordon and his companion, or of their many appendages, remained in the establishment, there were, nevertheless, numberless formalities to be gone through before a young lady traveling alone could clear her heavy equipage. She would have to have an agent, for one thing, and at least sixteen other contingencies must be met in

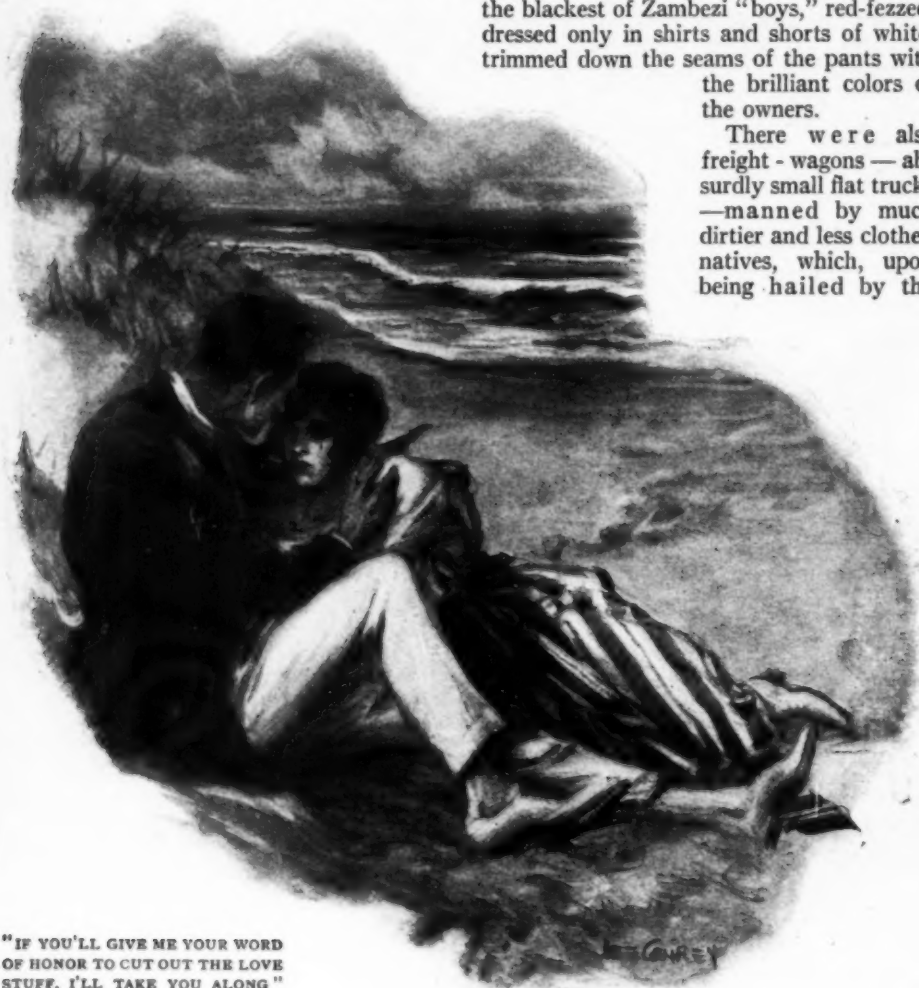
* Copyright, 1919, by George Agnew Chamberlain—This story began in the May number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

due order. She could not hope to get her cases cleared in less than a week; she was free, on the other hand, to take with her the necessities for hotel life in the interim.

It was a disconsolate young person, feeling very lonely indeed, but with a vestige

Along the center of the streets, eight inches deep in fine, hot sand, ran two sets of Decauville tracks, upon which were propelled the weirdest conveyances she had ever seen—garden-seats, hooded and mounted on diminutive bogie-trucks of four wheels each. The motive power was supplied by the blackest of Zambezi "boys," red-fezzed, dressed only in shirts and shorts of white, trimmed down the seams of the pants with the brilliant colors of the owners.

There were also freight-wagons—absurdly small flat trucks—manned by much dirtier and less clothed natives, which, upon being hailed by the



"IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR WORD
OF HONOR TO CUT OUT THE LOVE
STUFF, I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG"

of stubborn fight still left, who picked up a hand-bag and walked out into the glaring inferno of the sand-channels which serve for streets in this most original of the stereotyped towns of the East Coast. So amusing did she find some of the unaccustomed features of local life, however, that her eyes lighted up with interest, and her face reassumed the persuasive smile with which she was accustomed to tame a willing world.

more aristocratic and mobile garden-seats, gave up the right of way by being ponderously lugged off the tracks with many grunts and heave-hos, to squat in the sand until the passenger vehicle had rattled past.

The sidewalks were comparatively free from general traffic, as they were rigorously reserved to the use of white pedestrians and cyclists. Miss Hume consequently could wander along at leisure; also, she easily

picked out an English-speaking resident from the few white-helmeted and drill-clothed persons who were going so short a distance that it saved exertion to walk.

"Can you tell me the best hotel in town?" she asked of a smiling, gray-eyed, florid Britisher, whose nationality was written in capital letters across his countenance.

"Certainly," he answered. "You will find along this street the Ritz-Carlton, the Waldorf, the Cecil, the Biltmore, the Berkshire, the Astor, Prince's, the Marie Antoinette, the Hyde Park, and the Vanderbilt. Avoid them. Go to the Savoyard. By the way, you should not carry a bag in this climate."

He clutched the first native that passed, handed him Miss Hume's bag, told her to pay him with the smallest coin in her possession, raised his helmet, and passed on before she had time to get in the full effect of a grateful smile from her brook-brown eyes.

At the hotel, Miss Hume, through a native adaptability, was able to make herself very comfortable indeed. She took a bath, lunched in her room, and indulged in a somewhat troubled nap. After that, on inquiry, she learned that she could charter one of the ambulating garden-seats at so much an hour. She used it in a vain attempt to run down the various obstacles in the way of her prompt departure.

Everybody with whom she tried to deal was most courteous, but surprisingly busy. Agents could not undertake her delivery from the mesh of red tape for days; all the accommodations on the single mixed-freight-and-passenger car for the up-the-line triweekly train were already engaged; the controllers of porters, guides, and other necessary beasts of burden were entirely out of stock. Even the somnolent officials charged with issuing shooting-licenses stated that they were awfully busy, smiled, lit another cigarette, and promised to do their best for next week.

Miss Hume was not a stupid person. By the time the long day, with its terrific heat, had reached the hour of straddling shadows, she began to realize the truth and nothing but the truth. With only thirty minutes' start, Mr. Rordon had been able to tie up the entire system of local machinery, apparently without an effort. She could see him doing it in the moment of welcome from friendly officials and old-time cronies—just a shrug of one shoulder and a hint.

"Be awfully nice to her, will you? But don't—well, don't hurry. See?" Then, with an appropriate look of unselfish solicitude: "Rather than she should succumb to low-country fever, better far for her to go back from here."

Miss Hume nodded her head to herself emphatically. Yes, that was what he had done; she knew it. Her moist lips trembled, and something happened to her eyes so that she could hardly see the setting sun. Where, she asked herself, was that enormous store of courage from which she had thought she could spend and spend and never strike bottom? It had been nibbled away by one little disheartening rebuff after another, by heat and glare and a great big loneliness.

A faint, cool breeze from the sea brushed her fevered cheek and beckoned her out and away from the vicinity of horrid men. She sat in her garden-seat, and by waving and signs urged the black twin propellers to push her at a faster and faster rate down the line of track which stretched interminably between two rows of corrugated-iron edifices made almost picturesque by festoons of brilliant bougainvillea and the slatting leaves of coconut-palms.

Would she never come to the end of them? At last she did, but the track kept on and on until it became a trail meandering among dunes, wild-potato vines, and more palms, stunted and leaning away from the prevailing winds. Finally it opened up a break in the yellow horizon of the endless sands, and she saw the sea—jade-green and creaming to snowy plumes as it dashed on a beach marvelously white, wide, and hard.

Ah! Here was sanctuary—something big enough, at least, to embrace the enormous lump of her heart. She left her carriage, rushed around one dune after another, and down the deserted beach. When she felt that there was nothing left in all the world but the sea, the sands, and one achingly lonely girl, she threw herself down full length, arms wide, feet waving in air, and cried as if all her lovely body had turned into a well of tears.

It must not be supposed that Miss Hume had passed eight hours in Beira entirely unnoticed except by those persons with whom she had tried to do business and so ignominiously failed. Even among these there had been some who at the sight of her flushed cheeks, tremulous lips, and pleading eyes, had felt their hearts tug so wildly at the leash of duty that only precipitate flight

had saved the day to honor. One other person, while keeping himself in the background of bar-screens, Venetian blinds, and jealousies, had strenuously avoided losing sight of Miss Hume.

The name of this individual was Mr. Flange Rordon, and his object in espionage was twofold. First, he wished to verify the allegiance of his friends and confederates, hard pressed as he knew they would be by the batteries of the young lady's lips and eyes; and, secondly, he desired to make sure that she suffered no indignity and no harm. She was safe from insult as long as she kept to a certain prescribed orbit in the town proper, but the moment she made a dash for the suburbs and the open Mr. Rordon's face suddenly assumed a look of grave concern.

A young lady could properly make for the beach in company with another lady, a child, or even a man of established propensities; but to do so alone was like trying to cross a bull-ring encumbered with a red dress, red parasol, red fan, red stockings, and satin slippers to match. In other words, it was like shouting "Come on!" to all the dapper, linen-clad loafers she might meet on the way.

Such being the case, Mr. Rordon lost no time in commandeering the best and swiftest vehicle in sight and pursuing her so closely that he effectually discouraged any like enterprise on the part of less ready mortals. When he arrived at the end of the track, where he found Miss Hume's empty conveyance guarded by two boys already sound asleep in the hot sand, his first impulse was to play the faithful watch-dog and discreetly await her return. Certain thoughts troubled him, however. He remembered that not many years ago two lions were seen on this beach, and also that less than five miles away there was a treacherous quicksand.

Wishing to make sure that Miss Hume had not gone as far as the quicksand, and also that lions were not around, he followed the tiny imprints of her high-heeled white buckskin shoes around one sand-dune after another until he came out upon the hard beach and suddenly discovered his quarry, not fleeing down the distance before the evening breeze, but prone on the sand at about fifteen yards. Her hat had fallen off, displaying to wonderful advantage her tumbled hair with its deep glint of brown tobacco-leaves basking in the sun. Her arms

were extended, her feet alternately waved in air and dug in the sand, her small fists were clenched, and her shoulders heaved spasmodically to her sobs. There was no doubt about it; she was crying.

As Mr. Rordon himself had stated to Mr. Harlow, he was not a man of impulse; all his acts were premeditated. Consequently he had ample time to remember not only Mr. Harlow's warning, but his own promise. Mr. Harlow had predicted just such a contingency as had now arisen, and had extracted from Mr. Rordon a solemn promise to the effect that if it came about, he would run. Mr. Rordon, remembering the pledge, promptly put it into execution. He ran.

He ran to Miss Hume, fell on his knees beside her, gathered her in his arms, deftly transferred himself to a sitting posture, and rocked her softly.

"There, there, you poor little kid!" he said softly. "Don't cry any more. Please don't cry like that, or your heart will be pounding its way clean out of your body!"

Miss Hume, who heretofore had been weeping merely for her private satisfaction, now let loose the floods of woe as she had not done since the day when her favorite doll had slipped down the drain at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street. She clutched Mr. Rordon as she had on that occasion clutched her nurse, and in like manner burrowed her face into his chest and wept as only eternal childhood can.

For the moment Mr. Rordon was non-plused. He felt that he was threatened with a ghastly awakening from a trance—a nightmare of the biter bit, the hunter trapped. Then he realized that there are times when all truth is lies and appearances are false—when what is, is not. As a matter of immediate fact, he was not holding Miss Hume's sobbing person in his arms, but was merely comforting a troubled and wondrous child resurrected from a past too hurriedly buried to stay put.

Without ceasing to rock her, he raised his eyes and looked upon the world. Out beyond the bar the black smudge of a tramp steamer, the only discordant note in a scene of great beauty, was bellowing impudently for a pilot. Ignoring that fly in the atmospheric amber, he gazed upon the sea, an ocean of billowing jade, creamed to white along the interminable reach of the hard sands, upon the golden dunes throwing blots of shadow before the setting sun.

Glancing up in answer to a swiftly moving cloud, he saw the unforgettable gleam of pink beneath the wings of a monster flock of flamingos, and he decided that the world was more than passing fair.

He looked down in response to a sudden movement, and found that the child in his arms had thrown back her tousled head, disclosing a face thoroughly smeared by tears, long lashes drooping under a burden of dewdrops, and eyes dimmed by swirling lights of a translucent brown which gave them the appearance of dangerous and bottomless pools.

"Are you all right now?" he asked weakly.

She shook her head in vigorous denial, her lips puckered, and her eyes followed suit.

"No," she gulped, "not quite," and once more buried her face.

He rocked her again, and was on the point of attempting to croon some half-remembered song when he heard her voice coming spasmodically in the interstices between snivels.

"Oh," she said, "you've beaten me! I did-didn't know any man could be so hard! I knew you and Charlie did-didn't want me with you, b-but I thought it was because you tho-thought I'd be a b-b-burden."

Mr. Rordon held her closer, as if to prove he had never really had such an idea.

"I thought," continued the child, "if I just showed you that I c-could take care of myself, that I c-could travel without a m-maid and always b-bring my head along with me when it came to g-guessing what a man would do next, that you would take me at my sp-spo-sporting face value and let me in on the g-g-ground floor!"

"Poor kid!" said Mr. Rordon, instinctively rising to the bait of an appeal based in gambling terms of the contests of kings.

"I thought," continued the babe in arms, "that if a girl had all the nerve there is in the world, and c-could stand up to p-punishment like a man and go down smiling for the ca-count when she got knocked out, it would be all right. And it *would* have been. Oh, I don't blame you! You g-got me. You used up all my stock of nerve in just six hours of this darned hot hole, and now you've caught me b-b-blubbering like a b-b-b-baby!"

"Look here," said Mr. Rordon in desperation, "you stop crying, and let's talk this matter over seriously. I don't think I

realized until this moment that you really wanted to be let in on our rough proposition."

At that statement Miss Hume came to with suddenness, and threw up her head.

"What?" she gasped in unfeigned wonder. "You didn't believe until just now that I really wanted to come along?"

"No," said Mr. Rordon brazenly, not from any natural bent for prevarication, but because he could think of no other reply on the spur of the moment.

Miss Hume stared long at his serious face, but postponed giving voice to her conclusions. Instead, she asked gently:

"Well, now you know, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Rordon, and frowned. After a long pause he continued:

"I don't think you realize what you're asking for. You see, we're not going on a picnic exactly. The sole purpose of this expedition, as far as I am concerned, is to save what's left of my old friend Charlie Harlow from premature desuetude, dry-rot, precipitated senile decay, and—and fatty degeneration of the abdominal muscles."

"Oh," murmured Miss Hume, impressed, "poor Charlie!"

"In other words," proceeded Mr. Rordon, "we're going to rough it; we're going to look for trouble and slap it in the face."

"Why, that's just exactly what I want to do, too," said Miss Hume, her eye brightening.

"The question is, can you stand it?" said Mr. Rordon. "The question is, won't you spoil the whole show by acting as a soft-cushion shock-absorber every time I'm about to put Charlie over a bump? How will he ever get hard, if we have to scale every project down to a woman's-size two-and-a-half walking-boots? No! It simply wouldn't do."

To his surprise, Miss Hume's eager face did not suddenly gloom; she merely measured him through narrowed eyes and incisively remarked:

"What poor liars men are! None of those things worries you in the slightest. I can put it all over Charlie in his present condition, and you know it. You know something else, and that is that when it comes down to brass tacks, a woman is made up of staying-power. We may not initiate, but we endure. That's the way God made us."

The marked respect that Mr. Rordon already had for Miss Hume's mentality



MR. RORDON STARED AND SWAYED ON HIS FEET AS IF HE HAD BEEN STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW BETWEEN THE EYES

suffered a sudden increase. Many years in savage and man-ridden countries had endowed him with a pet theory that the world in general was wrong in its classification of the weaker sex. Women who could do all the heavy work of a continent—tote water and wood, till the soil, carry heavy loads together with their offspring, and bear children overnight as an interim avocation—occupied a place of honor in his cosmos which he had thought unique to himself; but here was Miss Hume knowing all about it before she had made more than a few scratches in the bordering sands of Africa.

"Well," she interrupted his reverie, "why don't you be frank with me? Tell the truth—the whole truth, the real reason why you're afraid to take me along."

Mr. Rordon looked down into the wide eyes fixed gravely on his troubled face.

"The real reason," he said, "is you. If you'll promise to cut out all business of sex-

appeal, if you'll promise to abandon forever the last resort to tears, if you'll promise to turn into just boy and pal, if you'll promise to forget yourself completely, if—"

"Well?" encouraged Miss Hume.

"Oh," burst forth Mr. Rordon, "you know what I mean! If you'll give me your word of honor to cut out the love stuff, I'll take you along."

Miss Hume drew a long, deep, happy sigh.

"I promise," she said meekly, and then, in the innocence of her child's heart, held up her lips to be kissed.

VIII

THE peruser of this chronicle is invited to stretch his credulity to the limit, and to believe that Miss Hume was kissed *unconsciously* for the first time in her life. In the face of the deed, of the man, and of the maid's beauty, explanations are weak, but



"HELLO, FELLOWS!" SHE
MURMURED, AND SMILED

not entirely lacking. The kindest explanation is that Mr. Rordon had been immersed so long in a soporific aura of loveliness and youth that he was in an ecstatic trance, and was not personally responsible for his first prompt surrender to impulse.

Once it had taken place, he awoke, and immediately recognized the futility of weeping over spilled principles. What was done,

was done, and he symbolized the attitude he intended to assume toward the incident by wiping his lips with the back of his hand and thereafter observing that it was a beau-

tiful evening. He then released Miss Hume rather suddenly, letting her roll unceremoniously to the sand, arose, and stretched himself.

He stood over her and looked calmly into her somewhat surprised eyes.

"I'll have to take you in hand," he remarked. "You've got to pack away all frilly clothes, high heels, hairpins, bonbons, and cosmetics, and leave them behind. Your kit has got to be just exactly one-half of mine and Charlie's combined; and as we're starting to-morrow morning early, we'd better get busy."

"But I haven't got my cases!" cried Miss Hume, springing to her feet.

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Rordon with thoughtless precipitation, and then added quickly: "I mean, I'll see what can be done."

Within an hour all of Miss Hume's paraphernalia, including her smartest personal baggage, was scattered around a large, barn-like room in the hotel especially engaged for the purpose by Mr. Rordon.

Mr. Harlow, somewhat stunned by the sudden veering of the small party's weather-vane, was plunged in a ruminating silence of such depth that when Mr. Rordon stuck him in a corner with his back to the wall, and put a pad and pencil in his lax hands, he stood as quiescent as a wax figure impersonating a tally clerk.

Mr. Rordon then emptied the contents of every receptacle on the clean-swept floor, deaf to Miss Hume's gasping protests when her most private belongings shared the fate of her roughest purchases.

"You leave me alone," said the vandal, as he dragged to one side the few bags and boxes which were to make up her total allotment of cargo space. "There you are! You can take what will go into these. Now go to it; let's see where you'll begin."

Miss Hume stared at the various heaps rather vacantly, and picked up and dropped one specially cherished article after another.

"I thought so!" barked Mr. Rordon. "Lot's wife all over again!"

He pushed her aside, and with lightning rapidity began picking out things in their exact ratio of importance as necessities. Within twenty minutes he had all but filled the available space. He straightened with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Now," he said, "you can add your very dearest knickknacks—whatever there's room for."

Miss Hume meekly selected certain mysterious packages and a few filmy nothings, and tucked them carefully into the minute interstices left by Mr. Rordon's expert packing methods. By the time she had finished, he had segregated a complete change of clothing, and he handed it to her, with a curt order to withdraw to her room and divest herself of what she had on. She complied, still meekly.

"Now, Charlie!" roared Mr. Rordon.

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Harlow with a start.

"Get busy!" ordered Mr. Rordon. "Make a storage list of all this junk as I pack it!"

"Say," said Mr. Harlow, "what do you think I am? Bookkeeper to one of the most barefaced abductions ever pulled off by a spineless squaw-man?"

"A what?" asked Mr. Rordon in ominously quiet tones, as he let fall an armful of *crêpe de Chine*. "Take off your coat, you crawfishing discophorous hydrozoan!"

"Flange," exclaimed Mr. Harlow in spontaneous admiration, "when you talk like that, your words go straight to my heart. I can't help thinking you're right, and I positively feel like one of those things. What does it do?"

"It does as it's told," growled Mr. Rordon, only partially mollified, and proceeded with the labor of packing.

He concluded the operation, and looked up to see a vision in the doorway. Miss Hume stood there rubbing one shy, exposed leg against the other. Her hair was pinless, and tied at the nape of the neck with a big black bow. She wore a khaki jacket, a shirt, breeches, and a short overskirt; brown cotton stockings, and strong brown boots laced up to the calves of her straight but ravishingly molded underpinning.

"Hello, fellows!" she murmured, and smiled.

Mr. Rordon stared and stared and swayed on his feet as if he had been struck a mortal blow between the eyes. Mr. Harlow also gazed, and then began to babble.

"Oh, Helen—Nell!" he said. "I love you! I always have loved you, but now I love you so much that to have you around to look at as you are for all my life—even stuffed—I'd—I'd marry you! You are a lucky girl. You have won such a guerdon as has seldom fallen from hard-earned heights of celibacy in one fell swoop!"

"Shut up, Charlie!" said Miss Hume, as she advanced into the room in a remark-

ably good imitation of a young man's swagger. She faced Mr. Rordon. "Are we all ready, Flange?" she asked coolly.

He met her steady eyes, and something in them—some light as of sheer courage pleading to be given a fair chance, but no favor—appealed to the rock foundations which every man discloses if only himself or circumstance digs down far enough through his husk of clay to expose them to the rare light of day. He forgot frivolity

and badinage, answered frankness with frankness, and held out his hand for such a clasp as takes and inspires confidence.

"All ready, Nell," he said. "We can go to bed now, and please try for a good sleep, for, say what you like about the open, a man is ever on slumber rations while under canvas."

Early next morning, in a misty dawn, Mr. Rordon delivered himself as follows:



"MASTER, WHEN WE MAKE SAFARI TO BARUE, YOU YOURSELF NAME THIS SKELUM. HE MAKE HEAVY WOMAN TROUBLE, AND YOU CALL HIM LEDDY-KILLER"

"The life of adventure is full of sudden breaks, which amount almost to hiatuses in the existences of its devotees. These breaks occur at every transition from one circumambient to another, and constitute a distinct class of phenomena, which is vividly illustrated by the start from civilization into the untrammelled wilds, or by

A fat Banyan, resplendent in red fez and flowing robes—a member of the accursed tribe of petty Indian traders that has honeycombed the East Coast of Africa to usurious profit—had succeeded in showing his tin trunk on the rear platform of



A BRAINLESS, BEETLE-BROWED, HORN-DIPPED COW WAS GIVING A CHARACTERISTIC EXHIBITION

the return from the wilderness to the mesh of society's conventions.

"Good God!" groaned Mr. Harlow. "Can't you wait till we've had something to eat?"

Miss Hume had no attention to spare for either declamation or protest. Her eyes were large with interest for the panorama of the departing train. Agents in incongruous damp linen and white helmets kept themselves warm through rage at bungling porters. Khaki-clad travelers struggled into already crowded sections, carrying with them an amazing assortment of pet belongings. Swahili servants exploded with momentary importance. Half-naked natives shivered, loafed, pushed, lifted burdens, and dropped them, to a low, continuous accompaniment of guttural enunciations. Every animate thing in sight seemed hopelessly confused; every inanimate box, bundle, or trunk maddeningly calm and complacently stubborn.

At last the toy engine gave a derisive toot, there came a series of jerks, followed by the clanking of outraged coupling-pins, and they were off amid shouts, grunts, curses, and at least one scream.

the last car, but failed to hold fast to the mounting rails with his greasy paws. He slipped, he fell, he rolled, and, to the unanimous joy of all spectators, he arose with a scream, to wail and call upon Allah and the departing train in vain. Perceiving the futility of that effort, he shouted his appeal to the grinning occupants of the rear grand stand to please push off his trunk; and, when they turned their backs, he opened his hennaed mouth and bawled like a baby.

Rordon enjoyed the scene as only could an old stager bearing wounds of contact with the Banyai tribe.

"It's great," he said to Miss Hume, "to have our trip start with a pleasant incident. It means good luck!"

When they left the train, three hours later, it seemed to Miss Hume that order could never come out of the chaos of their reception. A hundred garrulous porters, dressed in the tag-end of the rag-pickings of civilization, were standing or squatting around the tiny station. Through and over them passed shouting Swahili servants, frenzied with the responsibility of sorting out the party's threescore packages, cases,

bundles, and bags, to string them in a higgledy-piggledy mess along the side of the track in such a manner as would at least permit a hasty inventory.

Rordon found himself plunged into a reception by the aristocracy of the native

terminable hour Mr. Harlow and Miss Hume sat around on boxes, or stood till their calves ached and their impatient souls swelled to the verge of vocal protest. So solemn, however, was the squatting concourse about Mr. Rordon—who was appar-



"MASTER, PLENTY TIME! ONE BULLET CAN'T HIT WHOLE COW. PICK OUT ONE PLACE. PUT GUN MY SHOULDER"

throng—the chief and the subchiefs to whom the porters belonged, the station tout, trackers of former fame, younger trackers of present utility, captains of safari, and three askaris, or native policemen, two of whom had been assigned to his expedition by a complacent government. He received them each with a hand-shake and liquidly guttural salutations, long drawn out.

The group adjourned to the shade of a big tree for a powwow; and during an in-

ently quite comfortably seated on his own heels—that they dared not interrupt.

Rordon's Swahili cook and captain of safari, one Ibrahim by name, had no such fear. Having, with the assistance of certain minions, distributed all the baggage and accessories in a long line, he broke in upon the conference on the individual movements of all the royal game within a radius of fifty miles during the memory of man, and reported sixty-four loads.

"Too many," remarked Mr. Rordon, without looking up. "Make them sixty."

Ten minutes later Ibrahim reported again:

"Ready, master!"

Rordon held up his hand and spoke a few words. His hearers grunted assent, arose, and called out orders. All the porters in sight formed in line and awaited, some with apathy, some with eagerness, the selective review. Followed by chiefs, trackers, captains, and Ibrahim, Rordon passed slowly down the file, touching lightly those stalwart and healthy carriers about whom he had no doubt.

"Why, it's tap day!" said Mr. Harlow with awakening interest, as he saw each native who was touched give a shout and run to the load-line.

Having passed in review all the men available and picked out the cream of them, Mr. Rordon returned, selecting the next best, and continued the operation until he had his full count of sixty porters. One glance at the slatternly and rickety remaining group was enough to prove them the survival of the unfittest.

All was not over, for Ibrahim had yet to have his say. Throughout the process of selection, and amid the frenzied protests of certain under chiefs who saw too large a proportion of the beasts of burden they were offering for hire subjected to rejection, he had kept gloomy silence. Now he went to the line of porters already fondling their chosen loads, and yanked out three of them by the scruffs of their necks.

"These boys no good, master," he declared.

"Why?" asked Rordon.

"This *shenzi*," said Ibrahim, pointing at an innocent-looking giant, "make plenty trouble Major Striker's camp in the Gorongaza country. He steal one chicken."

Rordon remembered that the major in question had indeed made a trek through the Gorongaza forest some ten years previously.

"All right," he said. "What about this one?"

Ibrahim stared in surprise at his interlocutor, and his face assumed a grieved expression.

"Master," he said, "when we make safari to Barue, you yourself name this *skelum*. He make heavy woman trouble, and you call him leddy-killer."

"N'dio!" exploded the culprit, in ready

and proudful recognition of a cognomen received under royal white man's patent.

Rordon grinned in recollection.

"Sure," he said, "I remember the rascal now. All right! What about this codger?"

After a weighty pause, Ibrahim's face took on the resigned look of one who faces the terrors of incorporeal danger for his overlord's sake.

"Bad medicine," he enunciated in a loud whisper. "He look at sun with one eye; with other eye he watch moon. He see game two places one time. Plenty no good!"

"Oh, go on!" exclaimed Rordon impatiently. "I can't turn down a good boy just because he's cross-eyed."

Cold sweat gathered on Ibrahim's brow at the thought of being accompanied for weeks by an evil eye whose power he had just defied with fear and trembling.

"He go, I no go," he murmured dejectedly, and from no spirit of rebellion.

"Oh, all right," conceded Rordon, with a shrug. "Get three others and line up."

Within half an hour, to the great relief of Mr. Harlow and Miss Hume, the expedition was under way. It was by no means a skeleton safari, such as Mr. Rordon would have selected for the stark business of trophy-hunting; on the other hand, it was limited strictly to comfort, stripped of any luxurious trimmings. It was composed of fourscore souls, all told, alined as follows—a local guide with light load headed the procession; then came the cook, who was also captain, the two kitchen-porters, the five bearers of chairs, tables, and spare guns, one boy carrying a seven-days' provision-box, and six stalwarts laden with the three tents. Upon this group rested the responsibility of always getting there first.

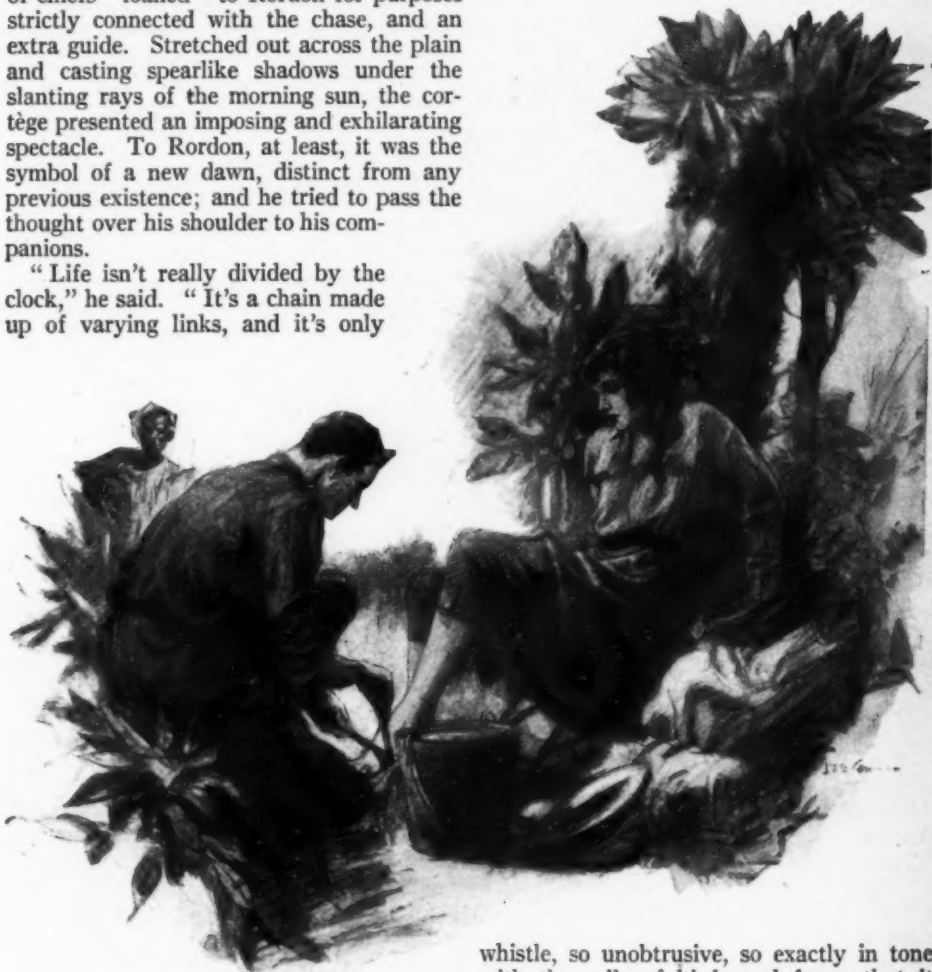
After it followed in constantly varying order the general body of burden-bearers—fourteen more boys carrying provision-boxes, each of which contained civilized rations for seven days; four others carrying provisions in bulk; twelve laden with personal baggage; eight carrying rice and millet, the natives' mess, to be portioned on meatless days; two bearing demijohns of drinking-water, and six carrying miscellaneous loads—ammunition, coarse salt and arsenic in bulk, buckets filled with breakable ware, the filter, various sundries, clusters and festoons of lanterns, chickens, and temporarily discarded articles of white man's wear.

Following the bulk of the procession came Rordon, Miss Hume, and Harlow, and immediately behind them the three bearers of guns and canteens, three personal Swahili servants, eight indunas, sons of chiefs "loaned" to Rordon for purposes strictly connected with the chase, and an extra guide. Stretched out across the plain and casting spearlike shadows under the slanting rays of the morning sun, the cortège presented an imposing and exhilarating spectacle. To Rordon, at least, it was the symbol of a new dawn, distinct from any previous existence; and he tried to pass the thought over his shoulder to his companions.

"Life isn't really divided by the clock," he said. "It's a chain made up of varying links, and it's only

point of greed for the slightest incident, and then keyed their bodies to exertion. Miss Hume felt that she could never tire.

Transmitted from the head of the line, carrier to carrier, came suddenly a low



"PUT ON YOUR BOOTS AND STOCKINGS. I'VE GIVEN YOU A NEW SKIN THAT WON'T WEAR OUT"

when you drop one of them and pick up another, as we have just done, that you can count it a new day. Forget the railway; this is the wilderness!"

They marched on through long silences, which were none the less full of interest to old stager and newcomers alike. The unaccustomed atmosphere pouring into their veins was like a wine; it had a buoyant quality that first sharpened appetite to the

whistle, so unobtrusive, so exactly in tone with the calls of birds and frogs, that it would have passed absolutely unremarked by Harlow and Miss Hume had it not been for its extraordinary effect on the entire expedition. Its sound paralyzed the safari into bronzelike immobility. The sudden halt took place without shock, without the slightest confusion, in a silence so intentionally absolute that, like a heat wave, it assumed vivid attributes akin to visibility.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Hume, and her whisper sounded like a shout.

"Game in sight," explained Rordon, with a murmur. "Stay here!"

Accompanied by a tracker and a gun-bearer, and followed at a short interval by four of the eight indunas, he glided out of his position and passed swiftly up the line.

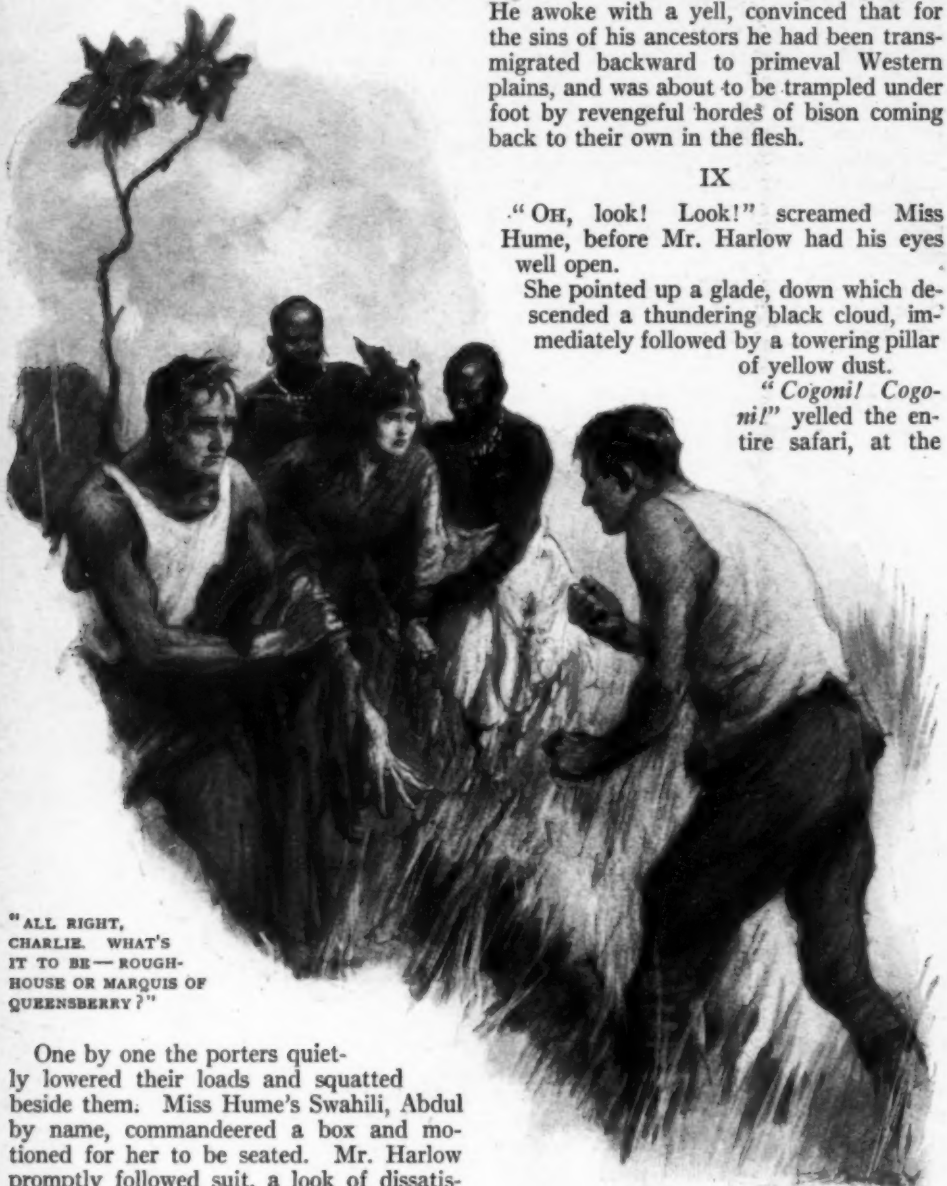
He grew drowsy, and had passed the point of dozing, when the distant bark of a high-powered rifle, four times repeated, was followed on the instant by the growing roar of a thousand stampeding hoofs. He awoke with a yell, convinced that for the sins of his ancestors he had been transmigrated backward to primeval Western plains, and was about to be trampled under foot by revengeful hordes of bison coming back to their own in the flesh.

IX

"OH, look! Look!" screamed Miss Hume, before Mr. Harlow had his eyes well open.

She pointed up a glade, down which descended a thundering black cloud, immediately followed by a towering pillar of yellow dust.

"*Cogoni! Cogoni!*" yelled the entire safari, at the



"ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE. WHAT'S IT TO BE—ROUGH-HOUSE OR MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY?"

One by one the porters quietly lowered their loads and squatted beside them. Miss Hume's Swahili, Abdul by name, commandeered a box and motioned for her to be seated. Mr. Harlow promptly followed suit, a look of dissatisfaction on his face at having been so unceremoniously left behind. His personal impression, however, was that there must be some mistake—no game worthy of the name could be loafing around so near to the noisy haunts of the railway.

same time making frantic gestures with their assagais.

The oncoming avalanche suddenly deflected as by a single impulse, sweeping away from the frightened porters at a tan-

gent to the original course, which, had it been stubbornly held, would have materially damaged, if not entirely destroyed, the day-old expedition.

There must have been some telepathic quality in Harlow's fright, for a stampeding herd of wildebeest, jet-black and thunderous, is the best extant imitation of the rumbling onslaught of the bison hordes of a pitifully dead past. Seen individually or at rest, however, the inbred African cousin to the fallen monarch of the Western plains is a miserable parody—more than that, a ridiculous clown.

Before Miss Hume had time to catch her lost breath or reduce her eyes to an approximation of their normal large size, the herd had been blotted from view by its following pillar of dust. Against that yellow background, however, remained one fantastic shape. A brainless, beetle-browed, horn-dipped cow was giving a characteristic exhibition. With her tail whirling in a pin-wheel effect, she pirouetted first on one foreleg and then on the other.

"Wounded!" panted Harlow's gun-bearer, as he thrust forward that stunned gentleman's rifle. "Shoot, master! Shoot!"

"What, me?" asked Mr. Harlow, and then suddenly came to life.

He realized with a shock that the moment when he was to become a big-game hunter, of which he had thought nebulously as in a more or less detached and distant future, was outrageously upon him now. Feeling almost grieved at its abrupt advent, he raised his rifle and fired. Nothing happened to the gyrating cow. He fired again; he fired all six shots in the chamber, and each produced the high song of the bullet that finds no mark.

The whole safari preserved an agonized silence that got on his nerves; and when he turned to Abdul, his gun-bearer, for a fresh clip, the surprise, accusation, and despair in that worthy's eyes made him turn red with desire to kick himself and the world at large.

"Master," groaned Abdul, "plenty time! One bullet can't hit whole cow. Pick out one place. Put gun my shoulder. Plenty time!"

Suiting action to words, he slipped beneath the barrel of the rifle and made of his shoulder a rest as steady as any rock.

Harlow's genuine sporting instinct came to his aid. He dominated his nerves, took a fine sight on the shoulder of the cow,

which for one instant obligingly stood still, and drew the trigger with a steady, long pull. "*Phut!*" said the bullet, and at that comforting sound, and without waiting to see the cow fall, the entire safari broke into a shout of "*Chahile!*" and a run for the stricken beast.

Fast as they advanced, Abdul was in the lead, brandishing the hunting-knife which he had unceremoniously snatched from Mr. Harlow's belt. Beating off the advance-guard of the common, low-born carriers who knew not Allah, he hurled himself with frantic courage on the dying cow, and, breathing the Mohammedan formula, which would make her meat fit for the faithful, he plunged the knife to its hilt in her throat.

After they had eaten a scratch meal, Rordon led the way to the head of the garulous and grinning line that was already beginning to reform, and with a word to Ibrahim to muster the straggling rear before coming to the front, he pushed on, the extra guide leading; gun-bearers, Miss Hume, and Harlow following.

By mid-afternoon Miss Hume realized with literally pained surprise that she could not go on forever and forever. Her shoes were either several sizes smaller than when she started or several sizes larger—she couldn't tell which, so great was the numbing ache that had seized on her lower extremities.

Her clothes, which had seemed insufficient covering in the early morning, had become a burden, intolerably clammy and heavy; the sweat-band of her helmet was like a circlet of fire, and her heart was a great, rebellious lump of self-pity mixed with recriminatory indignation against the unconsciously striding Mr. Rordon.

What was he trying to do? Humiliate her again? Make her beg for mercy or break her oath and cry? Did he *know* how her feet hurt her, and how her temples throbbed, or was he so impervious to heat, distance, and fatigue that it simply never entered his head that she was perishing by inches? Whatever the truth, she would show him. Rather than open her lips, she would let her eyeballs burst their sockets, then lie down, and die happy in the thought of his remorse.

Just when she had begun to stumble, thereby adding the torture of sudden necessary exertion to her agony in order to keep her feet, they came upon a wondrous

region of shade. Three great trees, standing out from the black shadows of a thick wood, mingled the tips of their branches and formed a double arcade of cool foliage.

"O God," prayed the girl with an intensity long foreign to her most fervent petitions, "please, please make him stop! Please, please m-make—"

Rordon whirled just in time to catch her on the way to the ground in utter exhaustion. She expected him to exclaim, to overwhelm her with pity and shower her with caresses and himself with recriminations; but all he said, as he helped her to a seat at the foot of the trunk of the largest tree, was:

"Sure enough tuckered out, eh? Where's Charlie?"

"I d-don't care where Charlie is," murmured Miss Hume, as she let her head sink back to rest.

Her pale, upturned face, with its closed eyes, had all the appeal and beauty and stillness of a silver moon against a non-competing satellite sky. Mr. Rordon gave it one cringing look and turned hastily away, to meet Ibrahim and the advance-guard of the safari.

Miss Hume had not fainted, nor was she asleep. Through the slit of her nearly closed eyelids she saw Rordon take a swift inventory of his surroundings, calculate the course of the sun, and then give rapid orders, evidently for the location of the camp and its accessories. She took small comfort, however, from the rapidity of his decisions and commands. From certain experiences with rare camping-parties at home, she thought she knew all about the weary wait and the desperate search for this thing and that which was sure to ensue.

Within ten minutes she awoke to the fact that she was not Miss Hume at all, but that widely known and beloved personage, *Alice in Wonderland*. Before her eyes a marvel of creation took place with the rapidity which is the essence of all miracles. Just beyond her feet three hammock chairs, three of the folding-arm variety, and a table were opened and placed in homelike position. Even while that was happening, Shaf, the Swahili who had been detailed as her personal servitor, was busy at her feet. Before she knew it, he had removed the high-laced source of half her woes and slipped on soft mosquito-boots in their stead.

Raising her eyes from him, she found the table already spread with a white cloth and

heavy porcelain tea-things. Beyond it a tiny fire of thorn twigs crackled under a large kettle propped on two stones. Attention to that detail had not delayed Ibrahim three minutes. He was here, there, and everywhere — yelling, groaning, pushing, and occasionally helping.

What possible difference, thought Miss Hume, could it make just how and where the tents were bundled out of their sacks? Her question was answered almost as soon as it had formed itself. The tents rose in a slightly concave row, so symmetrically dovetailed as to guy-ropes that they formed a solid barrier.

As soon as that job was done, the top of the kettle began to beat a tattoo, as if it partook of the general frenzy and were calling upon its jinnee to give it immediate attention. He did, and a moment later addressed Miss Hume's face and Mr. Rordon's back.

"Tea ready, missis. Tea ready, master."

Rordon turned from giving voluble and detailed instructions to the group of indunas and asked cheerily:

"Have a wash first?"

Miss Hume looked over her shoulder, and arose. At the side of the tree-trunk was a dripping canvas wash-basin on stilts, with soap and a fresh towel. Without a word she laid aside her helmet, rolled up her sleeves, and proceeded to bathe, realizing for the first time in her pampered life the utter blessedness of water.

As she and Rordon seated themselves at the tea-table Mr. Harlow arrived, weary beyond words but not beyond wonder. His face was such a study as it is given only to miracle-workers to behold.

"Say," he stammered raucously, after a weighty pause, "how long have you folks been here?"

"Those aren't words," remarked Mr. Rordon. "Sit down and make a channel through your throat."

"What? Tea?" grunted Mr. Harlow.

"Not for mine!"

"Charlie," said Mr. Rordon, as he poured Miss Hume and himself a second cup, "come into the kindergarten of the tropics. Learn that there's nothing like a hot drink to quench the thirst of a hot stomach; nothing that will cool a hot body like a hot bath. Try it!"

Mr. Harlow did. As he finished draining his fourth cup of the heretofore despised beverage, a familiar odor assailed his

nostrils. He turned and found that he was right. It was a long, pale, amber mixture of water and something stronger which his thoughtful personal attendant was placing at his elbow. He stretched out his feet and smiled for the first time in many hours.

"Say," he said to his companions, "this isn't so bad—not so bad by a long sight. A song from Mr. Harlow, please!"

"No!" commanded Mr. Rordon. "You can't sing now."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Harlow belligerently.

"Do you realize," asked Mr. Rordon impatiently, "that these boys have walked just as far as you, and carried each a fifty-pound load besides, and do you see how they're working? Now you want to sing and spoil it all. Wait till they are turned loose on their camp-fires and meat; then you can sing with them for hours and hours."

"Oh, all right," conceded Mr. Harlow, and turned in silent attention to his drink.

Miss Hume's eyes, during the colloquy and after it, were very busy. She saw many things that piqued her curiosity, but she felt that while she wore breeches it behooved her to ask questions only when they were absolutely necessary. Her two cups of tea and a little rest had revived her to such an extent that her woes already seemed part of a dim past. To her surprise, she was not even sleepy.

By the time Rordon finished his second pipe, not only had order come out of the chaos of arrival, but an entire scheme of construction had been completed in every detail—which fact Ibrahim promptly reported. Rordon took out his watch and arose.

"Twenty-eight minutes. Good work for first day, Ibrahim!" He turned to Harlow and Miss Hume. "Let me show you a camp," he said.

They arose, and gradually perceived that they stood at the deepest bend of a symmetrical bow, entirely under the shade of the three great trees, but whose open side looked out on the slightly sloping plain, and commanded a pleasing and limitless view. The center and nucleus of the arc was made up of the three tents, under the eaves of which had been stacked all the loads which would not be required during the stay in that camp.

Rordon opened the mosquito-netting across the front of one of the tents.

"Look in," he said. "All three are exactly alike."

The tent was of the Selwyn model, sustained by thin rods inserted through the seams of the entrance, which was shaped like an inverted V, so that no clumsy pole barred ingress. Floor, walls, and roof were of continuous rot-proof canvas, and the large window at the back, as well as the two small ones in the roof, was protected both by bobbinet mosquito-proofing and covering flaps which could be maneuvered from within.

A cot, already made up; a chair; a small table, on which stood an electric hand-lamp and the personal baggage of the prospective occupant, constituted the entire furnishing. The door was doubly crossed by mosquito-bar of the most durable variety. From the fork of the protruding rods at the front to that at the rear ran a thick but light pine pole, carrying a fly about eight inches above the ridge of the tent proper; it constituted a defense against sun and heavy rains.

Immediately beyond the tents Ibrahim had instituted his kitchen. In the center was a fire that one could pick up entire in two hands, yet on it he was competent to prepare a four-course dinner and serve it on hot plates. Around the fire was a clear space not over six feet square, within which the jinnee squatted, having at his back, sides, and front all the boxes containing immediate supplies and utensils.

Beyond the opposing extremity of the row of tents, and under the thickest shade of the largest tree, the dining-room was established. This item, more than any other, opened Miss Hume's eyes to the fact that nothing, not even the rapid placing of the tea-table, had been done at haphazard.

From the two points detailed above, the arc was continued by groups of natives, eight or ten to a camp-fire, and every fire was already fenced in with drooping wands on which was spitted the party's entire allotment of wildebeest meat. The tip of the bow at one end was held by the indunas' camp, in company with the askaris; at the other, the trackers, gun-bearers, and Swahili houseboys had established their quarters.

Rordon led the way to the rear of the tents, and called Miss Hume's especial attention to the fact that they were protected from direct attack from the forest by a thick boma, or barrier of thorn-bushes, in-

geniously constructed. From each end of this fence a path had been cleared into the thicket. They followed one of the two, and found that it ended in a tiny wattled enclosure made of fragrant, freshly cut bushes. Rordon drew back the matlike door. Inside squatted a canvas bath-tub, and beside it was a stool on which were placed bath-towel and soap. For roof there was the primeval forest.

"Your bath-room," he said to Miss Hume. "Ours is at the end of the other path. Whenever you're ready, give your boy a hail for hot water."

"Hot water!" pouted Miss Hume.

"Only a fool would take a cold bath in the tropics," said Rordon testily. "I've told you that already. If you'll keep your eyes open, you'll find few living fools in Africa. Now let me tell you something."

He seized the lobe of one of Miss Hume's ears with one hand, that of one of Mr. Harlow's with the other.

"The low veld of the East Coast," he continued, "is one of the worst climates on earth for idiots, but a paradise to the wise. Never go swimming or take a bath in cold water. Never leave off your helmet under a slanting sun. Never lay your bare foot to the ground. Never forget your three grains of quinin on alternate days. Never open the mosquito-net of your tent carelessly after sundown, and always remember that the electric torch isn't for reading dime novels at night, but to look for mosquitoes before you go to sleep."

At each injunction he pinched the ears he held more and more fiercely, so that when he finished Miss Hume was red in the face and had tears in her eyes.

"Do you know you are hurting me?" she murmured. "Please give me back my ear!"

"Me, too," growled Mr. Harlow, taking courage from her lead.

Mr. Rordon released them.

"Of course I knew I was hurting you," he remarked calmly. "A pinched ear cannot only hear but remember. I haven't any intention of playing nurse-maid to stubborn know-it-alls, and I want you to understand distinctly that if I catch either one of you breaking any of the pinch-ear rules, I'll kick you, and kick hard."

"What?" gasped Miss Hume. "You'd kick me?"

"Sure thing and believe me," stated Mr. Rordon.

She looked him up and down, crosswise, and through and through. His eyes shifted to a passing butterfly.

"Well," he compromised at long length, "I wouldn't kick you as hard as I would Charlie."

"Oh, thanks! Oh, thank you!" murmured Miss Hume.

X

THAT night three contented human beings sat around the cleared table in the mellow light of four lanterns hung at considerable distances from the branches of the tree. To left and right were dotted the campfires, glowing like garnets, and throwing the grotesque forms of crouching natives into black relief. Above their heads the lacy web of foliage reflected an occasional flare; out beyond was the jeweled bowl of a cloudless heaven. The boys were eating; hence there was comparative silence.

Rordon broke it.

"You wouldn't recognize this moment as an adventure, would you?" he said. "This is an emptier immediate world than you've ever before been in. Can you remember knowing a deeper, broader, or more absolute contentment?"

Miss Hume shook her head in denial, but did not speak.

"No, never," continued Rordon. "What has happened to you? Apparently nothing—except that, like one of old who was a cripple from his youth, you have taken up your bed and walked. There's a divine right in every one of us to perform miracles, to cut the trammels of long usage, to revolt from accustomed thought, and, once having passed the border into the realm of a freed mind, to look upon dawn at midnight if he so fancies. By that road peace passes enterprise and becomes attainment in rare moments such as this."

He stopped speaking, and Miss Hume stole a glance at his face and then at Harlow's. To her amazement she found in the latter no mockery, but a reflection of Rordon's gravity and unashamed sincerity.

"Only one thing better," said Mr. Harlow, rising and stretching. "Sleep—the real thing."

When Miss Hume was called at half past five the next morning, she thrust a drowsy head out of her tent-flap, and subsequently gave such an exhibition of varied facial expression as Harlow promptly stated he had never seen equaled on any motion-picture

screen. Sleepiness was wiped off the map of her countenance at the shock of finding the entire camp, with the exception of her tent, the table, and one chair, completely obliterated. Looks of surprise, chagrin, rebellion, anger, and defeat followed in rapid succession.

"I want a bath," she stammered.

"You had your chance last night," said Rordon. "Put on your clothes and get outside, so that the boys can strike your tent."

"I don't understand," procrastinated Miss Hume. "What has happened? You don't mean to tell me you build a camp like—like this was—for a night?"

"We do," said Rordon, and then added, with a snap like the crack of a whip: "Woman, put on your clothes!"

What is there about the word "woman," spoken with a certain inflection, that riles the fairest of its examples to such an extent that sun, moon, and stars turn black, and all life becomes bitterness and gall? Whatever the subtle quality, it made Miss Hume snatch in her head and dress completely in three minutes by the clock. She appeared, her cheeks and her eyes alight with various kinds of fire.

"Take your old tent," she remarked. "May I wash my face, or did I miss my chance for that, too, last night?"

To find Shef at her elbow with a towel over his arm, ready to pour water into her hands for her matutinal ablutions, did not improve her temper; and Mr. Harlow, having studied her splutterings with an attentive and practised ear, delivered himself of the following:

"Her morning grouch effect is a peach, Flange. Sort of a triple cross between a centiped, a Gila monster, and a pretty adder."

"Adder!" cried Miss Hume. "Well, I'd rather be taken for a snake than a worm. Get out of my way, or I'll step on you!"

They walked fast in the cool of the early morning, and gradually forged past the entire safari. Mists still hung heavily in every dip of the land; their white seas broken here and there by a knoll, a towering tree-crowned ant-hill, or a wood. The high grass was still dripping wet, and it soaked them to their waists.

"Don't worry," whispered Rordon. "In half an hour we'll be dry, and half an hour after that we'll be soaked again—from sweat."

"Why do you whisper?" asked Miss Hume testily. "Is this cannibal country?"

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when there came a mighty snort, apparently from just over her shoulder, and a terrific rush through the grass and bushes.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Miss Hume in a whisper. "What have I done?"

She seized Mr. Rordon's shoulder with quivering hands.

"It's all right," he murmured. "You haven't done anything. That chap got our wind."

He whispered to the tracker, and then sent Miss Hume's gun-bearer back to warn the safari to silence and a slow gait.

"Charlie," he said, "it was a water-buck, and he won't go far. We'll wait here for the mist to rise."

Suddenly the full sun was scorching their backs and driving before it the last wraiths of fog. The effect was not so much that of a new dawn as of a flash-light.

"Stoop!" murmured Rordon.

Miss Hume quickly knelt so that her head was scarcely above the level of the grass. She found that the party was at the beginning of a long downward incline ending in two hollows, bright green, and divided from each other by a swamp and high reeds. In one of the bright patches was a herd that stamped this as a pastoral scene. So peaceful were the beasts, some of them feeding, others lying down, that the illusion of some pasture at home would have been complete, were it not for the long, lyrelike horns that adorned each head.

"Do you see them, Charlie?" whispered Mr. Rordon.

"Uhuh," said Mr. Harlow, his eyes distended, his chest pounding.

"Now listen," said Rordon. "This is going to be shooting made easy for the blind. We've got a quartering wind blowing from the game toward that reed screen. We're going to make a détour without ever showing our heads above grass level. When we get to the very edge of the fringe of reeds, we'll have everything our own way. Now listen again. You'll be all puffed. Take your time. Pick out the beast farthest on your right when you feel quite steady, and if you get him, go for the next. I'll take the other end of the line, and I'll promise not to shoot till you have fired. Remember, we need the meat."

"What about me?" asked Miss Hume.

"You stay here and watch the play."

This is a proscenium-box; you may never get such a seat again."

They were off; Miss Hume waited and waited and waited. It seemed to her that the hunters must certainly have lost the way. Just as she was about to lie down and finish her night's rest, her eye caught sight of two small, round puffs of white bursting from the fringe of reeds almost simultaneously. Two water-buck fell, and several seconds later there came to her ears the reports of the rifles. The frightened herd leaped this way and that, while Rordon, stepping into the open, calmly chose the largest and felled them for the camp larder.

Harlow was no longer firing. Having secured a mighty bull with his first shot, he had laid down his rifle, and was now executing on the greensward the latest and most intricate steps of the tango, to the exasperation, dismay, and finally awed bewilderment of his gun-bearer, who later defended his master's peculiar action on the ground that it was a rite distantly connected with the true worship of Allah.

Having assigned certain men to bring in the meat, Rordon pushed on until he noticed signs of distress on the part of Miss Hume, who was fervently wishing that she had been born with roller-skates at the end of her legs, instead of two of the daintiest feet ever allotted to woman. He called a halt, and after lunch gave certain instructions to Shef. That worthy promptly procured hot water in a pail, instructed Miss Hume to sit in a straight chair, divested her not only of boots but stockings, and bathed her blistered extremities.

When he had dried her feet Rordon appeared, and having first burst the blisters, he strapped them with two layers of adhesive tape.

"Put on your boots and stockings," he said. "I've given you a new skin that won't wear out."

Miss Hume did as she was bidden, and was astounded at her great comfort.

"Why couldn't you have done that ages ago?" she asked reproachfully.

"Had to locate the points of friction," said Rordon carelessly, as he stretched himself for a nap.

That evening they set camp long before sunset, in a region far wilder, but no less beautiful than at their first stop.

"We'll stay here a week," volunteered Rordon. "This is one of the famous shoot-

ing-camps of a famous continent. That's a funny thing about game; where it has been shot, short of extermination, it will come back to be shot again. It's almost as foolish as people who build again and then again on slopes of volcanoes."

"I'm glad we're going to stay a week," said Miss Hume. "It seemed such a waste—the completeness of that last camp."

"Waste!" cried Rordon. "It took twenty-eight minutes to set, and we enjoyed it for ten hours. You've got an overhang from tent picnics on some lake at home or in the Adirondacks, where camp-setting is either a lark or unwelcome drudgery stretched over three days. Forget it! The putting up of a camp in Africa is a science—a defensive construction against mosquitoes, all other flying and crawling things, genuine beasts of prey, the rising and setting sun, and every discomfort which may add to the unavoidable strain on overworked bodies."

Mr. Harlow grunted. He had not been himself for many days. Thrashed out of complacency into a state of feverish subjection which had released him into a mood of nervous flippancy, he now found that humor changing into one of quiet thoughtfulness and deliberate self-training. His feet had suffered as had Miss Hume's, but he had borne the pain without a whimper. Nevertheless, he was not beyond picking Mr. Rordon's pocket of the adhesive tape and doctoring himself. He had become willing to learn.

Once having been driven to that point, he humbly gave all his attention to acquiring whatever knowledge offered, and in the course of a few weeks began to enjoy life as never before. He became a more than fair marksman, and by adopting Rordon's system for shooting-days—a program of eating hurried ham and eggs at five in the morning, and nothing thereafter until the monster meal at five in the evening—he gradually reduced himself to a lean glorification of his most virile youth.

Miss Hume watched him with increasing admiration, and more than once started to speak words of hearty felicitation, but something held her back—some suspicion that Mr. Harlow was not as happy as he ought to be, that he was brooding over some grief too deep for casual revelation. Her instinct was true; Mr. Harlow was thinking to himself a great deal—so much, in fact, that he was threatened with mental indigestion.

When they had been out over a month, there came a day which brought things to a climax. Mr. Harlow had tramped twenty miles with never a chance for a shot; Mr. Rordon had done likewise, and had been further annoyed by having the too sympathetic Miss Hume at his heels. By chance the two parties met in a clearing of the forest, which each was traversing to reach camp. The disgusted friends looked at each other long and silently; then Mr. Harlow spoke.

"Flange," he said, "there's something about your face that sickens me. I know that God made it, but that's no reason why I should put up with it any longer. I'm—I'm going to change it."

He laid aside his gun, his hat, and started to strip his shirt.

Mr. Rordon glanced quickly around him. They were standing in the shade of a mighty tree; the ground was level, the light

even. He nodded gravely to himself, and also disposed of gun, hat, and shirt.

"All right, Charlie. What's it to be—rough-house or Marquis of Queensberry?"

"Queensberry," murmured Harlow.

"Here! What are you silly men doing?" demanded the bewildered Miss Hume.

Mr. Rordon issued a command in dialect. Two grinning natives seized the lady by her elbows and pinioned her. She grew red in the face and then white with rage; her eyes blazed as she found struggling useless.

"Flange! Charlie!" she gasped. "Are you g-going to let me be manhandled by n-natives?"

It was as if she had not spoken. The two white men were altogether too intent on each other even to remember her presence. Divested of all superfluous garments and in their stockinged feet, they advanced on each other cautiously as cats.

(To be continued in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

BALLADE OF APOLLO'S GARDEN

FRIEND, in the storm and stress of things,
Art thou aweary, even as I?
Wouldst flee the noisy fall of kings?
From all the wrath and rabble fly?
A shelter is forever nigh,
Tranquil with dews and green to see,
A place of songs that cannot die—
The garden with the golden key.

Here leap the Heliconian springs,
The sacred fountains never dry;
Apollo, with his golden strings,
Over the grass goes wandering by;
And wild-rose breast and marble thigh—
Goddess, or nymph immortal, she—
Haunt, fleeing the ensorceled eye,
The garden with the golden key.

Needs but one charmed line that sings,
Thou canst the roaring loom defy;
For wide the magic portal swings,
And Homer takes thee to his sky,
And laughing Shakespeare bids thee lie
Adream beneath his greenwood tree,
Far from the hurrying hue and cry—
The garden with the golden key.

ENVOI

Prince, dost thou seek to dulcify
Thy bitter lot? Wouldst sanctuary
And surcease find? I make reply,
"The garden with the golden key."

Richard Le Gallienne

Nightmare

BY LOUIS J. STELLMAN

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

A WILL - O'-THE -WISP of sunshine finally broke through the tangle of boughs outside Goffern's window and danced teasingly about on the counterpane until the sleeper stirred restlessly. It was his first movement since, after hours of tossing, a trancelike oblivion had claimed him with the redness of dawn. Heavy-lidded, he followed the golden speck in semi-stupored resentment. Then, with a sudden exclamation, he sat up, a sense of bewildered alarm starkly mirrored in his eyes.

Evidently he was unused to such awakenings. The strong, composed face, with its firmly set mouth and gray eyes as clear as they were kind, proclaimed a type innocent of "mornings after." Yet there was about him now the suggestion of a troubled lion—one that fears a trap. His glances darted here and there about the room, feverishly searching, as if he would glean from inanimate objects an answer to the riddle that was troubling his half-awakened consciousness. But the well-ordered bedchamber gave him no clue—none, at least, until he discovered a dusty shoe-print just inside the window. With that, all vestiges of sleep departed and memory rushed back. He got out of bed, and with his hands obliterated the telltale mark.

Hastily he began to dress, glancing now and then at his watch; holding himself with a certain tautness, as if in preparation for an ordeal. By the time he had administered a final jerk to his cravat and brushed the mass of fair hair back from a high and rather pale forehead with a movement of scarcely realized irritation, Goffern was ready to face—whatever might ensue.

He went down to breakfast and greeted his wife with at least a fair semblance of his usual morning smile. He winced a bit, though, as he kissed her, wondering—

Above all, he must behave naturally, Goffern told himself. Maizie, with her loving

sympathy, her feminine insight, would be preternaturally quick to note the slightest slip. In spite of himself, however, he could not avoid a feeling of hurry, as if he must rush through the meal and get away—from what he did not quite know, but away!

He realized that his answers to Maizie must carry a strained, irrational quality; his questions and remarks a staccato irrelevance that he could not control. But he comforted himself with a reflection that Maizie would charge it all to his belatedness and the residue of an indisposition that had driven him dinnerless to his bedroom at dusk the evening before.

"Willard," she said, as he was finishing his coffee, "do you know that you slept fifteen hours? And you don't look as fit as you should."

Goffern rose, pushing his crumpled napkin aside, and stood behind her chair, lightly patting her arms just below the shoulders. With that characteristic caress, which always gave her a sense of his magnetic strength, he had soothed away many of Maizie's worries during the past five years.

As she looked up at him, smiling and a bit concerned, Goffern felt the importance of never failing her. Maizie was frailly, almost ethereally delicate; her quick, birdlike charm never ceased to inspire him with a certain awe, a sense of his own rough bigness, and a brooding alarm that life might, in some manner, bruise her by its contact. It was absurd, perhaps, after what she had gone through before they met; but he could not help it. And now a spasm of pain contracted his eyes as one of those specters of the waking hour interposed its flaming sword between them. What would become of her without his protection, his devotional guardianship—if anything happened?

"Willard!" Her eyes mothered him in swift entreaty. "Don't go to the office today. You're not well."

"Oh, I'm all right, honey." His tone was reassuring. "Those sleeping-powders did the trick. It was just overwork. I had to win that contingent-fee case, you know—it ran into money."

She pushed back her chair and rose, surveying him with sudden resolve.

"Willard, I won't *have* you working so hard. We'll take a smaller place somewhere. I can save—"

"No," he cut in. "It won't be necessary. We shall have more money now."

She wondered a little at the tenseness of his manner.

"We can have a car," he went on. "That takes a load off my mind, Maizie. You mustn't walk too much, you know—at this time."

She lifted her eyes, filled with the strange glory that had lately come into them. Goffern thought that look of hers was like dawn—the hush, the marvel, and the mystic presage of it. Then she took his big brown hand between her cool, white palms; her fingers, so slender yet so vibrant, entwined themselves with his.

"I'll be careful, dear," she whispered. "And the car 'll be fine! We can pick it out together—just a small one that doesn't use too much gas."

She assisted him into his coat, administering the deft little touches of a corrective nature that were a sort of morning ritual, and ran with him to the door, where she kissed him regardless of the letter-carrier.

As Goffern turned the corner, he looked back and saw her at a parlor window, waving to him. What a child she was, he thought, with a sudden tightening of the throat! His little Maizie!

He would walk to the office, Goffern decided. It was all of two miles, but he balked at the inaction of a car-seat—a strap, more likely—and craved the freedom of physical movement. Moreover, he was oppressed by a sense of being covertly observed—by what or whom he knew not. Despite a conviction of its absurdity, he glanced several times in half-guilty fashion about him, gradually accelerating his pace until the swiftness of his striding did actually attract a certain mild attention.

Once or twice he turned to apologize for jostling a passer-by, and fancied that the man stared at him instead of accepting his *amende* with the usual perfunctory indifference. He was almost convinced that there must be some conspicuous oddity about him.

Before the entrance of a many-storied building that housed his own modest suite of offices, Goffern halted for a moment, returning absently and hurriedly the salutation of a uniformed watchman—and passed on. He had not meant to do this. It was late, almost an hour beyond his schedule, and clients no doubt awaited him. Goffern endeavored to recall the appointments of that morning; to determine whether any of them were important. But he could think of little save that uniformed figure and the concatenation of ideas it had aroused—which drove him onward like the impish, reasonless pursuers in a dream.

Presently he was halted by the dark bulk of a railway-station struck across his path. He bought a paper from a shouting newsboy who intercepted him with teasing persistence, and, prompted by some impulse to seek shelter, entered the waiting-room, now almost deserted. He sat down in a far corner, screening himself behind the news-sheet, which rustled in his nervous grasp. Feverishly his glance roamed to and fro across the page with its hotchpotch of tragedy, scandal, politics. Twice he scanned each head-line on the front page; then he turned inward and went over other pages minutely.

No, there was nothing!

He allowed the paper to rest on his knees and stared unseeingly at an excursion poster. A train rumbled in, its bell clanging mournfully; an official, through a megaphone, shouted some detailed but unintelligible announcement, and the waiting-room began to fill. Grip-laden tides of arrival and departure eddied one against the other. Goffern shrank behind his shield once more—drawing his large frame into the smallest possible compass. As soon as the waiting-room cleared he rose, shivering slightly, and made his way out into the sunshine.

He struck westward, past a diminishing fringe of shops behind the station, toward more open country.

So they had not found the body! Well, it would be in the evening papers, probably.

II

MIDWAY across a bridge Goffern paused to look down at the river, which sharp breezes stirred into myriad tiny waves. It glittered in the morning sun like a splendid turquoise robe set with flashing sequins. Bordering the banks was a lush green of rain-freshened alders; and overhead a sky so ethereally blue as to suggest eternity

rather than mere color. The world was very fair and tranquil.

Goffern found it difficult to believe that the nightmare in his brain was not a dream-spun fantasy. He tried to believe that Maizie was right; that he had slept those fifteen hours—instead of stealing out of the window, disguised in cap, ulster, and goggles, to take the evening train for Carbon-dale, and there, in the desperation of a soul at bay, to do what the law called murder.

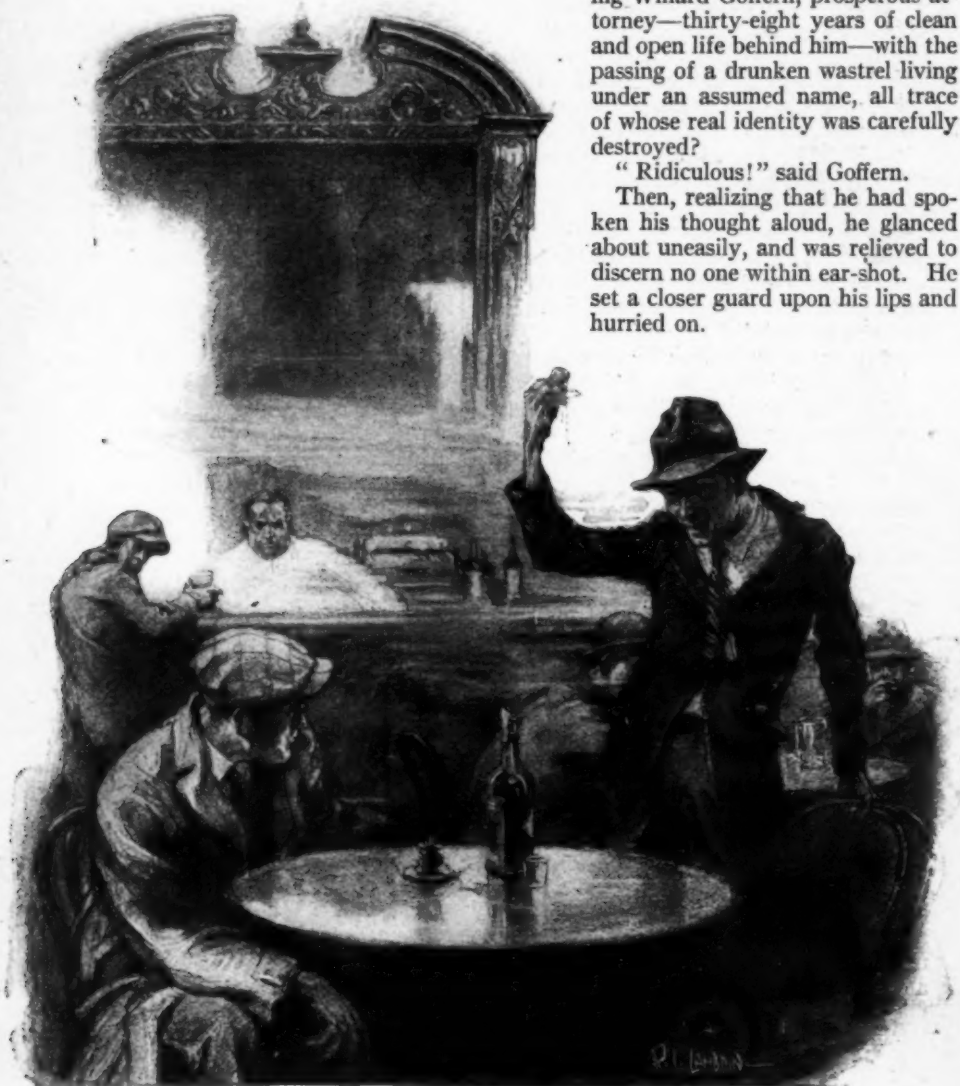
In any event there was that impervious alibi. Goffern had planned it carefully. He had left the strictest orders that he was not to be disturbed. He had even contrived with care the semblance of a sleeping form beneath the bedclothes—in case Maizie should glance into the darkened room before retiring, as in her wifely anxiety she was likely to do.

No alibi could be more perfect, Goffern thought. It was, of course, superfluous.

For who would dream of connecting Willard Goffern, prosperous attorney—thirty-eight years of clean and open life behind him—with the passing of a drunken wastrel living under an assumed name, all trace of whose real identity was carefully destroyed?

"Ridiculous!" said Goffern.

Then, realizing that he had spoken his thought aloud, he glanced about uneasily, and was relieved to discern no one within ear-shot. He set a closer guard upon his lips and hurried on.



SNATCHING UP GOFFERN'S UNTASTED GLASS, ARDEN HAD RAISED IT AS IF FOR A TOAST.
"TO OUR WIFE!"

Detail by detail, as he swung along what now was almost a country road, Goffern reviewed that clandestine absence under cover of night and feigned illness—a seven-hour interval which, no matter what its other consequence, must leave a brand on all the coming years.

Unnoted, he was sure, had been his flight by way of the window and a convenient porch-roof. Eyes hidden behind smoked lenses, ulster buttoned close about his neck, he had made his way by unfrequented paths to the station without encountering a familiar face. Like fortune had attended the journey—a fantasmagoria of dreary marshes in the moonlight, noisy trestles, brightly lit munition-plants, sulfurous tunnels; the clattering urban approach through mean streets, and the final rumbling stop under a track-ribbed arcade, where, almost before Goffern's feet had touched the platform, a slouching, eager figure had detached itself from surrounding shadows and was upon him. Purleigh Arden, mad with the convulsive stimulant-hunger of denied inebriacy had clutched his arm.

They had sought, without even a greeting, the wine-shop which had been their rendezvous at previous meetings. And Goffern, with a kind of shuddering nausea, had once more surveyed Maizie's legal mate—the wreck cast up by muddy South American waters that had been his reputed grave. What had galled Goffern even more than the grisly threat of the man's living presence was the suggestion of proud lineage about the drink-palsied effigy of manhood—the smirched, well-nigh extinct, yet undeniable shadow of what had been, long ago, a gentleman!

Involuntarily, with swift, intuitive retrospection, Goffern had reshaped the Purleigh Arden to whom, less than a decade ago, Maizie had confided her youth. And his anger had flamed the more fiercely for this thought of what had been; this flinging of sacred gifts to the harpies of bestial pleasure that had leached all semblance of decency, all health or honorable concept from the creature beside him—leaving only a venom of fine speech, an enraging, snakelike grace of manner.

Goffern recalled each scene, each bit of dialogue between them with a vividness that reminded him of sunlight on the Jungfrau. For months after his postcollegiate sojourn in the Alps, he could close his eyes and vision glacial peaks struck sharp and daz-

zling against an azure void; and now, as he strode on, blind to scenes about him, the horrid drama of the previous night reenacted itself with errorless fidelity.

He saw Arden tossing off the villainous corrosive spirit which a shuffling attendant served to them on a table adrip with the beer-spillings of previous occupancy; Arden turning toward him with that air of specious friendliness, speaking out of one corner of his mouth, exhaling an offensive reek of alcohol and animalism; taunting and wheeling by turn; reproaching Goffern with a "neglect" that had put him "in desperate straits."

"I've been hard up myself," Goffern had explained patiently. "You've pretty well cleaned me out—you must realize that."

To his surprise the man had turned on him with an odd earnestness.

"I realize but one thing, Goffern—that I need money to drink and to gamble." Goffern had been struck by the naked sincerity of that announcement and the half-whimsical addendum: "Life has simmered down to that—a residue of charming simplicity, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

One might almost have forgiven the fellow in that moment; but hatred had flamed again as Arden, smiling evilly, shook a finger in Goffern's face.

"You'll do well to remember that, old chap! If you fail me again—I'll go to Maizie."

Quick fingers on Arden's bony wrist had made him wince.

"You hound! You wouldn't dare!"

"Ah, well; we won't quarrel!"

The voice had resumed its ingratiating pitch while a wriggling movement freed the prisoned arm. Snatching up Goffern's untasted glass, Arden had raised it as if for a toast.

"To our wife!"

His high, vehement tone had drawn a curious regard from men at other tables. Unsteadily, balancing the glass before his upturned eyes, he had risen. Spurts of liquor spilled over his wavering fingers.

"Little Maizie—and her two husbands!" His eyes were on Goffern's. "Here's luck to us all!"

It was then Goffern determined to kill him. Thus far it had been but a vague impulse without direction. Now it became clear and fixed—after the berserk moment when Goffern half rose from his chair and sat down again. In that moment something

changed his white-hot temper to cold steel; something like the soft, restraining touch of a woman's hand—the faint, groping caress of a child upon his cheek.

"This place is too public." He had risen then, and had taken Arden almost gently by the elbow, urging him to his feet. "Let's go to your quarters—I've something important to discuss with you."

"But—" Arden had expostulated, with a meaning glance at the bottle. Goffern had picked it up, and signaled to the waiter. "We'll take it along with us. Come!"

He recalled Arden's aggrieved but resigned acquiescence. Arden had seen no need for privacy—or for contact with the night wind in his tattered garments.

"I hope," he had said with shivering petulance as they reached the street, "that you've found some sensible plan to suggest—something that will provide for me permanently."

Goffern had not been able to quench the grim significance in his rejoinder:

"Yes, *permanently*—that's the idea."

He had been a bit afraid that Arden might suspect; but, if so, the man had given no sign. Tacking slightly on his course, like a sloop in variable winds, he had led the way, his coat-collar turned up about his neck, though the night was not really cold. Once Goffern heard him mutter:

"Permanently—that's the idea."

Their path had threaded the sloughs and eddies of gaunt poverty; past shadowy

doorways, where dark figures lay or skulked half menacingly; past taverns, from which came the clink of heavy glasses, the blaring notes and shuffling footfalls of barroom dances, an occasional oath, and once a cry, shrill and eery, that died sharply as if stifled. Over all, as if in silent pity, had been the pale, pure moon—impassive vestal in draperies of argent mist.

As they walked on, Goffern had turned the sleeping-powders over and over in his pocket.

Near a river embankment where black funnels raised stark silhouettes against the royal purple of a star-pierced sky and a shining moon-path shimmered like a molten silver pool, they had halted before the narrow entrance of a tenement, squatting, dark and gaunt, like some monster with pale, gleaming eyes. Goffern had felt strangely unlike one who

contemplated crime. There lay upon his mind a sort of holy calm—a peace almost approaching that which passeth understanding. He had thought of Maizie and the fun they would have together in the new car.

As he had passed with Arden down a narrow, malodorous hallway, the thing he was about to do seemed extraordinarily simple—like sweeping a clod out of the pleasant pathway of their lives.

And it had proved absurdly easy in the execution. Arden, cackling over anticipated joys, had put Goffern's check into his pocket and graciously surrendered the four soiled letters in Maizie's handwriting, the



THE LETTER WAS HANDWRITTEN, NONE TOO PLAINLY, AND GOFFERN PERUSED IT SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE THE FULLNESS OF ITS MEANING BURST UPON HIM

photograph with its affectionate, girlish inscription. They had accomplished the exchange beside a window through which a street-light shone brightly, for neither of them had a match to light the gas. Arden would have borrowed one from a neighbor, but Goffern demurred. He desired no witnesses; and the half light made it the easier, as they sat down for a drink together, to insert all three of the morphia powders into Arden's glass.

Arden had made a wry mouth over that draft, but evidently suspected nothing, and they had chatted in a desultory way until all at once Arden's head sagged forward. He had collapsed like a spent automaton—so quickly and mechanically. Goffern had picked up the inert bundle and laid it on a disarranged cot that stood in one corner of the room. He searched the ragged pockets carefully, retrieving his check. He also found several letters addressed to J. Wilkins; these Goffern had retained.

He had longed to fling up the window, for the foul air of the room sickened him; but instead he had groped about for the gas-bracket and turned on the jet. He had stepped softly into the hall, closing the door after him, and as he buttoned his ulster and strode away, it was with the comforting realization that neither his entrance nor his exit had been observed.

III

A RATTLE of wheels aroused Goffern from his retrospect, and he turned to face a man in a buggy who reined up to ask the time. As Goffern told him, he realized, with a start, his own remissness. Ten o'clock! His absence would arouse comment. Maizie, too, often telephoned him in the morning, when her early household tasks were finished. It wouldn't do to have her learn that he was not yet at the office. She would at once imagine all sorts of things and work herself into a panic.

Hurriedly Goffern retraced his way to the station, where he boarded a moving car. As he sat, looking alternately at his watch and out of the window, a growing impatience to be at work displaced his fears. He seemed to cast them from him like the fluttering fragments of some dread document that he had torn to pieces.

At the office clients pounced upon him, and with feverish relief he threw himself into a mass of work. Legal tangles which usually bored him were welcomed tasks this

morning. Goffern unraveled and docketed them with infinite patience until the clock struck twelve and the last matutinal litigant had gone his way. After him followed stenographer and office-boy in quest of lunch, and Goffern again was alone.

But he no longer feared solitude. Before him lay the morning's mail in a neat pile which the previous rush had afforded him no opportunity to cull. He began slitting the envelopes with a jade paper-knife—a gift from Maizie. His thoughts were more of her than of the task before him as he assorted, with precision born of habit, the usual grist of bills, checks, legal documents, and sundry correspondence into a battery of wire baskets labeled "briefs," "letters to be answered," and the like.

The pile was almost exhausted when his vagrant attention was caught by a letter of foreign postmark, to which his stenographer had attached a penciled note:

Please may I have this Uruguayan stamp for my collection?

Goffern glanced at it curiously, the dry bones of a vague and somber memory stirring in a long-obliterated grave. By the aid of a reading-glass he deciphered the smudged cancelation as "Montevideo."

He sat for a time staring out of the window, the unopened letter in his hand. What a coincidence that this should come to-day!

Through the American consul at Montevideo, six years ago, he had attempted to serve Purleigh Arden with a divorce summons. The Tavrons—Tavron was Goffern's classmate at Yale—had sent Maizie to him when Arden, after wasting his wife's modest fortune, deserted her for a dancer with whom he journeyed south of the equator; but Providence, apparently, had been before the law. Back came the summons with a note announcing that both Arden and the woman had been drowned while boating. Followed a photographically embellished clipping from the local paper which heralded:

LA MUERTE DEL SEÑOR AMERICANO Y
DE LA DOÑA MANUELA GUITTEREZ.

As Maizie's lawyer, Goffern had retained the clipping and letter for a time; but he had burned them after he and Maizie married. What could now be coming out of Montevideo, he wondered!

The letter was handwritten, none too plainly, and Goffern perused it several times

before the fulness of its meaning burst upon him.

Look out for a chap called Jay Wilkins; a former pal of Arden's—rather like him in looks, though smaller and pretty well gone with the drink. He's found some letters that your wife wrote to her former husband years ago—and a picture of her. I ran across him at the consulate asking for your address. Intended to write you earlier, but the fever got me for a spell.

Wilkins is a bad egg. Not above blackmail, I reckon. But if he bothers you just notify the Farmers' Bank at Alton. They'll take him off your hands instant for a term of ten years at least.

Below was the former consul's signature and a postscript:

Excuse scrawl. Even typewriters suffer in this Heaven-forsaken climate. Mine has something like locomotor ataxia. I refer, of course, to the machine.

Goffern pocketed the letter as his stenographer entered.

"Any dictation?" she asked, glancing at the opened mail. Then, noticing his face: "You're not ill, Mr. Goffern?"

"No dictation, Miss Adams," he answered crisply. "You may as well take the afternoon off—Jimmie, too. I've some private work, and I wish to be alone."

After she and the boy had gone, Goffern locked the door and returned to his desk. It came back to him that the man from South America had set up no claim to being Arden on his first appearance. His object, probably, had been to sell the letters and picture for whatever he might wheedle Goffern into paying. A hundred dollars would have settled matters; but Goffern, like a fool, had let the fellow perceive his fear and mulct

him to the verge of bankruptcy by a shrewd bluff for which Goffern's cry of "Arden!" had given the clue.

All at once the carefully developed defense of justifiable homicide burst like a punctured bubble. Needlessly he had slain. He had feared that Maizie, in her present state, might not survive the shock of the disgrace that this man threatened; but now he realized the groundlessness of such alarm—the sardonic trick that fate had played him. For with the showing up of Wilkins's impotence to injure, departed Goffern's right to strike.



AN AUDIENCE OF LODGERS, CROWDING TO THE THRESHOLD, STARED WITH EAGER, APPREHENSIVE EYES



GOFFERN PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER, STRIVING TO MAKE HIS VOICE NATURAL: "WHO FOUND HIM?"

Frenzied, futile protest throbbed in Goffern's brain. If only he had waited until morning, instead of rushing into folly like a frightened sheep because of that wired ultimatum! Had he but trusted God instead of taking life and death into his own rash hands!

Forever, now, he must stand accused before his own conscience—as a killer, a felon. He could not touch Maizie's lips without a thought of desecration. And the child! Could he take the child of Maizie and himself into arms that were stained with crime?

He sat before his desk in the empty office, his head bowed, brooding. The telephone shrilled, and he made an instinctive move toward it, but drew back. Suppose it were Maizie! He dared not answer her just now.

Insistently the bell vibrated. It seemed to be ringing in his brain. He clapped his hands over his ears; then against his temples, where the pulsing was most acute. But it did not stop, so he reached out savagely, snatching the receiver from its hook. It rolled about on the desk, and presently weird sounds, like a voice from a crypt, issued from it. Goffern, with a start, fancied the voice was Wilkins's. He seemed to be saying:

"To provide for me permanently. Ha, ha! Permanently—that's the idea!"

Goffern caught up his hat and fled.

Scarcely cognizant of his movements, he fell into the pathway of his morning walk, and after a time

found himself again before the station. Still acting under a sense of blind impulse, he bought a ticket for Carbondale. A train was waiting in the shed, and he hurried out to it, swinging himself aboard the last car, where he huddled in a seat as close to the rear as possible and stared unseeingly out of the window.

Later he was conscious of the train's movement; of voices near him. He fancied that the talk was of himself—low, muttered, suspicious gossip—and that many eyes were upon him. Defiantly he faced about, sweeping the car with his challenging glances;

but now no one looked in his direction. He was sure that they had but momentarily withdrawn their gaze. The buzz of converse, too, died away with significant suddenness, Goffern thought.

For the first time he asked himself whether he was bound—and why.

Should he surrender to the police?

A vision of Maizie, her arms outstretched in agonized protest, turned him from that path. Yet the footsteps of his thought strayed back to it persistently. One must do something; and what else was there?

"Why do *anything*? You are safe," a voice within him answered.

The argument brought no relief, for Goffern held that one must pay the piper. It was almost a superstition with him—a conviction gained when he was a prosecuting attorney—that crime may never be completely hidden. Sooner or later it must out.

They were approaching the city now, and the buzz of low talk resumed. Goffern closed his eyes and listened intently. Only a confused jumble of unintelligible phrases reached his ears. Then the train stopped with a jerk. Goffern found himself once more in the long, dim train-shed, peering into the shadows, as if he half hoped to find the slouching, fever-eyed figure that had greeted so many previous arrivals.

Many a time had Goffern scouted as a sentimental vagary the idea that a murderer is lured by some resistless fatalism to the locale of his crime; but he believed it now. For he knew—no matter what resulted from this visit—he must go again into that river tenement where a shrunken, pitiful dead thing lay on the disordered bedclothes of a narrow cot.

The way seemed even more sordidly repulsive than on the previous night. There was none of the glamour of darkness to hide its nakedness. Goffern felt a nameless compassion for the frowzy, shifty folk that abode here. How little they knew of aught save the lees of existence—passing their lives in a moral miasma that was the natural mother of vice!

As Goffern neared the river, he saw knots of people gathered here and there, talking with that secretive excitement which heralds unusual events. So they had found him at last!

Goffern passed close to several of the gossiping groups, hoping to catch their whispered comments; but with his approach the talk invariably ceased. Near the en-

trance of the tenement Goffern hailed an emerging lodger.

"Have they taken him away?" he asked.

"Sure," said the fellow, surveying Goffern curiously. "The wagon came an hour ago. Was he a frien' o' yours?"

"Oh, no," said Goffern, "scarcely that," and strode on.

But suddenly a thought arrested him—where was he bound? Wilkins's body, by this time, was at the morgue. Ahead the stage was empty; the curtain down. It was absurd to go farther; yet his feet somehow carried him forward.

Through the open door, down the narrow hall, into Wilkins's room. Dumbly he stood regarding the empty cot. A mold of the body remained impressed upon the soiled and tumbled fabric. Goffern touched it, and fancied that a trace of vital warmth still lingered there.

A sound of whispering spun him swiftly about, to face an audience of lodgers, crowding to the threshold, staring with eager, apprehensive eyes. Goffern pulled himself together, striving to make his voice natural:

"Who found him?"

No answer, but more whispering.

"He's a bull," said a ferret-faced child fearfully. "A plain-clothes guy!" And then, with a sibilant warning, a heavy hand fell upon indiscreet lips.

"Which of you was it?" Goffern repeated, this time with a show of authority.

Replies came now from various ones—an incoherent chorus.

"The police done it—they got him asleep—he's wanted out West somewhere—yeh, for robbin' a bank."

Goffern looked at them in bewilderment.

"You say he was *asleep*? I thought—that is, some one told me it was suicide—"

A woman laughed.

"He put up a mighty good scrap for a dead man," came her shrill satire. "Three of them it took to get him into the patrol!"

Goffern drew his hand across his eyes in a gesture of puzzled weariness. Involuntarily his glance fared upward.

"Look!" he cried. "This gas is turned on. He must have tried to kill himself before they came."

A mutter of astonishment passed among the watchers; but again the woman laughed.

"I s'pose he tried to light it when he was drunk," she said. "They shut it off yesterday 'cause he hadn't paid his bill."

The Tractor—A New Force in Farming

THE WORLD'S MOST PRESSING PROBLEM, THAT OF AN ADEQUATE FOOD-SUPPLY, MAY BE SOLVED BY THE INCREASED USE OF THIS MODERN MACHINE, WHICH ENABLES ONE MAN TO DO THE WORK OF SEVERAL

By Arthur L. Dahl

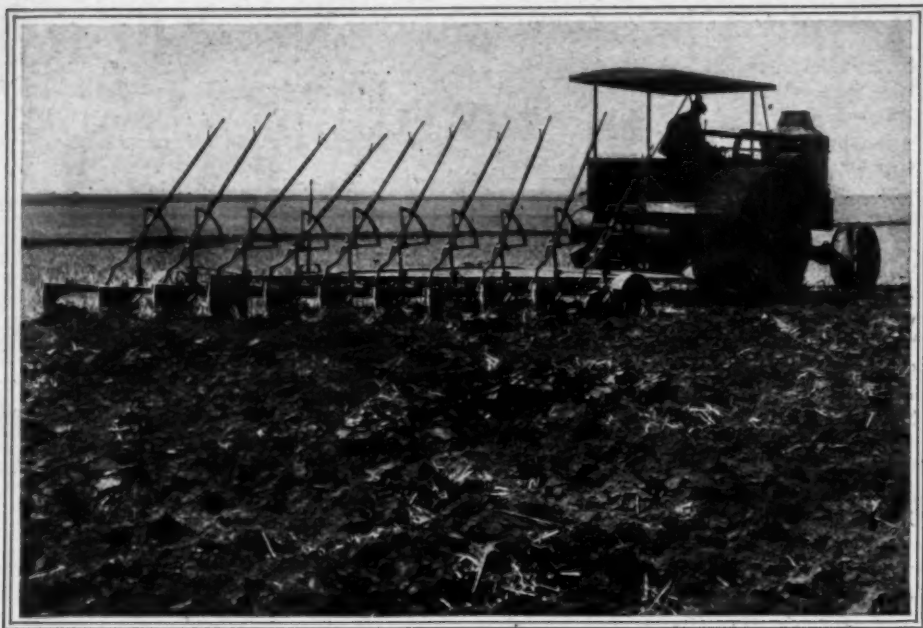


A TRACTOR OPERATING A CUTTING AND BINDING MACHINE—TRACTORS ARE BEING UTILIZED TO-DAY FOR PRACTICALLY EVERY KIND OF WORK THAT CAN BE DONE BY HORSES

THE ending of the great war has solved, or at any rate relieved, many of our economic problems, but the world's most urgent need—that of an adequate food-supply—will not disappear for at least another year. While our boys in the trenches may now stack their arms and come home, the fighters of the reserve trenches, the farmers, must still be on their guard against civilization's deadliest enemy, the menacing specter of hunger. They must harvest bumper crops this summer to meet the world's deficiency, and they must look ahead to later years when failure on their part will mean scarcity and high prices. Wonderful as has been our advance in manufacturing, in commerce and finance, good crops will always be the foundation of American prosperity.

And the foundation of good crops is a question of plowing, for the land that is plowed early in the fall is the land that will be best suited to growing wheat or corn or oats the following year. It has been shown that when plowing is done early, crops are increased from two to five bushels per acre.

Plowing is hard work—the hardest part of farming; and where animal power is used human labor must be plentiful to direct the animals. With the heavy drain upon the manhood of the country for war purposes, the lack of labor has been sorely felt by the farmers; and the coming of peace has not ended the trouble, for the returning soldiers prefer to settle in the cities. How then, is the problem of producing maximum crops with a minimum of labor to be solved?



A SIXTY-HORSE-POWER TRACTOR PULLING A TEN-BOTTOM GANG-PLOW ON A KANSAS FARM—
 PLOWING IS THE HARDEST OF ALL FARM LABOR, BUT ONE TRACTOR
 WILL DO THE WORK OF MANY MEN AND HORSES

The answer is the tractor. This modern mechanical power-plant supplements the labor of both man and horse, for it enables one man to do the work of several, and it multiplies many fold the power of the horse. To the farmer with broad acres, but lacking adequate farm-hands to direct the work of horses, the tractor will insure the plowing and cultivation of every inch of the land, and the demands on the farmer's own strength will not be so great as where animals are used.

According to figures compiled by the Department of Agriculture, the average unit of power employed on the American farm is the two-horse team. A large number of farmers worked three horses in one unit, a smaller number used four-horse and five-horse units, and still fewer had six-horse units; but one man never used, regularly, more than six horses at a time in agricultural work. If a farm was big enough to justify the work of thirty horses thereon, at least five men had to be employed to supervise operations, and in most cases considerably more.

A TRACTOR EQUALS SIXTY HORSES

Here is where the superiority of the tractor is shown—in its ability to supplant

both men and animals. One man—say the farmer himself—can operate a tractor possessing the power of sixty horses, and the task will be no harder than driving a single team. The tractor, with its steady, even, efficient power, will pull a battery of plows and turn over the soil to a uniform depth. It will keep up the work hour after hour, in hot weather or cold, never getting tired and never faltering.

In average soil, it takes a man and team a whole day to plow an acre and a half to a depth of six inches. With a modern tractor, capable of pulling three plows, the same amount of plowing can be done in an hour.

With a tractor, the farmer can go upon his land shortly after the grain is cut and harvested and do the plowing for the next season. By plowing under the stubble before the fall rains set in, the vegetation has a chance to rot in the soil, thus aiding in fertilizing the ground. Furthermore, the rains of the early autumn break up the large clods and make the soil ready for winter sowing, where that is practised.

In the Northwest it has been found that wheat land plowed immediately after harvesting the crop, and allowed to lie fallow until spring, can be planted to grain the

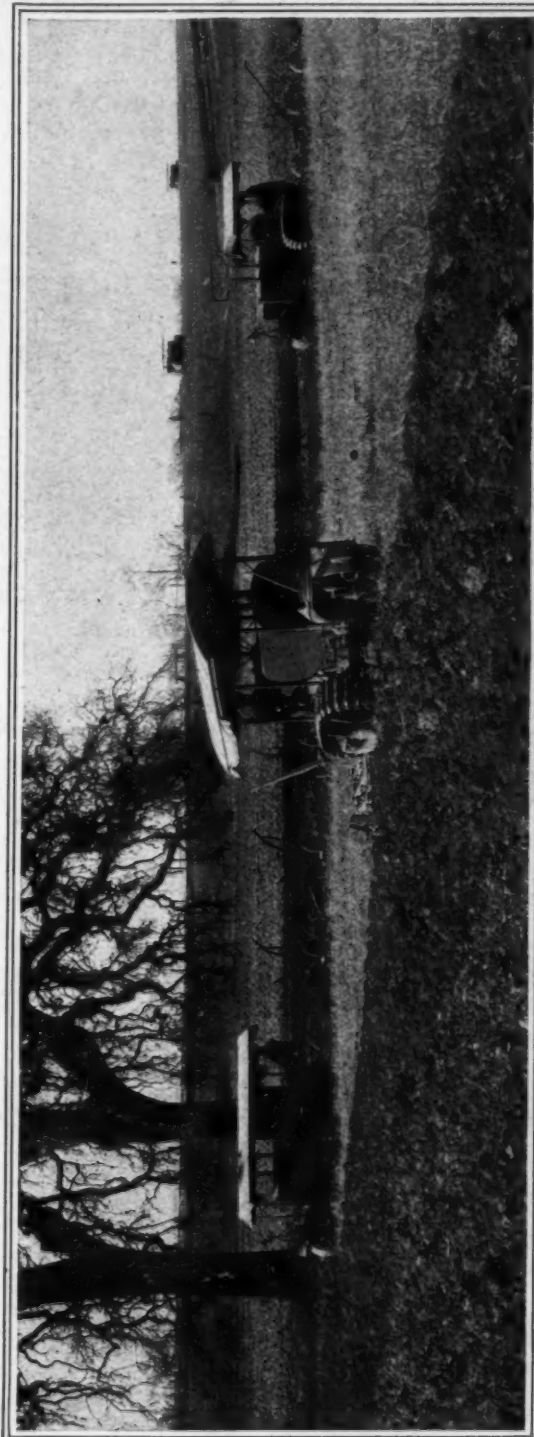
next season, whereas under old practises it had been customary to grow grain only each alternate season, summer-fallowing the next.

In the days of the old pony express in the West, a despatch-rider required a number of mounts before reaching the end of his journey. When his horse tired, a fresh one had to be provided to take its place. So it is with the tiller of the soil. His horses tire and need rest; but the tractor is to the farmer what a high-powered automobile would be to the despatch-rider.

The farmer is dependent upon the weather for his crops, and it influences his every operation. If it rains too much, the earth is too soft to work; if it does not rain at all, the soil becomes too hard to plow with horses. Consequently, when the season is unfavorable, the farmer is often confronted with the necessity of getting field-work done in a hurry; and under such circumstances the tractor can be depended upon to aid him to the utmost.

There have been many instances, in almost every part of the country, where the owners of tractors have plowed continuously for several days and nights to get a particular area completed, merely changing operators, the machines working on without a stop until the task was finished. This, with horses, would be impossible, for they require frequent rests. Many tractor outfits are equipped with lights, for use in night plowing.

By reason of their wide wheels or endless-belt type of propulsion, tractors can operate on land impossible with horses. Horses' hoofs are small, and on soft ground they soon mire, whereas the weight of a tractor is distributed over the larger surface of its track, and a greater tractive force is secured. In rice-fields, where the ground is saturated with water, tractors are



FIVE TRACTORS ENGAGED IN PLOWING ON A LARGE GRAIN RANCH IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

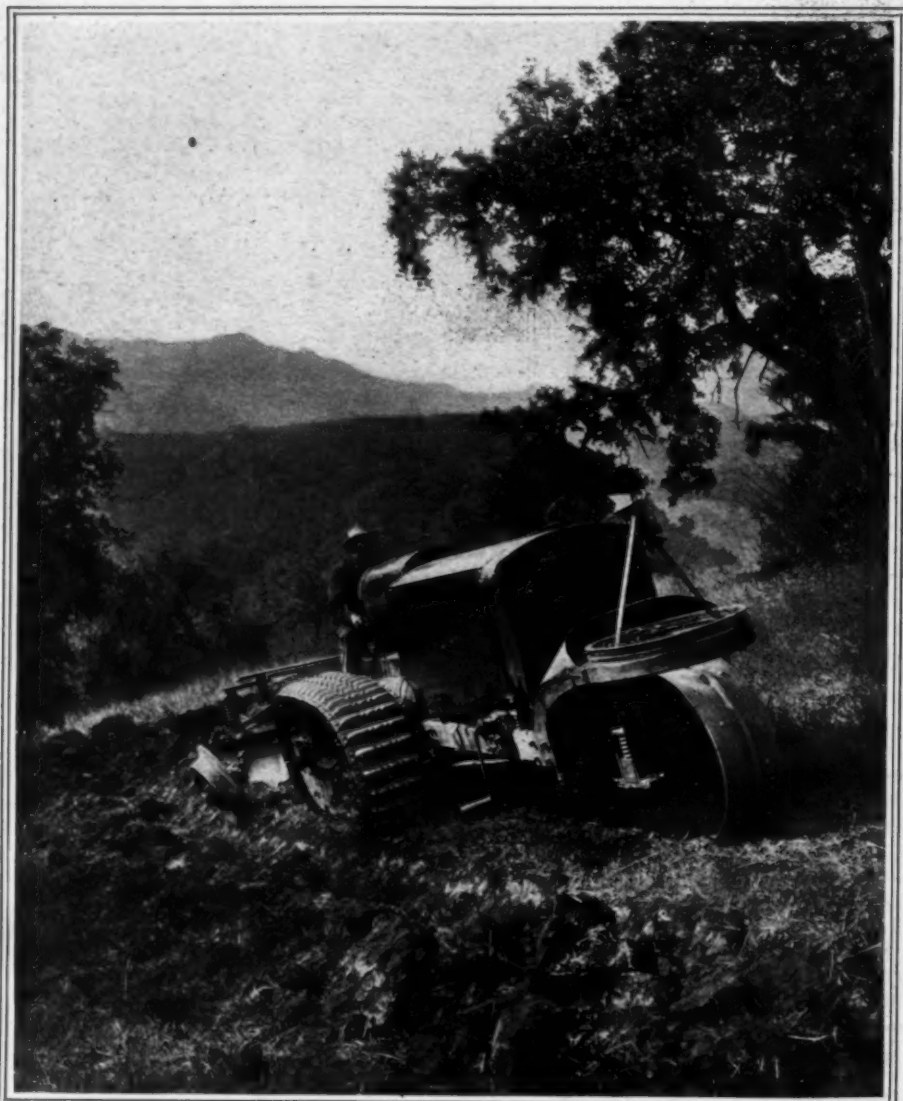
successfully used, and the same is true in many other instances. Plowing can be carried on immediately after heavy rains, thus saving time; and when an opposite condition is encountered, and the soil is baked hard by a long dry spell, the extra power of the tractor will enable the farmer to go right along with his plowing.

CONQUERING THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE

In the Dakotas, where virgin prairie land was broken up for the first time, the tractor

was found essential to the task, as horses could make no progress in turning up the hard soil, with its masses of tough roots. In Nevada, only about a year ago, a settler was about to abandon his efforts to turn over the soil on his claim, as he found his horses unable to pull a plow through the wire-grass which abounded there. A tractor was tried, and it cut through the roots, or pulled them out whole, thus clearing the tract in short order.

The tractor is being utilized to-day in



TRACTORS HAVE NO DIFFICULTY IN FLOWING ON HILLSIDES THAT WOULD BE TOO STEEP FOR HORSES



A TRACTOR DRAWING A HEAVY DISK-HARROW ON A PRAIRIE FARM

performing practically every kind of work done by horses. It operates all kinds of farming implements—plows, harrows, cultivators, cutters, binders, threshing-machines, hullers, and so on. The engine, when belted to a pump, will fill a water-tank or reservoir, and will supply power to operate a sawmill, a lime-crusher, a feed-grinder, or for a dozen other useful purposes. It has great pulling power, and will haul a number of loaded wagons to town, or from one part of the farm to another. With a scarifier, or a drag, the farmer can repair the country roads in his vicinity, thus improving his own transportation facilities. The winter's supply of fuel wood can be cut and hauled by the power from his tractor. If, as is probably the case, he has neighbors who do not own tractors, he can assist them in getting their lands in shape

for new crops, thus earning part of the cost of the outfit.

The modern tractor is not a very complicated thing, and its operation is simple. Many women are successfully operating these machines, and are as well able to take care of them as of an automobile. In fact, many farmers now find that they are able to do all the work on their farms without outside help, for the younger boys or girls can operate the tractor, leaving the farmer free to manipulate the various implements that it pulls. The greater power secured from the machine enables several operations, such as plowing, harrowing, and disking, to be combined into one, and saves going over the same field several times.

The latest and most remarkable chapter in the history of American agriculture is the era of the farm tractor.

EPITOME

THE roadside pool may hold the midnight sky,
And all of beauty in a garden lie;
And so love's moments that so swiftly flee
May hold the secret of eternity!

Arthur Wallace Peach

Light Verse

ROSES

ERE entering, I hesitate
 And lean upon the garden gate,
 While Molly glides, a queen of state,
 Among her roses.
 The hedgerow flings its wide-spread arms,
 As warding off the world's alarms,
 Insensible of all the charms
 That it encloses.

We've many gardens round about,
 But Molly's puts them all to rout—
 The prettiest, without a doubt,
 And the completest;
 All sorts of roses, short and tall,
 With rainbow blossoms large and small;
 But mine the fairest rose of all,
 And mine the sweetest!

Louis B. Capron

THE WAR WIDOW

TEN little suitors, khaki-clad and fine;
 One married out at Sill, and then there were
 nine.

Nine little suitors—gracious sakes alive!
 Four married at their camp, and then there were
 five.

Five little suitors on Hoboken's shore;
 One married ere he sailed, and then there were
 four.

Four little suitors out to see Paree—
 One married Antoinette, and then there were
 three.

Three little suitors, not to be outdone,
 Married any girl they could, and then there were
 none.

No little suitors coming home! Oh, well,
 All of this just goes to prove that war is hell!

Jane Meldrim

MY CASUALTY LIST

AT Fismes my hero came to harm;
 'Twas slight, and I was grateful.
 In the Argonne he lost an arm;
 Still I remained quite faithful.

But now I reach the saddest part—
 The end was most distressing;
 For at Sedan he lost his heart,
 While other wounds were dressing!
Mary Monica Huffman

JAPANESE MAGIC

FROM distant, dim, blue-purple mists,
 I see gray Fujiyama rise;
 And wild geese winging from the marsh
 Are black against the soft-hued skies.
 A little ship puts out to sea,
 And seeks the far horizon-line;
 Upon a lonely, wind-swept cliff,
 There stands a time-scarred, rugged pine.

A bee goes by—in Japanese
 He voices all his thoughts of flowers;
 A butterfly from sunny fields
 Displays his dazzling color powers;
 A dragon-fly on sun-kissed wing
 That glints and shimmers in the light
 Darts freely where his fancy wills—
 No goblin he, in guise of sprite!

And when the sun, low sinking, brings
 The even hush, the temple bell
 Will sound its deep-toned, mellow boom
 To mark the magic twilight spell.
 Ah, I exaggerate! Forgive!
 Some parts of this I have not seen;
 Some parts I have not heard or felt—
 But some are painted on my screen!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade

CONSUMMATION

AS pure as flame and passionate as fire,
 Outwardly cold, though ardent with desire,
 As Etna, when her heart is all aglow,
 So often camouflages it with snow;
 Beneath apparent calm and deep content,
 You are of love's own self the embodiment;
 A god Promethean, with a spark divine
 Stolen from stars to light an earthly shrine,
 While I—
 Soft lips on mine, I can but sigh
 In all-consuming ecstasy!

Just as the smoke is ravished by the flame,
 Unable to resist it—do not blame
 My languorous self-surrender—so do I
 With your own ardor glow, and live, and die—

My evanescent life scarcely a breath—
In your embrace! Claimed by the hand of death,
Absorbed by you until my very heart
And soul of you, dear man, become a part,
And yet—
There's not one moment of regret,
Since I'm your favorite cigarette!

A. Rebecca Baker

THE OLD MAN SAID

"**T**HINK well," the old man said,
"Remember life is long."
"I will," the young man answered,
"Though my heart sings a song
Of instant hand in hand,
Of love while lips are red,
Of flowers that must be garnered
Ere they droop, faded, dead!"
But Love, who waited by,
Grew sick and gray and cold
When youth, so wise in folly,
-Took council with the old!

Harry Kemp

HER REQUISITE

THE lover dropped upon his knees
And pleaded well his case;
He swore to give her wealth and ease,
And clothes of silk and lace;

A limousine, a cook and maid,
A manicurist, too;
And with emotion much displayed
He vowed his heart was true.

The maiden coyly waived his plan
And said: "Wealth holds no sway;
Just answer me this question—can
I always have my way?"

T. Benjamin Faucett

THE WHITE BIRCH-TREE

I HAD a dryad for my love,
A dryad of a slim birch-tree.
Snowy white her body was,
Her hair as green as misted sea.

But she was just a stay-at-home;
Horizons never beckoned her;
And since they always beckoned me,
Why—in the past I reckoned her.

I started searching for a love
Whose soul would better match with me;
I found the far horizon's queen—
La Belle Dame sans Merci,

Who lures you on and on and on,
Who never gives a moment's rest—
The queen of kisses far away,
Who never takes you to her breast.

But now I'm weary of the road,
As no true vagabond should be;
And now I'm looking for my love—
Where is that green-and-white birch-tree?

Roger L. Sergel

DOOR-PLATES

A CHARMING custom, to be sure,
These bits of burnished brass
On which one's name would long endure
To tell the folks who pass
That you are you, and I am I,
And this our home! Therefore
One has good cause to heave a sigh
That door-plates are no more.

Once families passed all their lives
Within the selfsame walls;
But when modernity arrives,
Conservatism palls.
"Come, let us scan some other streets,
New neighborhoods explore!"
These are the arguments one meets,
And door-plates are no more.

We would not need them in a flat;
We always move each year;
If we unscrewed them, after that
From landlords we should hear!
Yes, there are customs quaint and old
That I would fain restore;
But other people scoff and scold,
So door-plates are no more!

Harold Seton

OLD SEA-CAPTAINS

IT'S a dangerous thing for an old sea-dog to
trust himself too near
A chandler's-shop or a captain's log or the bitts
of an ocean pier;
For the least of things he used to touch, or enter
as law, or hear,
Are magnets still to his horny clutch and a chal-
lenge to eye and ear.

Canvas and cordage soon hold him fast in a
doubled and knotted skein,
Or he rages to see his run surpassed from London
to Port of Spain;
Or the rattle and whine of the winch-pawls form
a musical legerdmain
Which grips him like an easterly storm and swings
him to sea again.

To a man of the sea the hawse-pipe's rasp is a
hunter's "view-halloo,"
And his fingers itch for a wheel to grasp or a
bellying sail to clew.
Oh, him who has filled a captain's berth is easy
enough to woo
From a wavering faith in the solid worth of a
prettified front-porch view!

Richard Butler Glaeser

A Mere Detail

BY ROBERT J. HORTON

Illustrated by Frank Street

HENRY PENNINGTON TILL held the shimmering object at arm's length and regarded it with worshipful eyes. He moved it gently, so that the light caught its colors and flaunted them before his delighted vision. He caressed it between thumb and fingers.

"Elegant!" he sighed, and laid the necktie upon the counter before him.

Daily, between the hours of eight and six, Sunday excepted, and save for a brief lunch interval, Henry Pennington Till stood behind that counter in the haberdashery department of Hardbeck's store and filled the shirt and neckwear needs of an increasing clientele of gentlemen who respected his judgment.

He advised, when it came to patterns and colors—tactfully, of course—but none the less insistently.

Why, once he absolutely refused to sell a bright-red necktie to a visiting cattleman from Texas, which so astonished the stockman that he took the soft cerulean creation offered, even though he knew his wife would swear a woman had picked it out for him.

Henry was something of an artist, and he had two passions—neckties and poetry. He possessed an innate love for color. He studied it, and thus improved his taste. This taste had found a natural outlet in the selection of proper contrasts and combinations in haberdashery.

And so Henry loved his job.

He even claimed that a man's necktie indicated his character!

"I don't like the looks of that fellow," he had complained in a querulous voice to Mrs. Perkins, his landlady, when she had extended credit to a new boarder. "Those checked ties like he wears are treacherous. Do you know they take more checked ties off criminals they send to the penitentiaries than any other kind? And his knots show carelessness. No, not studied carelessness,

Mrs. Perkins. That fellow is downright slovenly!"

And, sure enough, the gentleman in question had disappeared between days with his meager baggage, leaving an unpaid bill and one frayed, checked tie to support Henry's argument.

Poetry he made a veritable hobby. He went into it thoroughly, both internally and externally.

First he had read it in school. Then he wrote it—or wrote at it. Next he had bought it, and now at twenty-three he had a creditable library of verse of old masters and new masters, and some who are not masters at all, but whose published work had taken the form of bindings which pleased his critical eye and coaxed his coin.

He put all his money into books. This is a literal statement. Henry's salary was small, and he was a bit suspicious of banks. Also, banking savored too much of sordid commercialism. He worked in a store. That was commercialism enough. Outside of his working hours he lived with the poets in a different atmosphere. Remember, Henry had the view-point of the artist.

So he slipped his savings, in the form of small bills, between the covers of his books, which he kept in a bookcase in his room under lock and key.

In a pocket ledger he kept his accounts.

"Let me see," he pondered on a Saturday night, beneath his small lamp with the green shade, in his small room on the second floor back, in a typical New York boarding-house. "Last week Keats got three dollars. That makes him twelve dollars. His balance is getting 'way up."

Then he ran his finger down the line of poets' names, arranged alphabetically, with figures opposite.

"Why, here's Tennyson with only—why, Tennyson ain't had anything for six months!"

So the week's savings were slipped into a gilt-edged volume between certain verses of the late laureate's "Lady of Shalott."

There might have been method in this novel plan, at that, for what burglar would think of rummaging through books of poetry in a poor young man's room in search of money?

II

THE scope of Henry Pennington Till's life widened just enough to take in Marjorie Sheldon.

Marjorie was in the notions. She also boarded with Mrs. Perkins. She was easy to look upon, Marjorie was, with a profusion of lustrous brown hair and eyes to match, and a little nose that had an ambitious upward tendency, and mouth, lips, and teeth which held Henry a blushing, stammering captive with their smile.

She was the bright, luminous star, seemingly unattainable, that glowed in Henry's horizon of dreams.

Sometimes he walked with her on Riverside Drive. Sometimes they went to the movies. Always Henry found it impossible to shake off his embarrassment and meet her on common ground. She, on the other hand, was confident. You see, Marjorie had other admirers, and—to Henry's chagrin—bolder admirers.

But Marjorie didn't evade the excursions with Henry. As a matter of fact,

she was a pretty sensible sort of kid, though only eighteen. She knew a thing or two. She recognized two sterling qualities in Henry—he was steady and he was healthy. Albeit, Henry was good to look upon. True, he wore glasses, but he looked through them with something of an air. Furthermore, he was well set up. He knew, too, unconsciously, how to garb himself so that his physical perfections showed to advantage.

Marjorie was aware of his passion for poetry and neckties. As for the poetry—well, do you know many young women who



IT WIPED OUT KEATS'S BALANCE, TOOK ALL SHELLEY HAD, BROKE MILTON FLAT, AND LEFT LONGFELLOW A PAUPER, TO RAISE THAT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

object to it? And she swore by Henry's taste in neckwear. She seldom saw him wearing the same tie twice. Why should she? He got them at cost, or as gifts from the salesmen or manufacturers.

She didn't hesitate to praise Henry's ties. Now and then she was lavish to the point of eulogy. At such times he felt his heart grow warm, and his embarrassment was submerged in gratitude. Once he had actually taken her hand, but, of course, he wouldn't do so again.

Still, she hadn't withdrawn it. She had even seemed to sigh when he released it with a violent reddening of countenance. But then, he might have imagined that.

A whole summer and winter passed with Henry drifting on the brim of the eddy of love. He was still timorously fearful of disclosing the reason for his frequent glances toward the notion-counter by day, and toward a certain place at table at dinner.

But he set some of his sentiments down at various times on scraps of paper under his green-shaded lamp, with a little aid from some of the old masters on his shelves. If Mrs. Perkins carried sundry of these versifications surreptitiously to Marjorie, he did not know it. If Mrs. Perkins had, on one or two occasions, allowed Marjorie to see Henry's quarters, he was unaware of that, too. And if on one of these occasions Marjorie had got into his bookcase, which he had carelessly left unlocked, and glanced through a few volumes of his poetry bank—

There are some things, however, that are going to be kept under cover in this public record. As I have said, Marjorie was in some ways a practical little thing, and Mrs. Perkins, after all, though a boarding-house keeper, was delightfully human.

Thus spring came; the grass in the parks and on the Drive grew green; Mrs. Perkins hung a bird in a cage outside Henry's window, and he had his salary raised!

He walked home from the subway station with Marjorie one evening. They stopped for a brief spell in a little triangle of park which the builders had mysteriously overlooked. Here he showed her his newest treasure.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed breathlessly. "*Such a lavender!*"

It was a necktie, of course.

"Well, I guess it's beautiful," boasted Henry, with such confidence that he surprised both her and himself. "That's a

new shade of lavender. There ain't ten ties just like that in the world! It's an accident—that shade. It's—it's elegant!"

"When are you going to wear it first?" she asked, struck with the beauty of the shimmering silk thing which she held.

"I am saving that for a very special occasion," was the answer, in such a low voice that she barely heard. He leaned toward her, trembling. "A very special occasion when—I hope—to hear some—good news."

"Why, what do you mean? What kind of good news?"

"Well, I'm going to ask somebody a question!"

She looked into his eyes, and whatever it was she saw there it made her lower her own and sent the roses into her cheeks.

Both were taciturn at dinner. They did not look at each other. But the spring seemed to have got into Mrs. Perkins's blood, for she talked a blue streak.

III

THUS matters stood on the following Tuesday morning.

Henry had not as yet donned the lavender tie for the special occasion. The raise in salary counted, he told himself, but she—anyway, the trying on of the tie once or twice had failed to spur his courage to the test.

He reflected upon this as he rode downtown in the subway, noting meanwhile the neckwear garnishments of his fellow passengers.

The small man with the sideburns had discarded stripes and was wearing a plain blue four-in-hand. Now, what had occasioned the change? Henry had never seen him—and he saw him often—in a plain-colored tie before. Better quality, too. He set the day down in his mind as a momentous one in the small man's career. He looked forward to what future observations might reveal.

It was this way twice a day with Henry. On the down-town and on the up-town trip he studied those in the cars with him, and formulated his opinions of them and their business according to the cravats they wore.

And, even as he had decided it must be a momentous day in the career of the man who had changed from stripes to plain blue, it also proved to be a most momentous day in his own career. Perhaps it was this that the change of tie forecasted.

It was brought about by a young man who approached the counter shortly before noon.

"That's a pretty thing you've got on," this young man observed, indicating Henry's cravat.

"Yes; one of the new spring four-in-hands," said Henry, pleased. "A little more colorful this season; look at these, for instance."

He led his prospective customer to a display rack. The young man bought three, relying entirely upon Henry's judgment in the matter of selection.

"I'm in rather hard luck this morning; no business to be buying ties at all," audibly reflected the customer while awaiting his parcel.

Henry proved sympathetic.

"Yes, I shall have to sacrifice a hundred-dollar share of Great Southwest Oil and Refineries for seventy-five dollars in order to get back home," the other confided. "I live in Oklahoma; been here a couple weeks, and I've gone too strong. Still, I'm willing to sacrifice twenty-five dollars to get home and over my time."

The young stranger laughed engagingly.

"You know how it is—pretty girls and all that. Costs like the dickens!"

Yes, Henry knew, or thought he did.

"I won't have any trouble getting rid of the hundred-dollar share of Southwest. I could get the whole hundred if I wanted to go down to Wall Street, but—takes time, and it's a bother, and I want to get right out." The young man shrugged an elegantly groomed shoulder. "Some business, the oil business. Say, do you know what Tulsa Triangle first sold for?"

Oil! Henry had heard of it! The papers never tired telling of the big fortunes made in the fields of flowing gold. Why, even old Hardbeck, owner of the store, was said to have made a million in mid-continent oil development.

"Do you know what it first sold for?" the young man repeated.

"No," confessed Henry in smothered accents, strangely thrilled.

The stranger fixed him with wide eyes, brows arched.

"Ten dollars!" he exclaimed, and smote the counter with an open palm. "Ten dollars, and—but, of course, you know what it is now!"

He straightened and sighed. Henry nodded knowingly. Here was subtle flat-

tery. No natural caution could move him to confess his ignorance. Not on his life would he say that he didn't know what it was worth—that, indeed, he didn't know one oil stock from another. He slapped his palm with his sales-book to give emphasis to his attitude of wisdom. He went the other's sigh one better, and whistled softly.

"Wish I had bought some at the first price," he said bravely, as he handed the young man his parcel.

The young man turned away—and as suddenly turned back.

"Why, say, old top!" he exclaimed, looking at Henry with sudden inspiration. "You might as well profit by my foolishness as anybody else. I've got to sacrifice this share of Southwest Oil and Refineries, and you can make twenty-five dollars by taking it off my hands; and if you hold it a month or two it may be worth five hundred. They're drilling three new wells, and when those wells come in—good night!"

Henry gasped at the startling idea. He had never thought of that. Why, to be sure, since this agreeable young man had to let a share of valuable oil stock go for less than it was worth, why shouldn't he profit by it? Why not?

But no! If it shouldn't prove all that was claimed for it it would be, well—Henry couldn't afford to lose any money, that was all. He glanced toward the notion-counter. There was too much at stake. No, he couldn't consider buying any stock, no matter how good, at this time.

"You're not taking a chance in the world," pressed the stranger, laughing. "Why, here is the certificate—look at it. There's the par value right there in plain type—one hundred dollars."

But Henry was not looking at the figure pointed out. He was looking at something else, and looking at it with indubitable interest. He held the certificate up to the light.

"You say it's worth a hundred dollars, and you'll take seventy-five for it?" he asked.

"Exactly," was the reply. "It's gilt-edged."

"All right," said Henry with tightened lips. "I'll take it."

He looked at his watch. It was his lunch-hour.

"We will have to go up to my boarding-house to get the money," he apologized.

"Of course, if you don't want to take that much time—"

"Oh, that's all right," said the other hastily. "I'd rather lose a little time and be able to help out a fellow who will appreciate it. I guess you can use the money you make on the deal, and goodness knows I can afford to spare what I lose."

Henry looked at the young man again. He had an honest face; he had an honest way of speaking; he wore an honest tie. That settled it, with Henry.

They went to the boarding-house, where Henry left his companion in the little parlor while he went up-stairs to his room and opened his bookcase.

It wiped out Keats's balance, took all Shelley had, broke Milton flat, and left Longfellow a pauper, to raise that seventy-five dollars!

Henry sighed as he put the books back on the shelves after extracting their little stores of bills, but he brightened with the thought:

"I can transfer Byron's account, since he is going to get the stock anyway, to the others, and make up the balance in a few weeks; and I've still got some cash left."

The young man did not ride back downtown with Henry. He had remembered a farewell errand not far from that neighborhood; but there was no questioning the sincerity of his good wishes at parting.

IV

MARJORIE was anxious, despite the fact that she told herself she didn't care. She had seen Henry depart with the strange young man. She had seen them disappear down the up-town subway entrance, and

she could not imagine why Henry should enter the subway when he had only a half-hour for lunch. Then he had been late returning.



She worried the matter in her mind, although she had seen Henry reappear behind his counter looking, if anything, more cheerful than ever. It didn't concern her, she reflected, and she was sure she didn't care anything about Henry's affairs; still—any deviation in his usual routine was most unusual in Henry. And then she saw something which froze her gaze in the direction of the haberdashery department.

Henry and Mr. Meyers, buyer of haberdashery, were arguing. They were arguing more strenuously than she had ever seen them argue before. Henry was holding a legal-looking paper up to the light. She could see a big gold seal upon it. His face was red, and he was talking loudly to Mr. Meyers, who was answering angrily.

In her excitement she stepped from behind her counter to a vantage-point within hearing distance.

"I tell you I know what I'm talking



"I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, TOO, WHEN I SAY YOU'RE FIRED, AND I SAY THAT NOW!" REPLIED MEYERS HOTLY

about!" she heard Henry declare in a strident tone.

Before she could smother her gasp of surprise at Henry's temerity in so addressing his superior, she gasped again; for from around the corner of the aisle appeared Hiram Hardbeck, the rich owner of the store.

"And I know what I am talking about, too, when I say you're fired, and I say that now!" replied Meyers hotly.

"Quite right," broke in Mr. Hardbeck. "I happened to overhear a part of this conversation, and I quite agree with you, Mr. Meyers." The store-owner turned to Henry, whose eyes still were flashing fire. "Young man, I will not have any one in my employ talking back to his superiors. Call at the office for what is due you, and go—without a recommendation."

Then Hiram Hardbeck, smoothing a lapel of his coat and flicking an imaginary fleck of dust from his immaculate sleeve, passed on, while Meyers bowed most obsequiously and Henry stared with rapidly paling cheeks.

Marjorie stole back to her counter.

Without looking to right or left, Henry went to the office.

On his way up-town in the subway he even failed to notice the neckwear worn by the other passengers! He was in a sort of stupor. Again and again he took from his pocket the share of stock which had been the cause of the whole unfortunate affair. The full force of the calamity began to dawn on him by degrees.

He had lost his job!

Without a thought that such a thing could happen, he had ridden down in that very subway that very morning with joy in his heart and contentment, almost, in his mind. And now, within a few hours, the whole

complexion of the world had changed.

He realized suddenly that his work behind the neckwear-counter had been the biggest half of his life. Without it there was a void. He had loved his work; he had taken pride in it; he had cultivated it, humored it, given of his best to it. He had been a long time getting up to the moderate salary which he had just lost.

And Marjorie! His heart sank with a sickening palpitation. He wrenched his thoughts back to his future. He could doubtless secure another job, but he would have to start at a smaller salary, and without references!

Luckily he had enough to tide him over. With the twenty-five dollars' profit on the stock he might not be so badly off, after all. This brought another disconcerting reflection. How about that stock? He took the certificate out and looked at it again.

From the up-town station he went to a branch bank near his boarding-house.

"Can you tell me the value of this stock?" he asked through the teller's window.

The teller smiled. An every-day question, doubtless. He retired to the rear for a moment.

"Two dollars and eighty cents, if you can find a buyer," he answered upon his return.

Henry moved dully out through the door. Birds were singing, the sun was shining, there was a scent of growing things in the air; but Henry neither heard, nor saw, nor smelled. Spring, for him, was a mere arrangement of figures upon a calendar.

V

He did not show up at the boarding-house for dinner that night, and it was late when he crept to his room.

Methodically he took out a volume of Lord Byron's poems and placed therein the stock certificate.

He had not even paused to reason out whether the young man who had sold him the stock had or had not realized that it was worthless. He did not care. He had been thinking of other things. He replaced the volume, closed the bookcase, locked it, undressed quickly, and went to bed.

When he awoke, the canary outside the window was singing happily and lustily. He went down to breakfast later than usual, to avoid seeing Marjorie.

Mrs. Perkins looked at him anxiously.

"Are you sick to-day, Henry?" she inquired.

"No, just laying off; other business," he replied briskly.

A boarding-house is a poor place in which to parade one's troubles.

Down on the Drive, with green grass underneath and green leaves overhead, and the broad, placid waters of the Hudson lying in the sun, things looked different. Then, again, we must remember that Henry was young.

As the luminary swung higher and higher into the sky, Henry felt a strong resentment rising within him. He was beginning to get angry. He felt different in other ways, too. Something was changing inside of him. For the first time in his life he could think of nothing poetic.

"Damn!" he muttered, as he started down-town.

He had not gone far when a limousine drew up suddenly on the Drive near him, and some one from within beckoned to him.

He started with surprise as he recognized Hiram Hardbeck. The resentment

flamed higher. He turned away, but Hardbeck called to him.

"What do you want?" asked Henry, with scant courtesy.

"Meyers has been telling me something of that—ah—stock affair. Would you mind letting me see that certificate?"

"It's over at my room," answered Henry shortly.

"Won't you let me drive you over, so we can examine it? It's for your own good that I'm taking the trouble to talk to you, young man."

Henry entered the car wonderingly, and gave the address. On the way neither spoke; but Henry did a lot of thinking. The deep, luxurious upholstery only served to increase his growing feeling of dissatisfaction, and his resentment of the haste with which Meyers had rewarded his years of effort the day before by discharging him.

Hiram Hardbeck followed Henry right up to his room.

Henry opened his bookcase, took out the volume of Byron, and produced the stock certificate.

"I suppose you want to buy it?" he asked sarcastically.

"H-m! Southwest Refineries. How did you come to buy this stock, young man?"

"First, because the name of the president of the company is Byron," said Henry savagely. "I was a little soft on poetry. I say I *was* a little soft on poetry. That was yesterday. Byron appealed to me particularly. I thought the name on the stock a lucky coincidence."

Hiram Hardbeck was staring in a very undignified fashion, with his mouth open.

"You mean to say you bought the stock merely because the president's name was Byron?" he asked incredulously.

"Partly that," was Henry's crisp reply, as he smiled grimly. "Partly that, and partly because of the colored border of the certificate. There is the most exquisite shade of purple on the border of that stock certificate that I ever saw!"

Hardbeck gasped.

"A mere detail!" he exploded.

"Oh, is it?" Henry retorted. "Do you know that the biggest thing in this world is color? Have you ever stopped to think what this earth would be if there *was no color*? Take the neckwear business—the most important thing we've got to sell is color. I've made a specialty of studying color combinations in shirts and



"YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU BOUGHT THE STOCK MERELY BECAUSE THE PRESIDENT'S NAME WAS BYRON?"

neckwear. There are scores of men in this town who came to me for neckwear just because they had faith in my taste for the proper combinations. The color and pattern of a necktie makes all the difference in the world in a man. I wouldn't wear that thing you've got on for twenty dollars a day!"

Hiram Hardbeck's face grew livid.

"Look here, young man—"

But Henry was not to be stopped. For the first time in his life he had started. He was going right on through.

"I showed Meyers that stock certificate yesterday afternoon, and told him that if we could get some four-in-hands made up in the shade of purple that's on that border we would mop up the town with them; but Meyers is too thick-headed to see anything except how cheap he can get the fabrics. He'd wear a yellow ribbon on St. Patrick's Day, if his wife didn't look out for him. There's no reason why we shouldn't have something the other stores haven't got. There's nothing to stop our giving the manufacturers suggestions and getting something exclusive. There's no reason any knowledge we may have of

color combinations and patterns shouldn't give us something new." Henry paused. "But I forgot—excuse me for saying 'we.' I had overlooked the fact that I am not with you any more."

"Was that what you were arguing with Meyers about yesterday?" asked Mr. Hardbeck softly.

"That was it. But Meyers wouldn't buy a purple necktie on a bet. He hasn't got a decent purple in stock. And that isn't all he hasn't got!"

"What are you doing there?" Hardbeck asked. Henry was taking out volumes from the bookcase and removing bills from them. "Is that money?" persisted Hardbeck, astonished.

"No, that ain't money," barked Henry. "That's hard-boiled eggs."

If any one had been watching Hiram Hardbeck closely, he might have seen what looked suspiciously like a smile. He picked up a small ledger on the table and noted the figures opposite the names of the poets. "Been making a kind of a game of it," he told himself. "Not a bad saving plan, at that! What are you going to do with it?" he asked aloud, showing interest.

"Well, I'm not going to buy stock with it," snapped Henry. "I'm going to put it in a bank. I'm going to start being a little more commercialized. I guess I can stand it. I notice most of those poets went broke because they hated commercialism. I'm even going to commercialize my knowledge of colors—that's what! I've just woke up to myself. I've been in a rut; scared to climb out of it. I don't care if that share of stock isn't worth a cent! It has been worth a lot of money to me, because it has given me gumption enough to step out and do something for myself!"

There now was no doubt about the smile on Hiram Hardbeck's face.

"Would you consider selling this stock?" he asked mildly.

Henry's answer to this seemingly senseless query was something very closely approaching a snort.

"I will give you par for it," continued the merchant.

"You'll what?" gasped Henry.

"I say I'll give you a hundred dollars for it," replied Hardbeck, who now evidently was enjoying himself.

He was noting, too, with interest, the harmonious blending of color and pattern in Henry's shirt and tie. His gaze roved to the furnishings of the room—nothing to outrage the eye here.

"Why, the bank teller told me it was worth only two dollars and eighty cents," Henry ejaculated, not quite so sure of himself.

"No doubt," agreed Hardbeck; "but, nevertheless, I believe it will be worth a hundred dollars to me." He actually sneaked a furtive glance down at his own cravat, and then said sternly: "Well, is it a bargain?"

Henry could only nod in amazement.

Mr. Hardbeck laid a hundred-dollar bill upon a copy of Thomas Hood's poems and pocketed the certificate.

"And that isn't all, Mr.—ah—what is the name? Oh, yes, Till. Well, Mr. Till, I wouldn't wonder but what there is something in what you say about the haberdashery business. Yes, I believe there's something in it. Anyway, we are transferring Mr. Meyers to the men's clothing department on Monday. Mr. Powers, assistant buyer, will take his place. You will report Monday morning to assume your duties as the new assistant buyer of haberdashery."

Mr. Hardbeck held out his hand. Still speechless with amazement, and something else that throbbed in his throat, Henry took it, and was surprised at its warmth.

"And maybe I'll let you pick out some ties for me in the future which you would be willing to wear yourself for less than twenty dollars a day," said Mr. Hardbeck mischievously, as he departed.

Henry dropped into a chair with a fistful of bills, and stared at the bright yellow plumage of the vociferous canary.

"By the way, I bought a share of stock to-day, Mr. Meyers," confided Hardbeck to his haberdashery manager, while on his afternoon round of the store. He displayed the certificate somewhat absent-mindedly.

Meyers's eyes popped.

"Why, that's just like the stock Till was arguing with me about yesterday!"

"Same stock," said Hardbeck.

"Do you mean to say you bought that stock from Till, Mr. Hardbeck?"

"This morning," was the answer. "Paid him a hundred dollars for it."

"Why, Mr. Hardbeck!" Meyers was shocked and grieved. "Why, that stock ain't listed but only at two-eighths. You've—you've been cheated!"

"Maybe so," was the puzzling reply. To himself Hardbeck was saying: "By Jove! We *are* shy on purples." He was looking over the neckwear display-racks. "Maybe so," he continued aloud, as he noted Meyers's horrified expression with a grim smile; "but you'll have a hard time proving it to me."

And he walked cheerfully away, leaving the mystified Meyers to ponder over this strange remark.

VI

HENRY was waiting at the employees' entrance of the great Hardbeck store at closing time that night.

Marjorie came out, a vision of sweet, girlish beauty, but with a little troubled frown above her thick, brown lashes. It deepened for an instant, and then disappeared when she saw Henry.

"We are going to eat dinner downtown," he said, taking her arm; "and then we are going for a long walk on the Drive."

She looked up at him quickly. There was a new note of authority in his voice.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed tremulously. "You've got on your—new—lavender—tie!"

In the Owner's Cabin

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

Illustrated by F. McAnelly

HEAT—brazen, searing, relentless—had lain quivering over the harbor for days, and had turned the docks into an inferno. The late darkness was falling as the captain picked his way about a group of tatterdemalion boys noisily shooting craps, and turned the last corner toward the river.

The steep, cobblestoned street stretched up behind him toward a cooling sky, grateful for the dusk. The dirty little river danced and winked as the lamps came out. Skeleton coal-rigs gleamed with moving lights. The huge electric cranes on the opposite shore dipped and swung, bringing up their tons of ore from the deeps of ships, carrying them back with a swooping grace to the towering red mounds, black now against the sky-line, sweeping forward again with the rhythmic regularity of gigantic dancers, glittering with stars of light.

The captain rounded a pyramid of coal, passed a white-painted whaleback tied up beside it, and circled his way over and under and about until the second ship in the unbroken line was well behind him. Then he walked rapidly down a clear stretch of blackened, coal-powdered dock, and stood stock-still at the foot of a ladder.

After a pause of contemplation the captain removed his cigar; for before him, her skirt tucked up carefully about her ankles, the toes of her shoes in gingerly contact with the grime, and her face buried in her hands, sat a girl upon a wicker suit-case. And beside her, one hand gripping a shabby hand-bag, the other laid upon the crouching girl's slack shoulder, chin up, black eyes squarely upon his own, stood a dark girl, whose poise, whose effect, reaching him through the falling dusk, had the quality of an electric torch sprung suddenly against the blackness of the river.

Not that the captain thought consciously of torches. Not that the girl's defiance

registered itself definitely and at once. The captain was no drawing-room psychologist; but subconsciously he felt that facing him stood something startling, forceful, new even to a man whose life was a chain of days spent in meeting forces.

The captain was forceful himself. His very silence as he stood still, staring, was so forceful that it hung there in the evening air like a question-mark.

The poised girl answered it.

"We are the passengers for the William G. Trevor," said she.

After a moment the captain pitched away his cigar and took off his cap; but so far was his manner removed from drawing-room politeness that the impression conveyed was merely that of a warming-up preliminary to action. He shook off his cap and his cigar as impersonally as a big dog shakes off drops of water.

"We haven't been carrying passengers," said he, "since the company got tired of being the goat."

Opening the shabby hand-bag, the girl produced a slip of yellow paper. The captain examined it in the dying light. It was signed by the main office, fifty miles away. Two passengers, Duluth and return, were consigned to him, David J. Gates, for accommodation on the William G. Trevor. The order was as brief and pointed as a bayonet. The captain, pondering, folded it carefully and glanced at the blank reverse side.

"You must have a whale of a pull," he remarked at last.

The standing girl said nothing. The crouching girl had not stirred.

"Passengers on an ore-boat," continued the captain, "eat the company's food, sleep in the company's bunks, breathe the company's air, free, gratis, deadhead, for two weeks, and kick while they're doing it."

"We won't kick," said the girl.

"Some of them have been known," objected the captain, "to send in a bill to the company for the railroad fare they spent getting themselves from their houses to the boat—and back," he added.

"We won't send in any bills," said the girl.

The captain's eyes had been following a slowly moving line of coal-laden freight-cars, but, after a moment, they came back to the girl.

"We heard," she volunteered in the pause which followed, "that you'd clear to-night. We had to hurdle a few things to make it at all."

There was hurry, flurry in her voice. It sounded as if she had been running; but the captain very well knew she had not been running. She had been standing here, her hand on the crouched girl's shoulder, perhaps for a long time, waiting for him.

"Mr. Field tell you that?" he asked.

"Not—Mr. Field—himself," she answered. "He's away. Who—who was it told us, Babe?"

"Young Smith," said the crouched girl.

"Mr. Field's secretary."

"Smith," echoed the standing girl. "Mr. Field's secretary."

"Huh—Smith!" nodded the captain.

"Fella with horn spectacles?"

"Has he, Babe?"

"He has not," said Babe, straightening suddenly and looking up at the captain. "He's got eyes like a whole herd of hawks. He can see through stone walls. He can read yer very soul."

"Well, he's in Cleveland, and we're here," put in the dark girl. "Eyes can't work at long distance so you'd notice them. He can't read our souls this evening. Do you clear to-night or don't you?" she demanded impatiently of the captain.

"There's another fella trying to beat us out of the river," admitted the captain, his eyes on the dull-red steel side of his ship; "but he hasn't a chance. We clear to-night, all right."

"Then suppose you get us aboard," suggested the dark girl. "My friend here's about all in. She's been balancing on a tight-rope over a typhoid stream for a long time, decidin' whether or not she'd take the plunge. If she goes back to that sizzling rooming-house in this heat she'll die. That's straight. I'm tired myself," she added.

"That's all those hurdles you've been taking," said the captain in his deep, leisure-

ly voice. "Knockin' folks off their pins. Trampin' over 'em. That's you, isn't it?"

The dark girl's hand tightened on the other's shoulder, and the captain, in spite of the dusk, saw it tighten. He was watching the dark girl so closely that he overlooked the other, had overlooked the other from the beginning. The matter, whatever it was, lay wholly between himself and this startling dark girl.

But the other obtruded herself into the matter in spite of the captain. Suddenly her slack shoulder slipped from the dark girl's grasp. Her limp head slipped down the length of the dark girl's shabby skirt. Her limp body slipped off the wicker suit-case. Limply, quietly, without a sound, she fainted away and lay there between them, her cheek against the coal-powdered dock.

In the instant of time before the captain sprang forward he glanced at the dark girl, met her blazing indignation, scorn, defiance.

"Didn't I say she was all in—after that blistering hot train down and that sickening hot trolley over, and the time we had climb-in' around piles of coal, fallin' over ropes and wodgein' man-eatin' engines to get here?" she breathed furiously, pointing to where her companion lay between them. "Didn't I say she was all in? But you had to stand and gas about the habits of passengers. You had to worry her with your silly Smiths. You had to look all over the lot while you made up your mind to let us aboard. Men? God! How I hate men! Look at her pretty hair! How am I ever to get that clean?"

"The hands can turn the hose on her," said the captain, "after they've cleaned up the ship. What did they feed you when you were a baby—dynamite?"

Stooping, he picked up the limp girl very easily, very gently. She lay like a child in his arms. Standing so, he looked up the steep ladder, measuring the task with his eyes.

"Stand aside," he ordered the dark girl.

"Hey, Olsen!" he called.

A head appearing above, the captain nodded toward the wicker suit-case.

"Come down for the bag," he ordered briefly. "And see that this lady gets up the ladder."

Light feet twinkled down. A light hand lifted the wicker suit-case. A light head ducked politely before the scornful girl.

"Stand aside," ordered the captain once more.

"Then we go aboard all right?" she said slowly, huskily.

"Sure you go aboard," said the captain. "Why not? Didn't you have an order from Smith?"

II

THE slowly moving line of freight-cars rattled to a stop, whistled hoarsely, shot forward a car down an incline, up an incline to a platform, from which it was instantly scooped high in the air by giant clamps, turned over on its side, and emptied into the ship. Black dust-clouds enveloped it, blew down upon them. The crash of arriving and departing cars grew into a continuous roar of sound.

The dark girl, stooping mechanically,

picked up a gay little rose-wreathed hat and stood for a moment brushing it carefully. Then, turning to the ladder, she began to climb it slowly, well behind the captain and his burden. Olsen's hand, on the side of the ladder, mounted as she mounted, forming a guard behind her in anticipation of the moment when, being a passenger, she should become aware of the black water beneath and lose her footing.

But she did not lose her footing. She was not aware of the black water. She shook out her narrow skirt after she came over the side, and, carefully carrying the rose-wreathed hat, followed the captain.

Preceded by a white-coated cabin-boy, the little procession skirted open hatches, rounded coils of rope, passed the deafening vortex of the coaling, climbed a brass-railed outside staircase, squeezed through a narrow screened doorway, proceeded carefully down more brass-railed steps, and halted in hot darkness.

"Switch on the lights, Harry," ordered the captain. "And get a pillow."

The cabin-boy obeyed in a series of breathless dives.

"She can't lay her head on that bare, striped stuff," objected the captain. "Get something white to cover it with—a towel—anything. Look sharp!"



"YOU MUST HAVE A WHOLE OF A PULL," HE REMARKED AT LAST

The cabin-boy looked sharp with clattering energy down a tiny hallway. The captain stood like a rock, the limp burden in his arms, and not until everything was perfectly arranged did he relinquish the burden. Then, gently, he laid the girl down upon a sofa covered in green velours, pushed the bright hair back from her forehead, wiped the dirt from her cheek with a folded handkerchief, and straightened her skirt.

"Water!" he said then to the cabin-boy. "Not this—it hasn't been run lately. Ask the steward for a pitcher!"

When he raised his eyes at length to the tiny staircase, it was merely to follow the breathless, upward rush of the cabin-boy; but inevitably they encountered the dark girl, for she was standing on the staircase, gazing down into the small, brilliant room.

A previous hospitable policy had built this owner's cabin into the white-painted Texas. I had run riot throughout the three rooms of the suite in the matter of green upholsteries and pink brocades. It had specialized in a tiled bath-room. It had hidden electric globes in pink-silk shades, and had turned the steam radiators into stout dowagers hung with so much green velours that they seemed to have been dressed by the bolt.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain after a moment.

For the dark girl was white to the lips. Her black eyes stared down into the owner's cabin with the look of a free-running creature caught in a trap. When she tried to speak no sound came.

There was a pause which lengthened unduly. Then the captain spoke.

"Only one more hurdle to cross," said he.

The sting of it, reaching the girl, seemed to bring her back from a far distance. Her effort to answer him was palpable.

"Couldn't you put us somewhere else?" she managed at length.

"What's wrong with this? Not good enough?" asked the captain.

Not good enough? The girl was dazzled, awed by the comfort, the beauty, the luxury of it. But no one should know. No one must guess, least of all the captain. She held her lips tight, threw back her head, came down the staircase.

"There's a bad stain on that pink chair," said she. "And the mirror's cracked."

"Oh, no; you weren't going to kick!" the captain reminded her savagely.

"You asked me, didn't you?" said she. "Well, you got an answer."

Dropping on her knees beside the green-velours sofa she produced a tiny bottle from the shabby hand-bag.

"Here, honey," she said, hanging anxiously over the motionless girl. "Smell of this. It's nice, hon. It'll wake you up. Aw, g'wan, deary! Draw in a deep breath for Nance. It's got a smell like piny woods, deary, and it stings—like the wind from the lake when there's snow on the way. It's brisk, deary. It's cool. Open a window, can't you?" she flung over her shoulder to the captain. "It's suffocating in here!"

"We don't call them windows," said the captain imperturbable. "That"—nodding backward—"is a deadlight which can't be raised till we get through loading. This"—moving across the little room—"is a port, and we'll get it opened for your highness at once."

But the dark girl had turned back to her task. She ignored the captain. She coaxed, wheedled, stroked the little white face, smoothed back the bright hair, gave the motionless figure on the green sofa no peace; and at length her persistence had its effect.

"Don't try to get away from it, deary," she urged. "'Cause you can't. I'm makin' you smell it, Babe, for your own good—like I've made you do things before. It's Nance, deary. I'm here. Everything's all right. We're aboard. You're going where it's cool. But you gotta smell this first, hon, 'cause it'll do you good."

The first startled glance in the wide blue eyes as they opened was not for the dark girl. It was not even for the captain. It went straight to an electric globe against the white paneling above her head, its light softened to a pink-silk glow.

For an instant she stared up at it blankly; then, with her first returning strength, she lifted herself swiftly on one elbow to survey the room. She took it oddly enough, thought the captain, for he was proud of the room. She gave a choked little cry and fell back on the pillow.

"What'll they do to us when they get us, Nance?" she wailed wildly. "Did ye think that all out before ye made me come? What'll they do, Nance?"

But the dark girl, on her knees beside the couch, put both arms tight about the shrinking, shaking figure and held it close.

"Nothing to you, Babe," she said tenderly. "They sha'n't lay a finger on you, Babe. I'm responsible. I'll see this through. Nobody's going to touch you, Babe. Just let me see any one try it!"

And then, with a flashing remembrance for one who might try it, she glanced up over her shoulder at the captain, and suddenly, surprisingly, straight at him, she laughed.

"Babe's flighty with the heat—thinkin' this is so grand," she said scornfully. "Somebody's spilled coffee on that pink-silk chair. And the mirror's cracked," she added.

Later, on the forward deck, beneath the stars, with the fresh lake wind in his face, the captain took off his cap and wiped his forehead, producing the effect of a cooling-off subsequent to action.

"I see we've drew some passengers again for a change," the mate remarked casually, as he spat over the side. "Owner's family, I suppose?"

But he was not casual enough for the captain.

"Owner's families aren't the only pebbles on the beach," said the captain shortly. "These people had a whale of a pull!"

III

HE was not surprised when, being passengers, they did not appear at the six-o'clock breakfast despite the clamorous progress of the cabin-boy from end to end of the long ship, exercising with diabolic zest upon a brazen bell. By the law of an ore-boat, a passenger who does not appear at breakfast goes without. For it has been found that passengers who go without the first morning manage to drag themselves aft in time the second morning. The third morning they are waiting in line.

The captain, pondering the affair over his steak and coffee, flung a brief good morning to the gray-haired chief engineer, and thereafter preserved unbroken silence. For, except between the captain and the chief, unbroken silence at meals is the law of the ore-boat. The crew, with the exception of the deck-hands and stokers, range down two sides of the long table, between the captain at one end and the first mate at the other, and occupy themselves exclusively with food, and plenty of it. For wages are high, argue the owners, and time is money. Talking wastes time otherwise needed for chewing or working. Under the discipline of the

lakes, a conversing crew would be an unthinkable aggregation.

Throughout the morning, in the open-railed space beside his wheelman at the upper wheel, with the hands wetting down the ship from end to end, sloshing about with the huge ship's hose, brooming, scrubbing the white-painted texas until it glistened in the sun, with the smooth lake sparkling in speckless beauty and the fresh wind in his face, the captain pondered the matter, and decided to let well enough alone.

But when the passengers did not appear at the noonday dinner, although two places were reserved for them at the steaming table, the captain felt that some move should be made. After the crew had pushed back and clattered out the captain accepted a second cup of coffee from the white-coated steward and stirred in his spoonful of sugar thoughtfully.

"You're a married man, chief," he began, bluntly enough. "And Scotch. You ought to know. How do you get the upper hand of a woman?"

"Ye don't," said the chief engineer, folding his napkin.

The captain stared.

"But if you must," said he. "This is an outstanding case—an unusual woman."

"They're a' that," commented the chief, rolling up his napkin. "Three months from the time I met my wife she marriet me. I never felt the noose aboot ma neck, lad, till it cam taut with a jerk that landed me at the feet of the meenister with his buk open t' begin the service. In eight minutes he had me tied for life and caught the train for Erie, his conscience clear, ma money in his pocket, and a chargin' man's pass ready t' spring on the conductor. And Congress wastes its time on the innocent profiteers!"

"Come, come!" protested the captain. "Mrs. Mackintosh is a fine woman. You're the happiest man I know."

"Oh, aye," said the chief gloomily. "I'm grand. Who's this wumman ye have in yer eye?" he asked after a pause.

"She's not in my eye," said the captain. "She's worse. She's on my mind. Two of her. We've got a couple of passengers, chief, and they constitute a problem."

"Passengers always constitoot a problem," snorted the chief. "Keep them awa' fra ma engines, man. The last lot tried t' mak fudge in the boiler-room."

"I'd like you to give them the once-over at meals, chief," suggested the captain. "I'd like your opinion. I—I rely on your judgment."

Slipping his napkin into a celluloid ring, gay with the colors of the Mackintosh tartan, the chief engineer rose and pushed back his chair. Intensely gratified, yet surrounded by an aura of the deepest gloom, he reached a pitch of confidence hitherto unknown.

"At the last analysis it comes down t' a matter of inches, lad," he elucidated slowly. "If you're tall enough t' luk over their heads at the wall, ye've got them. They can't reach to the level of yer immutable, snaw-clad calm." Walking to the door, he considered deeply. "I'm handicapped by ma legs," he confessed bleakly over his shoulder. "To overlook Mrs. Mackintosh effectively, I'd have t' stand on a chair."

IV

So much were the two girls, invisibly within the owner's cabin, upon the captain's mind that it was with a distinct sense of shock that he saw them as he came down from his quarters—above theirs—to go aft to supper.

They were sitting in wicker armchairs outside their screened doorway, beneath the strip of awning which he had had stretched above their bit of deck. They were bare-headed, fresh in thin blouses and short white skirts, cool, rested, quiescent, at peace. So much he had time to see as he came toward them, cap in hand.

But he flushed beneath his tan at the swift change wrought by his coming. The dark girl rose involuntarily at the mere sight of him, and then, pinching her lips together, sat down again abruptly. The little fair girl seemed to shiver and shrink, her big blue eyes raised to his own.

The captain was a blunt person, straightforward, short-spoken. Long, lonely voyages through sunshine and beauty; long, lonely battles with wind, with bitter cold, with ice; long, anxious runnings full speed ahead through fog; long hours of sleepless responsibility for a ship deliberately uninsured because of the enormous rate, for a cargo frequently worth its hundreds of thousands—these were the forces which had molded the captain, which had ground him into silence, but which he had so successfully fought and conquered that his record was clear of the loss of an anchor, and had

given him the command of the prize ship of his line.

"You haven't been aft for your meals," said the captain, when another man might have begun with the weather. "We don't send up trays to passengers, but we object to having them die of starvation on our hands. I was just going to knock at your door, to ask what was the matter."

"Nothing is the matter," said the girl called Nance. "We brought provisions with us."

"In God's name, why?" demanded the captain, surprised into it.

The dark girl, her chin cupped in one hand, her eyes following the black clouds which burst from the huge smoke-stack, made no answer.

"We thought—" hesitated Babe, with a swift glance at the still face under the wave of dark hair, "we figured that maybe, if we brought lunch enough to last most the way—maybe it wouldn't stand the company in so much. The rooms wouldn't cost the company nothin', we—we figured; but meals would, you—you see," she ended lamely.

"One hurdle you balked at," said the captain. "The last, the least! What could you bring in that poor little suit-case of yours? Chocolate cake? A pickle?"

"Don't explain, Babe," flashed the dark girl. "He wouldn't understand."

The captain's eyes, bent upon the scornful face beneath the wave of dark hair, suddenly brightened.

"Go get me that lunch," said he.

"Don't you move, Babe!" said the dark girl.

"Get me the lunch," insisted the captain, "before I go get it myself."

Babe, caught between the upper and the nether millstones, wavered to her feet and glanced about helplessly.

"I gotta, Nance," she said weakly, "if he says so. He's the boss here. I—gotta!"

The dark girl, following with her eyes the clouds of dense black smoke, said nothing. The captain stood like a rock until the package was delivered into his hands—a pitiful little package, wrapped neatly in paper napkins.

Walking to the side he untied the package and dropped both the contents and the wrappings overboard. Then he came back, wiping his forehead.

"There's going to be Superior whitefish for supper," he said gruffly. "I told the



WALKING TO THE SIDE, HE
UNTIED THE PACKAGE AND
DROPPED BOTH THE CONTENTS
AND THE WRAPPINGS OVERBOARD

steward to throw himself. There's going to be potatoes with cheese on top, and cucumbers, and plum preserves. If you're ready for supper you can come along now."

Babe, fluttering between them, glanced wistfully up at the captain, hopefully down at Nance.

"Gee, I'm ready, all right," she said with an attempt at a laugh. "I hate sandwiches. Come—come on, Nance!"

But the dark girl stirred, shook her head.

"You go, Babe," she said gently. "I'm—I'm not hungry—somehow. I'll come—to-morrow."

Watching them as they walked aft together—the captain, big, brown, clean-shaven, rocklike; Babe, her hair freshly washed and turning to gold in the reddening sun, her slender feet actually skipping now and then to keep up with his stride, her eyes, her delicate little face upturned

to his—the dark girl shivered in spite of herself. The sun had deserted her bit of deck. She was left in shadow, bereft, desolate. She saw how it was going to be. Girls like Babe clutch at the sunshine, and, clutching, get it.

Watching the smoke-clouds lose heart, dissolve into nothingness, she faced her shadowy future alone.

V

It happened so naturally as to seem inevitable. Babe came back from her supper dancing, walking on air, a shy color in her cheeks.

"The chief engineer's a snuffy old thing," said Babe superbly. "But I'm—we're"—she corrected herself hastily—"we're solid with the captain already!"

After the first evening Babe attached herself to the captain with the innocent per-

sistence of a little white woolly dog. Frankly she followed him everywhere. She waited to walk aft beside him to meals. She invaded the open-railed space beside the upper wheel, settling her camp-stool into a corner, buttoning up her sweater, pulling the rose-wreathed hat firmly down over the bright hair.

The captain, pacing back and forth in the narrow space, listened to her chatter, was amused by it, did not seem to tire. Her little nose peeled in the sun. The color in her cheeks deepened. The roses on her hat faded. She grew plump and sleek and a little self-conscious.

Nance sat day by day with folded hands under the awning stretched above their bit of deck, watching the green banks of the rivers slide by, following with her dark gaze the triangular, screaming flight of a flock of wild geese, counting the alternating red and white flashes of a distant revolving light at dusk, falling back upon the smoke-clouds when the lonely immensity of the vast lake surrounding them beat her eyes back to something which spoke, even evanescently, of warmth, effort, struggle, life.

Much of this lonely arrangement was due to her own attitude. In the beginning she had urged Babe to "trot along," to "give her time to think," to "get all the sunshine there was." Babe announced to the captain that Nance wouldn't come.

"She wants time to think," explained Babe easily. "Gee, that same is what I'm tryin' to avoid!"

The chief engineer, across the table from Nance, his hair plastered savagely into a part, his gray mustache severe, his clean flannel shirt bedecked by a plaid cravat and a cairngorm stick-pin, watched proceedings gloomily for a day or so and then spoke.

"The little ane's a piece of fluff—selfish, soulless as a flutterby," said he to the captain. "Yon's the danger," he added, pointing to Nance's vacant chair.

The captain looked at the vacant chair.

"When she can hardly bring herself to say good morning, or to accept a bit of bread from my hand?" said he.

"She ay kens where ye are, lad," said the chief engineer sagely. "She listens when ye talk. Ye're aboot as safe, Captain David J. Gates, as ye'd be sittin' gay on the lid of ma biggest boiler, if the third was in charge!"

After which the captain stopped hesitatingly that afternoon beside the wicker armchair. Nance glanced up in surprise.

"We're getting to the Soo," said the captain. "It's—it's something to see a ship lock through. There'll be a fine view from the upper wheel-house."

"Thank you," said Nance slowly, hesitatingly. "Perhaps—later."

But she did not come. The captain, going over the side at the Soo, telephoned to Duluth and bought a box of cherries.

She was leaning over the bow when he came up the ladder, watching the heavy lock-gates swing back to let in huge, ice-cold Superior, and raise the ship to the level of the upper lake. He gave Babe the box of cherries.

But when the chief engineer appointed a half-hour for Nance to see his engines, she came prompt to the minute and departed promptly at the half-hour.

"Yon's the danger," said the chief to the captain later, nodding toward the wicker armchair. "She's been workin' in munitions, but she's out now the war's over. Filled in with anythin' she could get since. Been supportin' the twa o' them since the little ane got sick. I wormed it out o' her. It taks me! Am I the lady-killer or am I no?"

"You're putty in their hands," said the captain.

They encountered fog on Superior, as one always encounters fog when superheated air meets that ice-cold water—dense fog, chill, white, obliterating the world. The procession of ships coming down to the Soo passed them invisible beyond the wet, white curtain, answering their hoarse warning blasts anxiously, repeatedly, until safely by.

They turned on the steam heat in the owner's cabin, and Babe's teeth took to chattering.

"It's all those other boats gets me," Babe complained feverishly. "You'd think it was the corner of Euclid and Ninth, and not a traffic cop in sight. No sooner one fella gets past than another begins to blow. Haven't none of them homes?"

Toward night she began to whimper, to ask why she had allowed herself to be driven into coming. She began to imagine what "they" would do when they got her. She wished she had never been born.

The captain, entering the wheel-house wrapped in oilskins, was stopped by a hand on his arm.

"Yes," said the captain, standing very still until the hand dropped from his arm. "I can't see who it is," he added after a moment.

"It's Nance," said a voice.

"Nance!" repeated the captain. "What can I do for you—Nance?" he asked after a quiet moment.

"It isn't for me," disclaimed the voice. "It's for Babe. She keeps asking for you. I wonder if you could manage to go down?"

"No," said the captain. "Not for Babe. Not for the Queen of Spain. Not even for—you. Don't you realize what fog means?"

"I can't quiet her," said Nance. "I'm not enough."

"It's always been for Babe—with you—hasn't it?" reflected the captain.

"Pretty much," said the voice haltingly.

"I suppose you've thought out whether it's been good for her or not?" pursued the captain. "I suppose you've figured out the consequences—to yourself?"

When the voice answered, there was a surprising warmth in it—color, life. Without seeing, the captain knew the dark girl's hands were clasped tightly together. For the first time, with reality obliterated by the fog, the captain caught a glimpse of Nance's soul.

"Women don't figure out the consequences to themselves," came her voice, rich with feeling. "They leap in the dark. They let what's comin' to them—come. Women don't figure out what's goin' to happen to them—when they love some one."

The captain seemed to see the dark girl's hands stretched toward him. An illusion of the fog, he told himself roughly, trying to shake himself back to reality.

"Why did you do it, Nance?" he asked tenderly, still under the spell of that strange illusion. "You must have known there'd be hell to pay. Why did you do it, girl—why?"

"She'd 'a' died if I hadn't done it," came the voice, warm, thrilling, palpitant. "It wasn't much to do—in comparison. I'm glad I was able to!"

"For a girl," urged the captain. "For a piece of fluff, that I'll never appreciate it, never even realize it, you sacrifice yourself. You give—yourself. You said once you hated men. You wouldn't do that much—for a man. Would you? Would you?"

"If he needed it bad enough," said the voice, warm, triumphant. "If he needed

me bad enough, I'd do what I've done—or more—glad at bein' able to. What's life but living? What's love but giving? Glad at bein' able to."

The captain stretched out his hands, dropped them on the dark girl's shoulders, suddenly hungry for the feel of her, the thrill of her through the soaking wet cloth.

"God! You're wonderful!" said he in his deep voice. "Nance—Nance—"

The girl stood still and closed her eyes.

Suddenly his hands lifted. She was released. The dream was broken. Blindly she felt menace about her, peril looming over the rail. She saw a glimmer of lights, heard a succession of barking blasts, sharp orders, warning cries, a bell. She staggered at the lurch of the ship in response to a wildly whirling wheel.

Stumbling to the door of the wheel-house she saw the captain in action—glorious, fighting to release his ship from immediate danger, succeeding, beating the tricks of nature, the carelessness of man at their own game.

For slowly the dark thing that had menaced slid safely by. The glimmering lights were blotted out. The angry blasts settled down into the regular, monotonous, droning three.

"It's fellas like them puts the blink on these here lakes," she heard the wheelman say, carried by the situation beyond the discipline of every day. "What did they think they was playin'—dominoes?"

"Steady as you go, Jake!" cautioned the captain. "Fools are spread pretty much all over the map."

The captain knocked at the door of the owner's cabin later, to inquire for Babe.

"Fog's lifting," he said quietly; "but I've only got a minute. How is she?"

"Asleep," said Nance exultingly. "Her head's cool. She's better."

"I'm thinking about you more than about her," said the captain. "I keep remembering that the company 'll take this thing out on you."

"Let them!" said Nance superbly. "Didn't I say she was better? She's going to get well. What does it matter what happens to me?"

VI

It was under a northern sunset that they swept at last into the land-locked harbor of Duluth, toward the city built against the hill, between the great piers which divide

the lake from the river, taking their orders through a megaphone from a tug, booming up the river, beneath the aerial bridge, signaling to other bridges, to river ferry-boats, and to busy motor-launches, which, toot-

her pillow. Nance stood, very pale, but straight and still, her hand on the fair girl's shoulder.

"It is my duty to report, sir," began the captain without preliminaries, "that these



NANCE STOOD STILL AND STRAIGHT, HER EYES ON THE PANELING ABOVE THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD, HER HAND UNCONSCIOUSLY PATTING THE FAIR GIRL'S SHOULDER

ing back, waved sport hats and fluttered handkerchiefs.

The ship docked without a tug. Within the owner's cabin they began to hear the intermittent crash of the unloading.

Babe was sitting against the pillows of the green-velours sofa, a shy color in her cheeks, with Nance beside her, one hand on her shoulder, when the captain knocked at their door. As he came down the little staircase, followed by a stout gentleman who stumbled and a younger gentleman who stared, silence descended upon the room.

Babe gasped just once at the sight of the stout gentleman, and then hid her face in

people came aboard at Ashtabula Harbor on a fake order, supposed to be signed by the company, on a regular company blank, but without the blue stamp on the back. Some time ago the owners decided to make an example of any one who tried to work them for a passage. I took these people aboard as the simplest way of getting them into custody. I'd have taken them down on the return trip, after consulting Mr. Fraser here, if you hadn't been at this end, Mr. Field. Your being here alters the case. In reporting the matter to you, sir, my responsibility to the company in this matter ends, Mr. Field, here and now."

"Er—yes, captain—of course," said the stout gentleman. "Your report—er—seems to cover the case."

Feeling in a waistcoat-pocket, he put up an eyeglass attached to a black cord and

They got down to their last eighty cents. Then the—other girl—went to the office to collect four dollars and thirty-five cents due Miss King, that the company hadn't paid. The blank form lay on Smith's desk. She



"A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE—ER—A MOST DISTRESSING SITUATION," SAID HE TESTILY. "HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE THE DETAILS, CAPTAIN GATES?"

looked through it carefully at Nance. After a moment he turned the eyeglass upon the green-velours sofa.

"But the report, while it covers the case, is a little bald, Captain Gates," he continued, clearing his throat. "A bit fragmentary. It states the extent of the—er—crime, and then it suddenly ends. Might I be permitted a few questions before—proceeding?"

"At your service," said the captain.

"How did these—er—people—come into possession of a company blank?" asked Mr. Field, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Miss King—the one on the sofa," said the captain steadily, "used to work in the office. That was before she broke down. They lived, the two of them, in a rooming-house on St. Clair Street. Sizzling place.

ripped off the top sheet and—filled it in later. They came down to Ashtabula

Harbor on the chance of putting it over. They came down on what was left of the four thirty-five."

In the silence which followed, Babe burrowed more deeply into her pillows and wept. Nance stood still and straight, her eyes on the paneling above the captain's head, her hand unconsciously, gently, patting the fair girl's shoulder.

Mr. Field swung his eyeglass slowly back and forth, the black cord twisted about his forefinger. Young Fraser, the Duluth agent, broke into a perspiration. He had never before seen a free-running creature caught in a trap, and the sight sickened him.

"But her motive! Why—why?" demanded Mr. Field. "She must have known that she was embarking upon a dangerous, a—er—criminal proceeding. She must have done it with her eyes open. Unless it was her—er—custom to do such things."

"It is her first offense," said the captain steadily. "She did it for the other girl. She got an idea that unless the other girl was lifted out of that hole bodily she'd

die." The captain paused. "She did it with her eyes open," he repeated; "as wide open as they are now."

Mr. Field, fumbling with his eyeglass, took a look through it at the dark girl and dropped it abruptly.

"A most uncomfortable—er—a most distressing situation," said he testily. "How do you happen to have the details, Captain Gates?"

"The little one told me the whole story," said the captain.

"At the other's instigation?"

"On her own," said the captain sharply. "Is anything more expected of me?" he asked after a moment.

"I think not—at present," said Mr. Field. "I shall have to question the young woman."

"Just a minute!" said the captain bluntly. "Before you do that, Mr. Field, I wish to turn in my papers, to tender my resignation. The first mate can take charge."

"This is surprising, to say the least, Captain Gates," said Mr. Field testily. "May I ask your reason?"

"I'm a party to it, Mr. Field," said the captain. "I saw through them at the start. I could have phoned to Smith or called a policeman. I didn't do either. I took them aboard. I've been with them from the start. I intend to stick with them to the finish, whatever it is. There's law, Mr. Field. There has to be law; but the way it looks to me, there are things that lie outside law—beyond it, above it. And when a girl is willing to face prison with her eyes open—to face it all the way from Ashtabula Harbor to Duluth—for some one else, because she loves some one else, because she wants to save some one else from being

snuffed out"—the captain snapped together his brown thumb and forefinger—"it gets me. I'd go through fire, through hell itself, to get a love like that, to get a woman capable of such a love!"

A silence fell upon the room. Mr. Field fumbled with his eyeglass. Young Fraser crushed his soft hat in both hands. The silence lengthened itself into something tangible, a thing that could be felt, before Mr. Field broke it.

"We do not wish to lose you, Captain Gates," he said dryly. "We—value your services. We—have given you our best. We—rely upon you absolutely. To mention a matter of detail, I noticed to-night that you docked without a tug. Your skill saves us money, Captain Gates—more money than a continuous stream of passengers would cost. And we know it. We are not fools. We do not accept your resignation. As to this other matter," he added, putting up his eyeglass and dropping it again, "we leave it in your hands. Our captains have the privilege of entertaining—friends of their own. Mr. Fraser, kindly precede me and give me a hand over that abominable brass door-sill. I have the misfortune to be very short-sighted. At Mr. Fraser's office, captain, at ten in the morning. The dock people are to be on hand about the new rates. We shall have to put up a stiff front to the dock people."

The door closed. Intermittently there crashed down into the owner's cabin the sound of the unloading. Babe stirred among her pillows, drew a deep breath, and sat up to wipe her eyes; but she did not wipe her eyes. She stared instead, incredulous.

For the captain had crossed the small room and had taken Nance into his arms.

SUMMER NOON ON LAKE ONTARIO

THE sun-rays sparkle on the lake's broad breast;
Gulls fold their wings and float in transient rest—
A second's pause, and then in graceful flight
The fleet wave-wanderers circle through the light.

In swift serenity they cleave their way,
The sky's clear azure and the lake's soft gray
Around and o'er them like a magic boon,
Crowned by the luster of the full-blown noon.

Small clouds above the long horizon lie—
The vaporous islands of the summer sky—
To whose frail beauty a vague pathos clings,
Like poet-dreams of far, half-visions things.

William H. Hayne

THE STAGE

THE RECORD OF A NOTABLE THEATRICAL YEAR,
1918-1919

By Matthew White, Jr.

WHILE the season now closing was remarkably successful in a monetary sense, an impression seems to prevail that from the artistic standpoint its achievements were almost beneath contempt. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that never before in the history of Broadway were so many stages occupied, thus inevitably multiplying the amount of froth cast up on the theatrical beaches.

Then, again, several of the really worthwhile offerings proved highly popular with the public, which made it difficult for the highbrow critic to admit their merit.

Deserving of foremost mention in the record is Walter Hampden's "Hamlet," which he began playing at weekly matinees at the Plymouth on November 22, continuing until April 12, always to crowded houses. During the winter months

he gave Saturday morning performances as well, thus bringing the total number of presentations up to nearly fifty, the like of which has not been seen in Manhattan in a decade. Other Shakespeare offerings of the theatrical year were Robert B. Mantell for a month in "Lear," "Merchant of Venice," "Richard III," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth," and a special matinee of a

brand-new *Hamlet* acted by a member of his company, Fritz Leiber.

Next in importance comes "The Jest," from the Italian, with the wonderful acting of the brothers Barrymore—one of whom, John, was fortunate enough to put over Tolstoy's "Redemption," which ran at the Plymouth for more than six months. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" is also deserving of



WALTER HAMPDEN AS HAMLET IN SHAKESPEARE'S MOST FAMOUS TRAGEDY, IN WHICH
MR. HAMPDEN SCORED AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

From a photograph by Mary Dale Clarke, New York



ALICE BRADY AND CONRAD NAGEL IN A SCENE FROM "FOREVER AFTER," WHICH RAN THE SEASON ROUND

From a photograph by White, New York

more than passing notice, seeing that it, too, falls within the category of those plays which, while making one think, did not therefore repel the crowds from the box-office. Not one of the foregoing was American-made, more's the pity.

As to London, the one hundred and sixty-seven performances of "Twelfth Night" at the Court Theater represent practically the season's only lift out of the commonplace slough of musical *revues*, plus more or less light importations from America. Of the latter, Gertrude Elliott played for six months at the St. James's in "Eyes of Youth," while Doris Keane hung up an almost similar record in "Nobody's Widow," known over there as "Roxanna."

Just as in New York, phenomenally heavy business is reported at all the London houses. "Chu Chin Chow," "Maid of the Mountains," and "The Naughty Wife," noted in my review last July, are at this writing still in the bills, while "Nothing but the Truth" ran at the Savoy from last

summer until Easter. "Fair and Warmer" has lasted almost as long at the Prince of Wales's, while "Going Up" has been going on at the Gaiety for upward of a twelve-month. Practically the sole representation of well-known English playwrights was a collaboration by R. C. Carton and Justin Huntly McCarthy on the four-act comedy "Nurse Benson," which a correspondent tells me was "perfectly delightful," and which enjoyed a long season at the Globe, with its capital cast including Marie Löhr, Lottie Venne, and Fred Kerr. Among noteworthy events of the West End season was Major Robert Loraine's return to the stage, after his brilliant war record as a flier, in a revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Shows in Chicago that piled up runs before hitting New York were Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," with Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry, and "The Overseas Revue," a musical affair in which Elizabeth Brice, fresh from entertaining the soldiers in France, was chiefly concerned. For

the rest, I note in the Lake City the more than six months' run of "Going Up," a busy box-office for "Business Before Pleasure," and a hit for "Tillie," with Patricia Collinge, who fell down in Manhattan. Guy Bates Post also made a record at the Studebaker in "The Masquerader," duplicating its triumph of last season on Broadway. "The Better 'Ole," on the other hand, with De Wolf Hopper starred, fell far short of its New York sensation, while "The Girl Behind the Gun," a big winner at the New Amsterdam, remained only five weeks at the Colonial.

A bird's-eye look-in on the New York season as a whole would discover a preponderance of American-made goods, with war dramas, musical pieces, and farces in the lead. Strange to say, however, the opening gun was not fired with a sample of the latter, as has been the recent annual custom. It was a comedy-drama with a strong war flavor that A. H. Woods hurried into town—after a sensational Chicago hit—on July 22, beating the usual time of opening by almost two weeks. "Friendly Enemies," by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman, starring Sam Bernard and Louis Mann, caught on at once, and is still running to big business at the Hudson as I write.

The belated "Passing Show of 1918," at the Winter Garden, was the second offering in the new theatrical year, three days later, lasting until November 9; while "Allegiance," by Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy—the latter is still remembered as Amélie Rives—another war piece of somewhat similar trend to "Friendly Enemies," reached the Maxine Elliott on August 1 and tarried there a bare five weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, deserting the movies, found a warm welcome awaiting them in "Keep Her Smiling," a comedy by John Hunter Booth, which, starting on August 5, held the stage at the Astor for more than a hundred consecutive performances, then went on a road tour only interrupted in the



REGINA WALLACE, LEADING WOMAN IN "FRIENDLY ENEMIES," THE FIRST PLAY AND THE FIRST HIT OF THE NEW YORK SEASON

From her latest photograph by the Campbell Studio, New York



FAY Bainter, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE STRIKING SUCCESS AT THE ASTOR THEATER,
"EAST IS WEST"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

spring by the regrettable death of Mr. Drew, who, as *Henry Trindle*, had put over some of the finest acting in the year's traffic.

The first farce in a season destined to abound in farces reached town on August 12. Mark Swan, the author, called it "She

because its entire four acts were played by only two characters, impersonated by Shelley Hull and Effie Shannon. The play, which evoked varying opinions, ran at the Eltinge until January 11, and three days later Mr. Hull fell a victim to pneumonia—a great loss to a profession which



HENRY HULL AND CONSTANCE BINNEY AS THE LOVERS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "39 EAST"

From a photograph by White, New York

Walked in Her Sleep," and the piece kept them awake at the Playhouse until after mid-October. Another war play arrived the following week—"Three Faces East," written by Anthony Paul Kelly, hitherto of the movies. With Emmett Corrigan and Violet Heming refusing to stay put in any classification the audience could make of them, this drama of constant surprises took a firm hold on the public. Starting in at the Cohan & Harris, not even removal to another theater in March could keep the audiences away; and as I write they are still coming.

This was the first in a trio of war dramas which August brought forth, the second being "Under Orders," by the English actor, Berte Thomas, listed as a novelty

death has robbed of many others since curtains went up last summer. The tour was continued with James L. Crane in the dual rôle of the American and German captain. Marjorie Rambeau, with an excellent supporting cast, including Pedro de Cordoba, Lewis Stone, and Will Deming, failed to get very far with "Where Poppies Bloom," a melodrama of the fighting-front by Roi Cooper Megrue, based on a French original by Henri Kistemaekers, and the Republic saw it no more after November 23.

The Hippodrome's most successful show, "Everything," began August 22. It ran until May 17, thus breaking not only the Hippodrome's own record, but that of every other theatrical attraction, by hanging up a

score of four hundred and sixty-one performances in a single season, made possible, of course, by the two-a-day schedule. This is the more remarkable, as the spectacle offered no one overwhelmingly sensational act, but was simply first-rate entertainment throughout.

The circus element entered into "Head Over Heels," the new musical play starring Mitzi, which played at the Cohan Theater from August 29 to November 23. Nalbro Bartley's story, "Shadows," suggested the plot, to which Edgar Allan Woolf supplied the lyrics and the indefatigable Jerome Kern the tunes.

The lucky Gaiety came to house another winner on August 26, when "Lightnin'" struck it. This was the second production of Smith & Golden, following their "Turn to the Right" of 1916. Frank Bacon, the character actor, turned the piece over to Winchell Smith for revision, and between them they concocted a comedy-drama of tremendous popular appeal, its strength many times intensified by Mr. Bacon's impersonation of the name-part, which has caused him to be likened unto Joseph Jefferson. There is no end of the run in sight.

An operetta in the old style—a style which has been unfamiliar for so long that perhaps its classification as "modern" is justified—opened the Cort Theater on September 3. With its scene laid in the Lombard city of Cremona, famed for its violins, "Fiddlers Three"—book by William Cary Duncan and music by Alexander Johnstone—supplied entertainment of no mean dimensions, introducing the Belgian prima donna Tavié Belge and a worth-while new comedian, Hal Skelley. The piece remained over two months in town and then set out on a tour of the country.

Another of the many unknown authors whom David Belasco succeeds in unearthing cropped up at the Belasco as John L. Hobbie. His offering, touching on the war-orphaned children of France, was called "Daddies," and with its instant drag on the feminine heart could not well fail of registering the hit it achieved on September 5. Removed to the Lyceum later on, to make room for Frances Starr, this comedy, cleverly interpreted by artists like Bruce McRae, John W. Cope, George Giddens, and Jeanne Eagels, continued far into the spring-time.

Another childhood offering of the same period was not so fortunate, as Booth

Tarkington's "Penrod," in the stage version made by Edward E. Rose, lasted only six weeks at the Globe. But that theater was manifestly the wrong house for it, and the piece has proved itself to possess sufficient staying-power to weather a winter on the road.

Managers who aver that the purely fantastic will not draw at the box-office have been confounded by the entire-season run of "The Unknown Purple," which Roland West, hitherto chiefly associated with vaudeville, brought into the Lyric in mid-September, with Richard Bennett as the man who, dabbling in violet rays, was able to make himself invisible. Mr. West himself and Carlyle Moore, author of the farce "Stop, Thief!" wrote the play, which, although not classified on the program, proved to be melodrama of a pronounced type, and which won out through sheer originality, keeping the boards until May 10.

In starkest contrast to this play for the eyes, the same week brought forth a revival of "An Ideal Husband," Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy of dialogue, with a cast carefully picked by John D. Williams, in which Norman Trevor, Constance Collier, Cyril Harcourt, and Julian L'Estrange gave a good account of themselves. It was during the two-months' Manhattan engagement of this attraction that poor Mr. L'Estrange, husband of Constance Collier, succumbed to the prevalent malady.

Meanwhile another war play had opened a new theater on Broadway—the Central, with Alice Brady as the star. Here, on September 9, began the run of "Forever After," an Owen Davis drama of love, youth, and faith, which, later transferred to the Playhouse, promises to remain until hot weather.

A capital musical comedy of war-time, "The Girl Behind the Gun," delighted throngs at the New Amsterdam from the middle of September to the beginning of February. Written by Bolton and Wodehouse, with music by Ivan Caryll, of "Pink Lady" fame, Klaw & Erlanger provided a cast of first-rate caliber, headed by the big four—Donald Brian, Wilda Bennett, Jack Hazzard, and Ada Meade. Three days later the Selwyns provided "Tea for Three" at the Maxine Elliott, served so delightfully by Margaret Lawrence, Arthur Byron, and Frederick Perry that this "angle on the triangle," by Roi Cooper Megrue, based on certain episodes in a for-



HELEN HAYES, WHO MADE A STRIKING IMPRESSION AS THE DREAM DAUGHTER IN THE THIRD
ACT OF BARRIE'S "DEAR BRUTUS"

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York



HELEN MENKEN, LEADING WOMAN IN THE SMITH & GOLDEN HIT,
"THREE WISE FOOLS"

From her latest photograph by Betta, New York

eign play, is announced to remain straight through the summer.

The end of September brought Cyril Maude back in a slight but enjoyable comedy by Haddon Chambers, "The Saving Grace," in which not only Mr. Maude himself, but Laura Hope Crews as his wife, previously divorced from another army officer, put over some of the best acting of their careers. The piece ran at the Empire until Christmas, when it set forth on a tour of the country.

The season's first artistic high spot was reached on October 3, when Arthur Hopkins presented John Barrymore at his

Plymouth Theater as the star in Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse," which he elected to call "Redemption." Public and press alike proclaimed it a drama of rare interest, well acted and effectively staged, and the piece played successfully until Mr. Hopkins withdrew it for "The Jest" on April 5.

"Sleeping Partners," a farce from the French of Sacha Guitry, featuring H. B. Warner and Irene Bordoni in its cast of four, made a good impression at the Bijou, where it lasted from October 5 until the middle of February. Unique book and settings brought success to "Some Time," a musical romance by Rida Johnson Young and Rudolf Friml, with Ed Wynn supplying most of the fun. Starting at the Shubert in October's first week, it was later transferred to the Casino, where it still remains.

Meanwhile, William Collier got almost four months out of "Nothing but Lies" at the Longacre, supported by a first-class cast in a capital successor to "Nothing but the Truth." Aaron Hoffman wrote the piece, and among the players were Olive Wyndham, Grant Stewart, Rapley Holmes, and William Riley Hatch. Another case of strong support to a star was that of the problem play, "The Riddle: Woman," founded on a Danish idea by Charlotte E. Wells and Dorothy Donnelly, in which Bertha Kalich shone none the less brilliantly with artists like Chrystal Herne, Robert Edeson, Albert Bruning, and A. E. Anson revolving about her. Starting at the Harris in early October, it did not complete its city run at the Fulton until mid-March.



RUTH MABEE AND CLIFTON WEBB IN THE SPEED-DANCE SENSATION OF THE SEASON,
"LISTEN LESTER"

From a photograph by White, New York

The season's surprise sensation was sprung very modestly down at the Greenwich Village Theater on October 19, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn produced there "The Better 'Ole," an adaptation from the Bruce Bairnsfather cartoons of the war, which had been playing for more than a year at a more or less obscure London theater. Comedy and characterization were the key-notes of the loosely knit reflex of life in the trenches as the British army saw it, and so pronounced was the success achieved that the play had to move up-town to the more spacious Cort Theater, where it threatens to stay the summer through. Mr. Coburn himself, Shakespeare actor though he be, did not disdain to put his best into *Old Bill*, while *Bert* and *Alf* could scarcely find better interpreters than Charles McNaughton and Colin Campbell. This was one of the very few offerings of the year for which several special companies were organized and sent on the road.

John Cort, by the way, about a week later presented at the Liberty a musical play based on "Widow by Proxy," which he called "Glorianna." The lyrics were written by Catherine Chisolm Cushing, who did the original comedy; Friml furnished the music; and the featured performer for a while was Eleanor Painter, followed on the tour, which began January 20, by Fritz Scheff.

A strange record is that of Clare Kummer's newest comedy, "Be Calm, Camilla," which Arthur Hopkins brought out at the Booth on Hallowe'en, with Lola Fisher—who shone so brilliantly as *Annabelle*, Miss Kummer's first triumph—and Walter Hampden. The reviews were enthusiastic, and those who went to see came away to praise, and yet, as time went on, attendance dwindled until January 11, when *Camilla* passed out with no road routing to follow. It is such uncertainties that keep wise men out of the theatrical business and irresistibly tempt others to enter it.

Speaking of "The Big Chance," a war-flavored play of this name by Grant Morris and Willard Mack, featuring Mary Nash, ran at the Forty-Eighth Street Theater from October 28 until the 8th of February, but the last war drama to see the light before the armistice—"The Long Dash"—lasted at the Thirty-Ninth Street only from November 5 until the end of the month. To my notion, the career of "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco, from November 12

until April 19, was out of all proportion to the deserts of this play about a London clubman's intrigue with a cook, which Edward Knoblock wrote for Frances Starr. On the other hand, there seemed every reason why "The Canary," a musical comedy starring Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn, with Sam Hardy and Doyle & Dixon, plus Maude Eburne, should have stayed at the Globe longer than from Election eve until the middle of March.

I must not forget, however, October's final gift to the year's record, for on the 31st Smith & Golden, still with the laurels fresh upon them of the hit achieved across the street at the Gaiety by "Lightnin'," put on at the Criterion another comedy—"Three Wise Fools," written by Austin Strong. The three fools—a trio of wealthy bachelors living together—were impersonated faultlessly by Claude Gillingwater, Harry Davenport, and William Ingersoll, and the public responded with sufficient enthusiasm to keep the piece on view until summer-time.

No such good fortune waited on a far more ambitious offering, no less than a sequel to "The Blue Bird." Even the magic of Maeterlinck's name failed to send people to see "The Betrothal" in sufficient numbers to warrant its continuance for more than ten weeks, with no road tour in prospect. Some of it was very beautiful, but there was too much of each scene, and it suffered by comparison with its famous predecessor.

A play on that oft-thrashed-out theme, the intermarriage of Jews and Christians, brought more prosperity to the new Belmont Theater than it was destined to know during the rest of the season, keeping the boards from November 25 until the 8th of March. "The Little Brother" it was called, written by Milton Goldsmith and Benedict James, presented by Walter Hast, and starring Walker Whiteside as *Rabbi Elkan*, with Tyrone Power featured as *Father Petrovitch* of the Russian church.

The first war drama to reach New York after the armistice, on November 22, was "The Crowded Hour," by Edgar Selwyn and Channing Pollock. It had already made a hit in Chicago, where it was presented, with Willette Kershaw in the lead, in early October. In Manhattan it served as Jane Cowl's second starring vehicle at the new Selwyn, which pleasing playhouse Miss Cowl had opened on October 2 with



MAUDE HANAFORD AS GINEVRA IN "THE JEST," THE YEAR'S GREATEST ARTISTIC AND POPULAR TRIUMPH, STARRING JOHN AND LIONEL BARRYMORE

From a photograph by Abbe, New York

"Information, Please," a comedy by herself and Jane Murfin, not to be mentioned in the same breath with their "Lilac Time." "The Crowded Hour," which contained some very fine moments and was acted by a carefully chosen cast, including Orme Caldara, Christine Norman, Georges Flateau, and Franklyn Ardell, played until April 12.

Channing Pollock, by the way, was sole author of "Roads of Destiny," another of the several dramas dealing with what might have happened if the heroine had made a different choice of paths to follow. In this case Mr. Pollock acknowledged indebtedness to O. Henry for the title, although he practically made a new story; and with Florence Reed as the star, his



PHOEBE HUNT, LEADING WOMAN IN "A PRINCE THERE WAS," THE COMEDY THAT WAS TRANSFORMED FROM A FAILURE INTO A SUCCESS BY THE INJECTION OF GEORGE M. COHAN AFTER ITS BROADWAY PREMIERE

From a photograph by the Campbell Studio, New York

"theme with variations" ran at the Republic from Thanksgiving eve until Washington's Birthday.

Meanwhile, the sixth annual Princess Theater musical comedy, "Oh, My Dear!" made its appearance at that house on November 26. Although I consider it quite the poorest of the series of which "Oh,

Boy!" proved so conspicuously enjoyable a member, "Oh, My Dear!" ran until May 10.

THE HOLIDAY WINNERS

Christmas week brought a host of good things to the fore, Barrie's "Dear Brutus," at the Empire, being, of course, the most notable. This whimsical comedy, by the

author of "Peter Pan," won instant public support, and will probably play until hot weather intervenes. The Charles Frohman Company gave it the best possible cast, with William Gillette in big type, and Helen Hayes, a very young newcomer, carrying off the actual honors in her single-act appearance. As the most prominent among the others I will name Sam Sothern—he and J. H. Brewer, as *Lob*, were the only importations from the London roster—Grant Stewart, Hilda Spong, and Marie Wainwright.

Two new and starless musical comedies, by practically unknown hands, inaugurated phenomenally successful careers on December 23, with the end of neither not yet in sight. These were John Cort's "Listen Lester," the dancing-speed show at the Knickerbocker, by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard, with music by Harold Orlob; and Arthur Hammerstein's "Somebody's Sweetheart," at the Central, with book by Alonzo Price, score by Antonio Bafunno, and laughs a plenty from start to finish.

Another Christmas winner was "East Is West," a comedy by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, featuring Fay Bainter as a Chinese girl transferred to the States. Beginning at the Astor on December 25, it promises to go on there until the Fourth of July.

To a fifth Christmas offering, "A Prince There Was," there is attached an unusual history. Calculated at first to star Robert Hilliard, it became unsuitable to the latter when George Cohan rewrote the piece, so Hilliard stepped out and Cohan stepped in until he could find somebody else adapted to the part. He finally decided on Grant Mitchell, but the latter was still busy turning them away on the road in "A Tailor-Made Man," and could not become the fairy godfather to the boarding-house child until mid-April. Mitchell acted it in New York until May 10, when the piece was transferred to Chicago.

"A Little Journey" began what was destined to be a long one on December 26, for this charming railroad comedy by Rachel Crothers is still running in the Maytime, during which its action is supposed to transpire.

The first of a flood of bedroom farces struck town in the shape of "Keep It to Yourself," by Mark Swan, on December 30, and remained until April 19. The best

acting in it was furnished by the men, among whom were Edwin Nicander, Dallas Welford, Alphonz Ethier, and Macey Harlan. On the same night, Thomas Dixon took possession of the Harris Theater, where he summoned the spooks to parade in the spiritualistic play by Walter Hackett, "The Invisible Foe." Although the critics were not particularly kind, the piece lasted in town until the 5th of April.

Another offering that failed to enthuse the reviewers was "Cappy Ricks," starring William Courtenay and Tom Wise, but the people received this Edward Rose dramatization of the Peter B. Kyne stories with joy, and kept it at the Morosco from January 13 until the 3rd of May. Melodrama polished to the nth degree by Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin, plus a Woods-picked cast, including Janet Beecher, Gail Kane, Will Deming, Charles Waldron, and Lowell Sherman, set forth "The Woman in Room Thirteen." Another Woods offering in the same mid-January week—Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach's frivolous farce "Up in Mabel's Room," with Hazel Dawn, Walter Jones, and John Cumberland—promises to be an equally long stayer.

A FRENCH PROBLEM AND A BELGIAN TRAGEDY

The Stuart Walker season at the Punch and Judy extended from January 15 until March 22, and three bills were offered, Lord Dunsany predominating. It is to be recorded, however, that the revival of his "Gods of the Mountain," and of "The Book of Job," were perhaps more notable than any of the novelties brought forward.

Meanwhile, Leo Ditrichstein redeemed his misfire with "The Matinée Hero," by giving us on January 20, at the Liberty, "The Marquis of Priola," adapted from the French of Henri Lavedan. With the support of players like Katherine Emmett, Jane Grey, Lily Cahill, and Brandon Tynan, he succeeded in holding gay New York to serious drama until the middle of March.

The first of Victor Herbert's music to sound during the season decked out "The Velvet Lady," adapted by Henry Blossom from Fred Jackson's farce "A Full House," and set forth on February 3, at the New Amsterdam, with Georgia O'Ramey and Ernest Torrence as leaders among the fun-makers. And the end thereof is not yet.

From February 4 to May 24, with a succession of good audiences, was the record of "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," starring Mrs. Fiske at the Henry Miller Theater. Written by Laurence Eyre, this delightful comedy, so thoroughly American in its exposition of creole life, gave Mrs. Fiske one of her finest parts, with excellent support from Hamilton Revelle, Georges Renavent, and Frederic Burt.

Of the February musical plays, "Good Morning, Judge," at the Shubert, based on Pinero's farce "The Magistrate"; "Monte Cristo, Jr.," at the Winter Garden; and "The Royal Vagabond," at the Cohan & Harris, are all three still running as I set down these facts. The latter, indeed, marked a new era in this style of entertainment, being so-called Cohanized opera comique, a matter of poking fun at the conventional article of its class, so successfully accomplished by Mr. Cohan that in one week the box-office takings were twenty thousand dollars.

The same short month brought two more bedroom farces to town. One of them, "A Sleepless Night," by Jack Larric and Gustav Blum, moved on to Boston after two months at the Bijou; while the other, "Please Get Married," by James Cullen and Lewis Allen Browne, is still at the Fulton, having started at the Little on February 10.

I am yet wondering how "Hobohemia," a farce comedy by Sinclair Lewis, contrived to last at the Greenwich Village from February 8 until April 26. On the other hand, I can easily understand why the charm of the last two acts might incline audiences to overlook the patent vulgarity of the first one in "Toby's Bow," a comedy by John Taintor Foote, for which the wondrous ability of George Marion as the old negro servant does so much. Beginning at the Comedy Theater on February 10, not even Norman Trevor, I am sure, could have carried it far into the spring-time without *Toby*, whose reverential bow the Northerner so keenly desires to see directed toward himself.

Marjorie Rambeau was out of luck this season. "The Fortune Teller," by a new man, Leighton Graves Osmun, did not do as much for her as "Where Poppies Bloom," and left the Republic after a two-months' run.

Meanwhile, across the street at the Liberty, Leo Ditrichstein was followed on

March 17 by another French affair, which, however, was Gallic only in so far as its subject-matter and atmosphere were concerned. This was "Molière," by Philip Moeller, with Henry Miller in the name-part, Blanche Bates for the *Marquise de Montespan*, and Holbrook Blinn as *King Louis XIV*—an array of talent that sent people to see it for a couple of months before Mr. Miller started on a tour that will carry him to the Pacific Coast.

Belgium was represented in the following week by Maeterlinck's war tragedy, "A Burgomaster of Belgium," which, although it remained a trifle less than a month at the Belmont, established itself as one of the best-written dramas of the great conflict that has yet come to us. E. Lyall Swete played the title-part, and the piece may be heard from again.

THE SEASON'S HIGH-WATER MARK

No more striking contrast in musical shows can be imagined than that existing between "Tumble In," and "Take It From Me," two of the March offerings in this line. The former, based on the farce hit "Seven Days," with book by Otto Harbach and a Friml score, I should classify in the "parlor-bred" tribe, whereas the other, with libretto by Will B. Johnstone and music by Will R. Anderson, is of the rough-and-tumble order, with its loudest laughs derived from the falls one of the comedians takes on a pair of roller-skates. Both are still in the ring.

March's last night witnessed another success for Rachel Crothers, this time with a boarding-house comedy, "39 East," which gives every indication of staying on at the Broadhurst into the summer.

The season's popular and artistic triumph, "The Jest," from the Italian of Sem Benelli, opened at the Plymouth on April 9, and bids fair to stay there as long as John and Lionel Barrymore will consent to brave the hot weather. In their support, Gilda Varesi is notable for sterling work as the blind girl, with her one scene in the third act. The English translation is said to have been made by no less distinguished a hand than Edward Sheldon's; and among the scenic achievements of Robert Edmond Jones, I think none will be likely to forget the impression made by the swinging open of the great doors in the first act, to admit John Barrymore. This truly fine play has been available

to America for the past ten years, but it remained for Arthur Hopkins to land it. Rumor runs that both Belasco and Winthrop Ames considered its production, and George Tyler came near doing it with Arnold Daly in the John Barrymore part. Mr. Tyler, by the bye, appears to have been particularly unfortunate in what he didn't get this season, as I believe he only missed out on the American rights to "The Better 'Ole," by a single day.

Mr. Belasco replaced the cook of "Tiger! Tiger!" at the Belasco with the race-horse of "Dark Rosaleen," a comedy of Irish life in 1914 by W. D. Heppenstall and Whitford Kane, the latter well known for his work in plays of Celtic origin, particularly "Lonesome Like." The dark horse wins, as every one in the audience knew it would as soon as he saw the others all plotting against it; but there is plenty of entertainment in the incidental fun provided by an excellent all-round cast, including Eileen Huban as the girl owning the horse, Beryl Mercer as the quarrelsome pedler of sweets, and Dodson Mitchell as the interloper from Ulster who causes most of the trouble. Starting on April 22, I see no reason why this enjoyable glimpse of the green as it is sometimes intertwined with the orange should not finish out the theatrical year more than comfortably.

A late April offering by a new firm attracted a good deal of attention, during its brief career at the Belmont, through the remarkable acting of Pauline Lord. Two years ago Miss Lord was the only woman in "The Deluge," and now, as the young mother who loses her hold on her husband through excessive devotion to her baby, she shows extraordinary ability to depict emotion by other means than throat gymnastics. Ticketed as a "fragment from life," this play by Thomas Broadhurst, brother to George, carried the rather tasteless title "Our Pleasant Sins." Besides Miss Lord there were only three others in the cast, but these were all leaders in their lines—Henrietta Crossman, Vincent Serrano, and Forrest Winant.

In my record of the spring-time I must not omit mention of the seven-weeks' run for "The Honor of the Family," which Otis Skinner played at the Globe, having revived this hit of former years for the road early in the season, after his September tumble in "Humpty-Dumpty." Nor must I fail to set down the fact that a farce

minus a bed turned up at the Booth. "I Love You," William Le Baron called it, and a new stage property took the form of a billiard-table therein, while much was made of dousing the lights completely instead of centering them upon a certain fixed object. Robert Strange, late of "Nothing but Lies," and Richard Dix, from "Little Brother," walked away with the chief acting honors.

IN THE REALM OF OPERA

The Italian language largely predominated in the twenty-four-weeks' season at the Metropolitan, for of the thirty-seven different operas presented twenty-four were in that tongue. This left nine to be sung in French and four in English, which latter included a revival of Weber's "Oberon," with striking scenery by Urban. This had six presentations, only exceeded by the eight accorded to "Madama Butterfly." Caruso continued to be the big drawing-card, while among the newcomers two Americans—Rose Ponselle, soprano, and Charles Hackett, tenor—carried off the laurels.

The San Carlo troupe made no extraordinary impression in its autumn term at the Shubert. The Chicago Opera Company, coming to the Lexington in February, again brought Galli-Curci, with Mary Garden as an added attraction, as the vaudeville posters phrase it. At the Park, the American Singers, under the efficient direction of William Wade Hinshaw, carried through a six-months' season of opera comique of which six of the Gilbert and Sullivan "little classics" were the happiest features, although a revival of "Robin Hood" also stood out prominently in the repertory.

THE THEATERS IN MAY-TIME

The first of the May shows was, as might have been expected, a musical comedy—"She's a Good Fellow," book by Anne Caldwell, librettist-in-chief to Charles Dillingham, score by the phenomenally industrious Jerome Kern. There is nothing particularly new in the theme—there's actually that old standby of the nineties, a sailor hero, who dresses up in woman's clothes to invade a girls' boarding-school—but the gowns are dreams of loveliness, to say nothing of the maidens who wear them, the Southern atmosphere is a welcome substitute for Broadway or a tropic isle, and the

action is carried on by a quartet of clever young principals. These four are Joe Santley, his wife, Ivy Sawyer; Ann Orr, and Olin Howland. The latter is the brother of Jobyna, and was *Bud Hicks* in "Leave It to Jane," in which Miss Orr was the athletic girl. If you want to see a young woman make a literal spring for a young man at love's behest, don't miss Ann Orr's wonderful launch into space at Scott Welsh in their duet, "Teacher, Teacher!"

"The Overseas Revue," already mentioned in connection with Chicago, reached New York on May 7, turning up at the Princess as "Toot Sweet." In it Elizabeth Brice and Will Morrissey exploit some of the acts they played in France to entertain the boys of the A. E. F. The striking difference between this hotchpotch and "The Better 'Ole" lies in the fact that while a deliberate striving to be funny is manifest throughout in "Toot Sweet," the humor of the other piece is spontaneous, and for that reason far more successful. In fact, I think I never saw Miss Brice so far from her best. May Boley and Clarence Nordstrom walk away with most of whatever laurels are to be handed out.

Another musical skit we owe to the war was "Come Along," with a book devised by Bide Dudley, a writer on dramatic affairs, and music by John Louw Nelson. With a story of the slightest and no well-known names in the cast, this side-light on the Salvation Army's work for the boys in olive-drab after the armistice, rambled on its own sweet way in defiance of all accepted canons of the stage. "*C'est la guerre*," however, and I must say the audience manifested its delight in no uncertain fashion.

PLENTY OF MUSICAL COMEDY

In this season of unprecedented prosperity for the theater, musical shows have been more in evidence than usual, and I find that in the multitude of them I have omitted mention of two that lasted long enough to deserve a place in the record. One was "Little Simplicity," which also touched on the war in its last act, and which ran from November 4 until the 8th of February. Rida Johnson Young wrote the libretto and Augustus Barratt the music, while Carolyn Thomson, Carl Gantvoort, Marjorie Gateson, and Walter Catlett were leaders in the cast. The other was "The Melting of Molly"—based on the novel of the same name by Maria Thompson Davies, with

score by Sigmund Romberg—which played at the Broadhurst from December 30 until the middle of March. Isabelle Lowe was *Molly* and Charles Purcell the hero, *John Moore*, until he went to the Winter Garden to create *Monte Cristo, Jr.*, in the spectacle of that name.

Although I have no authority for saying so, it would not surprise me to learn that "The Lady in Red" was an early effort of Anne Caldwell, before her success with librettos for Elsie Janis and Fred Stone made her famous. Nevertheless, some of the tunes that Robert Winterberg has set to a rather commonplace story are of the catchy description supposed to be essential to a summer show, so I should not be surprised to find this newcomer to the Lyric on May 12 fulfilling the sponsors' hope that it will link this season with the next. There's dancing a plenty, participated in by the wondrous Glorias, Berte Beaumonte and Makalif, Donald MacDonald, and the girls generally, while Adele Rowland and Franklyn Ardell hand out some hearty laughs.

THE THEATER GUILD'S HAPPY CASE

I may say here that in case any reader happens to know of plays not mentioned in this record, pressure on space has obliged me to pass over offerings which failed to make sufficient mark, either by the length of their stay or by their intrinsic qualities, to warrant their inclusion. Back in 1892, when this department was inaugurated, Manhattan theaters were so comparatively few that it was possible for a reviewer to cover the good, bad, and indifferent without making his record of the year inordinately long; but with nearly fifty theaters operating, a detailed recapitulation of every bill would be out of the question in a magazine article.

Following M. Coupeau's French season at the Garrick, that down-town house was occupied for six weeks or so by the Theater Guild, an association of "drama uplifters" erected upon the remains of the Washington Square Players. Their two productions evoked strong praise from the critics—"The Bonds of Interest," after the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, especially commended for its scenery and costumes by Rollo Peters, one of the players; and "John Ferguson," by St. John G. Ervine, which was notable for the all-around effective presentation of a somber piece.

The Odd Measure

**Khimara Makes
Her Voice
Heard in
Paris**

*A Tiny Corner
of the Adriatic
Littoral Demands
Autonomy*

IT is to be hoped, but scarcely to be expected, that when the Adriatic littoral shall finally be parceled out among its various claimants, every one will be satisfied, even including Prince Spyromilios, hereditary chief of Khimara. Khimara, it may be well to explain, is a little patch of land in southern Albania—or northern Epirus, as the Greeks prefer to call it, for that name identifies it as an ancient Hellenic province—fronting upon the mouth of the Adriatic and hemmed in landward by rugged mountains. Its seventy thousand inhabitants are Christians of the Greek Church, and have maintained a chronic racial feud with their Albanian neighbors, who are followers of Islam.

Khimara is one of the corners of that intractable mountain region which claim never to have been conquered by the Turks, though its people recognized the suzerainty of the Sultan by paying him a small annual tribute. In 1913, when Turkey gave up Albania, and the Conference of London tried to settle the resulting tangle of conflicting claims, Khimara was assigned to the new state over which Prince William of Wied was commissioned to rule. Prince Spyromilios and his clansmen, however, repudiated this settlement and refused to recognize the German princeling, whose tenure of a most uneasy throne proved brief. They lately sent an emissary to Paris with a petition that they should be assigned to Greece and allowed to retain their autonomous government.

Tiny as Khimara is, the question of its future status may not be easy to settle. The feud between Greeks and Albanians is not the only difficulty. If Jugoslavia loses the ports of the northern Adriatic, she will no doubt claim compensation farther south; and there is the further complication that Khimara is close to Avlona, or Valona, which Italy urgently desires to hold as an outpost commanding the gateway of the Adriatic.

* * * * *

**Freedom the
Watchword of
the Albanians**

*One of Europe's
Ancient Races
Hopes for a
Modern Revival*

THE Albanian word for freedom is *liria*, and the inhabitants of Albania interpret the ancient name of their mountain land, Illyria, as "the land of liberty." To-day *liria* is the watchword of a people who are among the oldest races in Europe, and of whom sixty thousand have found homes in the United States.

Centuries before the Christian era their town of Scodra stood on the hill beside its lake, now the Lake of Scutari; and before either Serb or Bulgarian came from Asia to Europe, the Albanians had been incorporated in the Roman Empire and won to Christianity. "Round about unto Illyricum I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ," wrote St. Paul to his friends in Rome.

When the Slav tribes broke across the Danube, Roman civilization retired to the Adriatic coast, while the Albanians fled to the rugged hills where the "sons of the eagle," as they called themselves, have perpetuated their race, their language, and their customs. When the Serb power, in turn, fell before the Turks, an Albanian chieftain, George Castriota, known in history as Scanderbeg, became the champion of Christianity and held the invaders at bay for thirty heroic years. Even after his death the clansmen of the hills retained a semblance of autonomy, though most of them adopted the faith of Islam; and they paid tribute to their overlord in military service so faithfully rendered that the Sultan's body-guard was always recruited from Albania. It was the rising of the Albanians in 1908, together with the defection of the imperial body-guard, that gave success to the Young Turks, compelling Abdul Hamid to grant a constitution to the empire, and to

Albania the right to have schools in its own tongue and books in its own language.

The world war has raged over Albania, and Greek and Italian and Serb and Bulgar have fought on its soil, but the Albanian has kept his dream of Illyria, the land of freedom, a land whose rugged mountains shelter valleys of gentle climate and fertile soil, where the olive and the vine thrive, where there are virgin forests of beech and oak; a land where wild fowl, duck, and snipe haunt the lakes, and where high up on the Albanian Alps the chamois makes its home.

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The French and British Navies Show Their Flags on the Rhine

Gunboat Squadrons Make a Long Voyage on France's Inland Waterways

THE appearance of the French tricolor and the white ensign of the British navy on the waters of Germany's most historic river is an incident of the Allies' "watch on the Rhine" that must have been a shock to Teutonic sensibilities. Six British submarine-chasers, armed with machine guns and rapid-fire three-pounders, arrived at Cologne in February, and have since been joined by a second flotilla. The whole squadron is patrolling the Rhine from a point above the university city of Bonn, where both the Kaiser and the crown prince were students, down to the Belgian zone at Düsseldorf, twenty-five miles below Cologne. Farther up the river, centering on Mainz, the French have a fleet of fifteen similar craft.

It may occur to the reader that the mouths of the Rhine are in Holland, and that with peace not yet signed it was a breach of Dutch neutrality—which the Allies have been careful to respect—to send vessels of war up the river. The answer is that they did not go up the river, but came down it, after a voyage of more than five hundred miles along the inland waterways of France. From the English Channel they went up the Seine through Rouen and Paris, and up the Marne past Château-Thierry, Epervier, and Chalons. At Vitry they turned off by the Marne-Rhine Canal, which passes through Bar-le-Duc and Nancy and then, tunneling the spurs of the Vosges, runs past Saverne and Strasbourg—Zabern and Strassburg no longer. Just beyond Strasbourg the canal joins the Rhine, and thence the gunboats had only to chug down the river to their posts of duty.

Theirs was by no means the longest cross-country trip a war-ship has ever made, for some years before the war British-built gunboats were sent to Roumania by way of the Rhine, the Bavarian canals, and the Danube; and no doubt light German craft have also made long voyages on that route.

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How the Humble Thrift Stamp Plays Its Part in World Affairs

Work and Thrift the Real Remedies for the World's Financial Evils

"SURE, I'll join!" said Bob Smith when they formed the Thrift Stamp Club in the tool-room, and now he takes two dollars' worth of the little stickers every pay-day.

They told Bob it helped pay for the war—which is quite true; but it pays for certain other things.

At a recent editorial conference in New York two financial experts had something to say about the use of Bob Smith's savings in bringing the world back to normal. The first speaker was O. P. Austin, statistician of the National City Bank, who told how the world had been manufacturing money on a quantity-production basis since 1914.

The belligerent countries had \$15,000,000,000 in currency before the war. During the conflict they printed more than twice as much paper money, so their total to-day is over \$45,000,000,000. That exceeds the value of all the gold and silver mined since the discovery of America. At the same time the world's national debts advanced from \$40,000,000,000 to \$220,000,000,000 with an annual interest-charge of \$10,500,000,000. Then the bank deposits in fifteen principal countries grew from \$25,000,000,000 to \$75,000,000,000; and where \$12,000,000,000 ran the world's governments in 1913, to-day \$50,000,000,000 is needed.

Money is cheap—the world has been manufacturing it on a great scale.

Goods are scarce and dear. The world cannot get back to normal until it deflates its currency; and work and thrift—producing more and spending less—are what really make it possible to do so.

* * * * *

How Can Our Vast Foreign Trade Be Maintained?

*We Must Save
Our Dollars to
Be the World's
Bankers*

THE other speaker at the conference mentioned in the preceding article was Francis H. Sisson, of another great New York financial institution, the Guaranty Trust Company. He gave some figures showing our record-breaking exports of goods to the destitute nations—twelve hundred million dollars' worth in two recent months.

"We cannot continue to ship such enormous quantities of goods overseas unless the buyers pay us for them," Mr. Sisson said. "There are three ways in which they can settle their bills—with goods or services, with gold, or with securities. The granting of credits will materially aid in solving the immediate problem of financing our foreign trade, but credit is merely giving a present value in exchange for a promise to pay. It serves to postpone payment, but does not settle the account. Credit was necessarily resorted to on a colossal scale during the war. During the early stages of the conflict England was ready to weather the financial storm and to lend large sums of money to her less fortunate allies, because she had extensive credits and investments scattered all over the world.

"The solution of the present problem seems to lie in our purchase of foreign securities. We may as well understand now that we can never hope to recall all of our foreign loans, and that knowingly or otherwise we have put out our money on a permanent basis. There is no doubt about our having to invest abroad some of the interest due us; but that should prove to be one of our greatest assets, as it proved to be one of England's when the crisis of 1914 shook civilization. It means that we are in world affairs on a scale not dreamed of a few years ago."

When Bob Smith buys his thrift stamps, he is making an investment and forming a habit. In the long run the habit will be more valuable than the investment, both to himself and the country. For the thrift habit, linked to our banking institutions, will provide capital to finance other countries, bring us interest and dividends from abroad, build world trade, and make markets for our products all over the globe.

It was largely the shillings and francs of thrifty Europe, lent us a generation ago, that enabled us to develop our own resources. Now that we are out of debt and prospering, the odd dimes and dollars of thrifty Americans must be lent to help other nations in the same way.

* * * * *

"Colonel Dick of Alaska"

*A Veteran
of the North
Now Serving
in Russia*

WHEN it was announced some time ago that an army engineers' unit, headed by Brigadier-General W. P. Richardson, was going to Archangel to join the American-Entente forces fighting the Bolsheviki and the arctic climate on the Murmansk front, few friends of "Colonel Dick of Alaska" recognized him as the commanding officer. But Colonel Dick it was, and none other; veteran of more meteorological blizzards and political hurricanes than any other man Alaska has produced, barring possibly "Jim" Wickersham, delegate in Congress from that Territory most of the time since it has been entitled to one.

Colonel Wilds Preston Richardson—colonel of regulars and brigadier-general by temporary commission—is by nativity a Texan—to mention which were well-nigh supererogation, for anybody knowing him a social half-hour would be sure of it. Architecturally, he is built on the generous lines of William Howard Taft, though it may be mentioned that war-time strenuities have in both cases considerably reduced measurements. The colonel bears another resemblance to the former President, too, in his expansive amiability and infectious good nature; wherefore, naturally, the two men are excellent friends. Apropos of which—but that comes later.

The most acrid critic of our war administration would have to admit that it was a stroke of genius that selected Colonel Dick for that Murmansk job. If there's anything that he doesn't know about winds, weather, waters, and ways in and adjacent to the arctic circle, then nobody else knows it. He is a West Pointer of the famous class of 1884. West Point classes should always be referred to in that way; each class knows itself as "the famous," and nobody else can deny. Twenty odd years ago, as first lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, he was sent to Alaska, where he built Fort William H. Seward, and then was placed on the Alaska Roads Commission—so named in honor of the fact that there were no roads in Alaska.

Since that time the colonel's business has been to survey and build roads and trails everywhere, with no money in particular to pay the bills; and between times to do the collar-and-elbow with Congressional committees in the effort to make them believe that Alaska deserves an occasional appropriation. At one time or another he has had to fight almost everybody in the Territory and at Washington to get a chance to do the big work he has accomplished for Alaska. He has been accused variously of stealing most of the Territory, sometimes for his own personal advantage, and at others for whatever financial interest chanced at the moment to be the most effective local boggy; but through all of it nobody ever caught the colonel with Alaska concealed about him. He has spent these long years plugging along, doing things for the benefit of other people; helping them toward realizing his and their claim that Alaska is going to be a great country in a few more decades.

* * * * *

Ex-President Taft's Lost Saddle

*Why Colonel
Richardson Had to
Have a New One
Built*

WHEN the world war gathered America into its vortex, Colonel Richardson was comfortably attending to his Alaska roads and trails. Being not only a West Pointer, but a former instructor in tactics at the Academy, he was promptly wanted to help lick rookies into soldiers; and to that end he was assigned to one of the big camps.

New duties, new difficulties. He must ride a horse, and hadn't done it in years. He hunted around, found a horse big and strong enough, and then set about to draw a saddle. There was none big enough; the government never needed them of his size; and the biggest one that could be provided was utterly useless to him.

Then a bright idea occurred to the colonel. He remembered that his old friend, ex-President Taft, owned a saddle, made to order, that was a wonder of capaciousness and comfort. Mr. Taft would certainly loan it for so patriotic a service, and the colonel promptly wired, asking the loan.

The notion somehow struck the ex-President's funny-bone. He wired Colonel Dick all about it. He had diligently hunted everywhere on the place for that oversize saddle. It wasn't in his chiffonier, nor in the bureau-drawers. Hadn't examined all the closets yet, but it didn't seem to be there. Pretty hard luck, but he was afraid he would never find it; if he did, he'd slap a special-delivery stamp on it and send it along.

On receipt of which, Colonel Dick sorrowfully went out and spent a month's wages for a tailor-made saddle big enough to hold him.

* * * * *

Uncle Sam's Generosity

*How He Overpaid
Holders of Fourth
Liberty Bonds*

WHEN Uncle Sam makes an interest payment for an odd number of days on a Liberty Loan, it seems to be his generous habit to give away a fortune. Those who bought a bond, or bonds, of the fourth issue—and that, of course, includes practically every reader of this magazine—will remember that the fifty-dollar man got \$1.01 for one hundred and seventy-three days' interest, and larger holders in like proportion, the payment on a thousand-dollar bond being \$20.20. Now at four and one-quarter per cent interest the man with a fifty-dollar bond did not actually have \$1.01 due him for one hundred and seventy-three

days' interest, but just a trifle more than one dollar and seven-tenths of a cent. Neither did the thousand-dollar man have \$20.20 due him, but about four-tenths of a cent more than \$20.14.

Why, then, did the thousand-dollar man receive nearly six cents too much? Simply to even him up with the fifty-dollar man. If the latter received \$1.01, the Treasury officials reasoned that the thousand-dollar man ought to get twenty times as much, or \$20.20. In this way the government paid extra interest on each thousand-dollar bond to the amount of five cents and a little more than six-tenths of a cent. An utterly insignificant sum, you say? Wait a minute. Uncle Sam had to pay that utterly insignificant sum almost seven million times, and the total amount he gave away was nearly four hundred thousand dollars—in exact figures, \$392,757.64.

In other words, in the April interest payment on the Fourth Liberty Loan the government distributed a good-sized fortune as a bonus. How does the fifth loan figure? Perhaps Uncle Sam intends to make another present to his patriotic children. Get out that note of yours and calculate it for yourself.

* * * * *

Will Cyprus Be Ceded to Greece?

*The People of the
Little Levantine
Island Want
Self-Determination*

A DEPUTATION of Cypriotes has been visiting London, to urge the cession of Cyprus to Greece, and letters and articles for and against the transfer have appeared in the English newspapers. It will be remembered that some time ago Premier Venizelos presented to the Peace Conference a memorandum of his country's claims, and in that document—which was commendably moderate in tone—Cyprus was not mentioned among the territories inhabited by Greeks but under alien rule. Nevertheless, it is not impossible that England will give the island to Greece, as she gave the Ionian Islands in 1863. In 1915 she offered it to King Constantine as payment for Greek support in the war, but the pro-German monarch declined the proposal; and when Venizelos, after the king's downfall, aligned Greece with the Allies, he did so without asking any price.

Cyprus has had many masters. In ancient times it was successively subject to Egypt, to Persia, to Alexander the Great, to Rome, and to Constantinople. Later the island was conquered by the Arabs, and then it was ruled for nearly three centuries by French princes of the Lusignan dynasty. It passed to Venice in 1489, to the Turks in 1570, and to British control in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield having negotiated a lease of it, subject to an annual payment to the Sultan. When Enver and his associates threw their unlucky country into the war on the side of Germany, England replied by annexing Cyprus and by making Egypt, also nominally under Turkish sovereignty, a British protectorate.

The island has an area of thirty-five hundred square miles and a population of nearly three hundred thousand people, three-quarters of whom are Greeks, the remainder being Mohammedans. Not only are the Greeks preponderant in numbers, but trade is almost entirely in their hands, and there are a dozen Greek newspapers. Government is carried on by a legislative council in which the British executive has six votes, the Greek inhabitants nine, and the Turks three; the casting vote of the high commissioner being decisive in many instances.

In 1914 the Greek Cypriotes submitted a memorial to the high commissioner in favor of union with Greece, but the reply then was that the Turkish element had submitted a counter-petition asking for the continuance of British rule. It is pointed out now that Cyprus had no military or naval value during the late war, save as a convalescent-station for troops; and one of those who advocate its cession to Greece is Captain C. W. J. Orr, for many years secretary to the government of Cyprus, and at one time acting high commissioner.



TWO RECENT PORTRAITS OF QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA—

QUEEN MARIE IS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, FORMERLY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, SECOND SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA—SHE WAS MARRIED IN 1893 TO CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA, WHO SUCCEEDED HIS UNCLE, THE LATE KING CHARLES, IN 1914

From a photograph by Bertram Park, London



—THE HANDSOMEST OF EUROPE'S NINE REMAINING QUEENS

THE PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED ON THESE PAGES WERE TAKEN DURING QUEEN MARIE'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND—SHE WENT THERE, WITH HER TWO YOUNGER DAUGHTERS, PRINCESSES MARIE AND ILEANA, TO SEE HER SECOND SON, PRINCE NICHOLAS, WHO IS AT SCHOOL AT ETON

From a photograph by Bertram Park, London

The Eliminator

BY JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrated by George Brehm

PICTURE to yourself a yellow dog, gigantic in size, as big as an elephant. Now imagine this dog balancing on his nose a huge red orange. Think hard—can you see it?

The orange rolls off the dog's nose, and a mouse, a great gray mouse, pounces on it and carries it away. Now see! A mammoth black cat is chasing the mouse. The mouse runs into an empty wagon. The wagon begins to roll down a hill.

In some such way does the man eager for self-improvement start to train his memory.

Walter K. Ball closed his eyes tight, frowning with the effort of concentration, and visualized the dog, the orange, the mouse, the cat, the wagon, and the hill. That moment marked the start of a career. He had commenced to use his will—to stop forgetting.

Ball was a shipping-clerk for a San Francisco firm. He was twenty-eight years old. He was underpaid. He had a wife, no children, no friends, no prospects, except a steel-hard determination to win something that he called success.

His outlook on life was as pallid and hard as his own pale eyes, which were light enough in color to match his pale, unhealthy skin, and beautifully matched his soul, which was the sickly hue of fish-belly white.

Spread open before Ball on the hastily cleared dining-table was the first of a series of paper books entitled "Key to Success Library." Ball had agreed to pay a dollar a week for the library, while the publisher, on his part, guaranteed to make every subscriber an efficient man of business—one of the sort pictured in his advertising matter as standing at the head of a long directors' table and dictating policy to a roomful of prosperous but submissive gentlemen.

Ball's wife, Lela, sat in a far corner—

as far a corner from her husband as one could find in a two-room flat that used to rent for twelve dollars and a half a month, fifteen years ago.

Lela wore a pink dressing-sack. Her hair was untidy. She knew she should be washing the dishes, but she lingered, fascinated by the brilliant mentality of her husband who would willingly devote an evening to studying a book, when he might just as easily have gone to a vaudeville show.

What girlish prettiness Lela Ball had once possessed had vanished after seven years of married life devoted chiefly to scrubbing and grubbing and trying to make ends meet. She was never nicely dressed, because it was painfully necessary for Ball to present a well-groomed appearance, and that left no money for her to spend. Lela was a country girl, poorly educated and without much ambition to better herself. She hated the city.

Probably she would have made a good mother, but children are a luxury, and she had none. Her greatest virtue was a blind, doglike devotion to Walter K. Ball.

This is what Ball was reading:

The human brain is too often a lazy slave which has rebelled and enslaved its master, the will. Only by constant assertion of our will can we hope to correct the clumsy, inefficient work of this bad servant. The man who controls his own mind can control the minds of others. He can demand and command whatsoever he wishes. The treasures of the earth, fame, fortune, power, are his for the asking.

Through the thin partition-wall to the right came the wail of a phonograph. Through the open air-shaft window floated phrases of a bitter quarrel between man and wife somewhere off to the left.

Ball was annoyed. But he read on:

The sure path to success is the straight line. Let nothing turn you aside. Mark out your goal and march! Summon your will to aid you.

Perhaps, even as the student reads these lines, there is some interruption in the room—outside noises, a draft of cold air, perhaps too high a temperature from the radiator. Let him say to himself:

The student paused, rapt with the new discovery. His pale eyes widened to a blank stare. The wailing of the phonograph faded and died from his conscious-



"YOU CAN'T!" SHE SCREAMED. "YOU CAN'T—CAN'T DO THAT! I AM YOUR WIFE!"

"This interruption, this hindrance, *does not exist*. It is my will to ignore it. I have put it from my mind. It is no more!"

The interruption will cease. For him it truly is no more. *Only such things exist as the brain perceives or remembers*; and the brain may be controlled like the hand, which picks up or rejects whatsoever the will commands.

ness. The sound of quarrel whispered into the distance, vanished.

Lela started apologetically—coughed.

"Oh, Walter, your father was in for a minute this afternoon. He said your mother—she's bad to-day. The doctor—"

Ball turned slowly at the interruption, his eyes still strangely dilated. He faced his wife with a blank look.

"The doctor," Lela stumbled on, "said he was afraid she couldn't last out the—the—Walter, do you *hear* me?"

Ball's face thawed suddenly, but into no expression of alarm at Lela's news. Instead there was a strange excitement. He had made a momentous discovery. Almost automatically he spoke:

"I remember no—mother."

"Walter! Walter, what is it? Are you crazy? Walter!"

Lela's horrified exclamations broke through the newly erected barrier, still weak from amateur building.

"All right, all right; I heard you. I—I'll go see them," he muttered. "Let me study, can't you? Go wash your dishes and let me alone—give me a chance to think once in a while!"

He had learned something that he would never forget.

II

A FEW days later Ball's mother died. He stood beside her casket, pallid, unmoved, his pale eyes absorbed in some fascinating introspection. He attended the funeral with an absent-minded regard for outward form.

His father was a colorless, rather pathetic figure of age, hopelessly incompetent to run the little grocery-store on Polk Street. He frequently borrowed a dollar from Ball, and invariably forgot to repay the debt.

After the funeral this dusty, colorless little widower in baggy black clothes began to spend his evenings at the flat with Ball and his wife. At first he said little; soon he said nothing—merely sat in a corner by Lela, watching Ball at his studies, asking no more than the meager comfort of being close beside his own kind.

Ball knew that his father hoped some day to borrow enough to buy a marble slab for his mother's grave. He did not approve of the expenditure, he hardened his will against it—forgot it.

Every night he studied and practised the control of his mind. Outside noises no longer disturbed him—they did not exist. The shabby father and the frowzy wife who watched him faded from his consciousness. He found it required an effort of will to summon them back to reality when his study was done.

From kindergarten exercises with gigantic dogs and rolling oranges as big as footballs, the memory course had led him to a point where he could glance over an intricate column of figures and repeat every item without mistake. Names, addresses, bits of information which he needed, were always at his tongue's tip now. He ceased to make mistakes. As a result of the change in his work, his employers placed him in charge of their shipping-room and increased his salary. He had taken his first step along the road to success!

Within three months he had made extraordinary advancement. His memory was almost letter-perfect. Concentrated attention to business enabled him to do the work of three men. Never did the propaganda of triumphant will-power fall on more fertile ground. Walter K. Ball was already a shining example of the efficiency that modern business demands.

He told Lela of his second increase in salary—it was a generous one, making the total more than twice his original fifteen dollars a week.

"Your father will be so glad!" Lela exclaimed. "Now he can mark your mother's grave."

Ball looked thoughtful.

"That thing must stop," he said firmly.

"What thing?"

"This grave nonsense—father—I'm through with him."

"Through—with your father!"

"Listen, Lela. I disown my father."

"You—you disown your—father!"

"I disown my father—put him from my consciousness—he does not exist. I am master of my mind—of my life—of all the world about me. My brain is trained—like my hand. Like my hand, it can take up what my will commands; like my hand, it can pluck out what my will commands—like this."

Slowly he extended his closed fist to arm's length, opened the fingers, and cast an imaginary father into outer chaos.

Lela, watching that cold, thoughtful face, felt a premonitory shiver.

"My mind works just like that," said Ball calmly.

"B-but—but—your father—"

"I have no father."

There came a familiar, timid knock at the door. Lela started apprehensively, fearful of she knew not what. Ball opened the door.

"Good evening, Walter." The shabby little widower summoned a feeble smile and made as if to enter.

Ball stood firmly in his path, eying him blankly.

"Don't come in," he said, "I am through with you; I have put you out of my life."

"You—you what?"

"I have put you out of my life. You are a stranger to me. Good evening, sir."

"Why—why, boy! Wally—I—you—"

"Good evening. Please do not annoy us again."

"My—my God, Wally! I—I—"

"Understand me," said Ball slowly. "I am done with you. You are not necessary to me—your presence annoys me, disturbs my concentration on necessary things. When you are by, I have a ridiculous feeling that I owe you something. Yet I owe you nothing—and I must not be disturbed. Please go now, and do not come back."

Ball shut the door.

Presently they heard the old man's timid step retreating. The whispering sound suggested absolute bafflement; a mind numbed by surprise.

Ball turned on his white-faced wife.

"Get dressed, Lela," he said coldly.

"We'll dine in a decent place to-night; I can afford it."

That was his last kindly impulse.

Lela dressed in a sort of dazed terror. Her clumsy fingers trembled and made a mess of hooks and eyes. Her clothes were shabby enough at best. Donned in this mist of fear, they made a scarecrow of her.

Ball was quick to notice the askance glance of fellow diners in the restaurant he took her to; the covert smiles of the waiters; the cool disdain of the door-man and hat-boys. He ceased to make conversation with Lela, and became absorbed in thought.

Lela fumbled her food and rolled pills of bread-crumbs. Instinctively she read his thought, and panic fluttered in her throat.

The next morning, before he left for work, Ball handed Lela fifty dollars and ordered her to buy clothes. He returned in the evening to find her clad as before.

"Your—your father, Walter—he c-came in this noon. He—he was heart-broken about—about—" Lela stumbled miserably.

"Where are the new clothes I told you to get?" Ball asked calmly.

"I—I—your father—that p-poor old man! Walter, I felt so s-sorry for him! I g-gave him the—I gave him—"

"You gave my fifty dollars—my money—to that man I disowned—that beggar?"

She nodded mutely. Her lips trembled too much for words.

Ball was not angry. He looked only the more thoughtful.

"That was a—mistake," he said coldly.

"Is dinner ready?"

III

THE next day blind panic crazed Lela. She felt the menace; she read Ball's cold face aright.

From money that should have gone to the grocer she stole the dollars. She sold what things she dared take from the flat. She invested the total—sixteen dollars and forty-three cents in cheap, shoddy finery.

With a desperate, tremulous eagerness she showed the result to Ball on his return. He said not a word; only looked thoughtful.

A month went by, and Ball was offered a better position by a rival firm. He accepted it.

Sometimes now he dined away from home. Occasionally he went about in the evenings. Business acquaintances were beginning to learn of his marvelous memory. He found this a great asset, and accepted every opportunity to astound men by the intricate lists of things he could memorize at a glance and repeat without error.

Lela stayed at home. She wept a great deal, which made her eyes red, and puffed her face. She lived in daily terror of the inevitable.

The thing happened in the gray hours of a March morning. Ball had returned from a banquet given by a commercial organization. He had enjoyed a triumph. Fifty strangers were introduced to him in rapid succession. Each man told him, in the brief moment of a hand-shake, his street address. Two hours later Ball had risen and singled out each man in his place at the table, and repeated the address given him without flaw.

The men had brought their wives to this dinner. Many of them were handsome women; all of them richly dressed. Ball studied these women. The whole affair was redolent of success.

Ball found Lela waiting up for him, in the shapeless, soiled pink dressing-sack she

wore at home. Her eyes were red, her face coarsened by weeping, her hair ragged. She gave one terrified glance at him in formal evening dress, his thoughtful face as pallid as the bosom of his immaculate shirt, the pale eyes meeting hers with scarcely a glint of recognition. He seemed

Her stiff lips formed words slowly.

"What—do—you—mean?"

"Simply that we are through—just that. You have been going out of my life these last few months—going bit by bit, and now—you are gone."

His eyes, speaking more eloquently than



THAT CURIOUS GESTURE
OF A SLOWLY OUTFLUNG
HAND THAT SEEMED TO
CAST OSBORN FAIRFAX
INTO OUTER DARKNESS

to study her as one would study a strange object in a museum.

Lela looked down hastily. Ball frowned slightly, concentrating his thoughts.

"I am going away," he said.

"Going—g-going—away?"

"Yes—to Detroit, later to Chicago. I've had a good offer—and accepted."

"I—I—when must we—?"

"Not we." He was still deeply thoughtful. "Not we," he repeated. "*Me.*"

"But what—w-what about—us—me, Walter?"

"That's just the point. We—we're through—with each other. I am going away—you stay—or go—or do as you please. We'll say—ah—good-by now."

his tongue, told the story. They saw her, yet failed to see her. They recognized a person, then only an object, finally nothing.

"A divorce—is that it?"

Already it seemed to cost Ball an effort to answer this woman whom he was putting from his life. To him she had faded even now into something wraithlike.

"Divorce?" he echoed, puzzling. "I don't think you quite understand. It's really nothing to me, what you do. I have put you from my life just as—just as I closed that door one night on a little old man that I disowned."

Lela stared at her husband's cold face in stupid dismay. She could not grasp the idea; but she knew she was losing him. All

of her clamored to follow him, to follow him into his strange inner shell as a dog follows its master. Her panic fear made her voice shrill.

"You can't!" she screamed. "You can't—can't do that! I am your wife—you hear, Walter, your wife! Seven years we've been married—lived together—seven years! Are you crazy, stark, raving crazy? Seven years, you hear, seven long years, and the year you courted me—eight in all. We—we've lived together—talked, laughed, loved—here in this same flat. You—you are a—a part of me; I am a part of you; I am your wife—your wife! You can't put me out, Walter Ball!"

Her voice had risen until it reached a high pitch of hysteria, as if she feared that he was growing deaf to her as his eyes were growing blind to her face.

"Please speak calmly," he reproved her. "Listen, I'll tell you again—I'll try to make it plain. You say I cannot put you out; that you are a part of me; that our seven years count against my plan. You are wrong. I can do this thing because I will to do it."

A slight thrill of exultation stirred in his even tone.

"I will to do it," he repeated. "You do not understand. I am master of my mind, of my every thought and impulse. Where other fools are weak I am strong. I have conquered. What my mind sees I need, my will makes it take; what is worthless to me, my will bids my brain throw out—and it obeys. Like my hand, my brain can pick up and it can reject, throw away."

Again he extended his closed fist in that favorite gesture.

"Nothing will come between me and what I wish," he went on. "I am free of all drags, all obligations, all weakening sentiments. I have no lusts, no vices, no follies. Old association, old habits, old sentiments I can put aside at will. Because I once married you, you think I cannot forget. I tell you it is easier than taking off this coat. And when I put you off, for me you vanish; you cease to exist. I have now put you—"

"Walter, Walter! No, for God's sake! Please, please listen. I—I'll try—I'll do better, dress better. I'll learn. God, how I'll study to please you! Only give me a chance, please, please, Walter—"

"I have put you off," he repeated calmly.

Her hands were plucking pitifully at his coat. He brushed them aside without a trace of emotion. His pale eyes looked on her with a mild, questioning glint. They seemed to recognize in her a woman—a strange woman—and to wonder slightly that she was before him.

That happened ten years ago.

IV

OSBORN FAIRFAX, the young sales-manager of Piff's safety-razor business, blushed red and redder until the hue of his freckled face merged with the fiery thatch of his hair. His eyes roved away from the pale, intent gaze of Walter K. Ball.

"By thunder, Ball, I—I—"

Fairfax was unable to speak the hated word. Throughout the great plant of Piff's, among every class, from the boys who carried blanks to the machines which stamped out razor parts, up to and including Theodore Piff himself, the verb "forget" was worse than profanity. It was a word tabu.

"H-m—I see, Mr. Fairfax." Ball had no hesitancy in supplying the omitted profanity. "You forgot that that Spelger discount had been altered by a private understanding with Mr. Piff himself made on June 8 of last year! Really, Mr. Fairfax—ahem—really, in your position, you must realize it is vitally necessary to cultivate the memory faculty."

"There have been so many darn things to-day," Fairfax defended. "By thunder, I—I feel lucky to remember my head!"

"The trained mind," said Ball severely, "does not falter at the multiplicity of objects to be remembered. The alert brain welcomes its task. A little more application, Fairfax, a little closer study of some good memory system. You know Mr. Piff's wishes in the matter."

"Yes, I know, I know."

Fairfax was contrite by an effort of the will. Secretly he longed to tell Ball brusquely to be about his business; better still, to aid him in his course by the swiftly implied impetus of his itching foot. Of course he concealed such thoughts.

Walter K. Ball was not a man to be taken lightly; assuredly he was the one man in the Piff business not to be offended. He was efficiency superintendent of everything connected with "Piff's smooth shavers," and his domain extended from the huge electric sign on the roof to the

farthest-flung salesman in Buenos Aires or Bermuda.

Yet Osborn Fairfax was, in vulgar parlance, itching to apply a swift kick to the person of Mr. Ball, so that Ball would nevermore intrude himself into his little coop of an office, or into Fairfax's delightful little visits with Claire Piff, his friend from high-school days and daughter of the razor king.

At the root of this itching was Claire herself. Perhaps Fairfax did not realize it fully, but he was jealous of Ball. Ball had begun to worry him.

Had he known the truth, Fairfax would have had reason to worry.

With the cold, slow sureness of a descending glacier, Ball had determined to marry Claire Piff. He knew that Claire would inherit her father's money and the control of the business. He realized, also, that to have a wife like her was a distinct social asset for any man. His brain marked out a straight line to the goal, and he began to follow it.

There was one obstacle in that path—Osborn Fairfax, but Ball was perfectly confident of defeating this good-natured young rival, whose greatest claim to Claire's consideration was that once they had been childish sweethearts.

Theodore Piff was a mild little gentleman, past middle age, and as insignificant in personality as his name. Notwithstanding the fact of his considerable success, only one man in five could recall that name at a second or third meeting with the razor-manufacturer. This was one of the minor annoyances of Piff's life.

When Piff and Ball had met, six years before, Ball had already outgrown his earlier mountebank feats of memory leg-erdmain. They no longer became his dignity as an expert in business efficiency; but thousands of business men in the Middle West mentioned his name reverently as the man who never forgot.

Ball and Piff were hastily introduced, and spoke together but a few seconds; yet six months later, at a casual encounter, Ball delighted the razor-maker by not only pronouncing his name correctly but also spelling it correctly. Furthermore, he recalled the entire conversation of half a year earlier.

Ball's mental perfection fascinated Piff. A few weeks later Ball was hired to overlook and advise upon the rapidly growing safety-razor business.

On the day Ball accepted Piff's offer, he received a letter—a shabby little note written with an indelible pencil. Within the envelope was a sheet of cheap, ruled paper that bore a brief scrawl:

WALTER BALL:

You have killed the last one who loved you. Lela is gone. When you get this, I will be gone, too.

YOUR FATHER.

Ball read this letter thoughtfully, lighted a match, and burned it. From this little task he turned with a calm smile to greet Piff, who had stepped into his office; and behind the manufacturer, for the first time, he saw Claire.

V

THUS ten years of concentration that began with gigantic yellow dogs balancing oranges on their noses brought Walter K. Ball to a position where he could overlook the work of three thousand employees and devote his spare time to qualifying as the future husband of the girl who would some day own all that business.

Ball administered a final, quiet rebuke in his cold, precise manner and turned to leave Fairfax, exposing to the young man's gaze a straight back, clad in irreproachable tweeds. Fairfax eyed that correct back which his foot itched to chastise, and sighed from suppressed desire. And just then the door opened to admit Claire.

As to whether or not Claire was pretty, critics might disagree, but she had the beauty of youth, health, wealth, and the frosty caress of November air. Her hair was black and soft. Her eyes were black, and had impish little lights in them. She was dressed in a delightfully simple tailored suit with fur on it, wore a close-fitting hat with a jaunty, silly feather, and high russet walking-boots.

"You're coming to the house to-morrow evening?" she greeted Fairfax.

"As if you could keep me away!" His freckled face beamed. Then a slight cloud crossed it. He stammered: "Ah—ah—you didn't say it was a dress-up affair, did you, Claire? Or, yes, come to think of it, I believe you did. I—ah, you see, I sort of—"

"Osborn Fairfax!"

Her exclamation accused him of unforgivable crime. Fairfax looked confused and guilty, like a small boy caught rifling the jam-closet.

"You—you dare tell me you forgot it!"



SHE WAS SHABBY IN DRESS, SHABBY OF FEATURE, SPIRITLESS, YET INSPIRED WITH THE
TERRIBLE BRAVERY OF THE VERY COWARDLY

Claire's voice showed a real hurt. "You've forgotten—"

"No, no, honest, I—why, sure I remember, Claire! Now let's see—let's see. Say, Claire, this isn't—isn't *the* February?"

"You see, Mr. Ball, he's completely forgotten it!" Though her tone was meant for light exasperation, it was plain that Claire felt hurt. She liked this Osborn Fairfax, perhaps even enough to marry him some day, but his absent-mindedness—oh, how it annoyed her! "He doesn't remember a word I told him," Claire went on; "not even when it's my—my birthday!"

"Then it is—this is *the* February! This is leap-year. Oh, Lord!" Fairfax groaned.

"And I have a birthday only once every four years."

"Now, Claire, listen. Honest, I didn't forget it. I just—"

Ball smiled his chilly smile.

"Mr. Fairfax means he merely mislaid the fact, let it slip into some dusty corner of a lazy brain," he murmured pointedly.

"Yes, yes," Fairfax agreed hurriedly. "Yes, that's it, I just—no, hang it all, not that either!" He glared at Ball for suggesting the words. "Claire, as if I could ever forget your birthday! Claire—"

"Mr. Ball never forgets anything about me," Claire murmured with offended dignity. Then at the sight of Fairfax's gloomy face she relented. "I know you've been busy, Osborn. Never mind—we're friends again. I don't really think you'd forget it—not regularly, anyway. And it's just a little party, just you and Mr. Ball and dad. Remember, you're to come for dinner. Don't forget, please, Osborn. A girl who's born on February 29 hasn't so many birthdays."

"As if I could ever really forget!" Fairfax exclaimed fervently.

Ball, leaving the room, smiled his thin, cold smile.

When the door had closed, Claire fired her final shot.

"Osborn," she declared seriously, "I wish you'd take some memory lessons from Mr. Ball."

Outside the door, where he had paused with alert ear, Ball permitted himself another of those twitchings of the lip that showed his pleasure. Then the expression on his face became deeply thoughtful, and he lingered, listening.

"Claire, I'll tell you the best way to cure my forgetfulness about your birth-

day," Fairfax was saying. "If you'd only marry me—"

"Osborn! Here, in an office! And again! I thought you promised not to say a word for three months."

"I forgot that; I'm glad I did, too! Claire, I love you."

"I'll not be proposed to in a business office, with filing-cases and typewriters staring at us."

"To-morrow night, then—can I say it then?"

"Maybe; we'll see."

"You will, you will! Girl, I know you will! Say yes!"

"Good-by."

Ball could hear Claire's hasty retreat toward the door. He walked away noiselessly, and from a distance saw her go out, her cheeks blooming and her eyes bright with a new softness that made him distinctly uneasy. It was time to act—he saw that.

Up to the present he had said little that was actually disparaging of Fairfax, because he felt the subject a delicate one to handle. He knew that Piff liked this young fellow.

Fairfax occasionally forgot business details, but usually they were of slight importance. Such errors as he had made Ball observed and stored away in his memory. Now it was time to use them.

He knocked at the door which separated him from Piff, and immediately entered.

"About young Fairfax," he began at once. "I am of the opinion he doesn't measure up to his duties as sales-manager. A year or so on the road, say in the West, would do that young man good."

"Really, Ball!" Piff looked slightly bewildered, a little unhappy.

"Yes, really."

Ball began his story. Incidents and dates flowed from his lips without pause. There were office records to verify all of them, but he had no need of records to refresh that memory.

When he finished, Piff sighed.

"I like young Fairfax—like him first-rate," he observed sadly. "But—well, you're the doctor, Ball. I brought you here to get the work done. Go ahead!"

Ball nodded thoughtfully.

"Very well. Since Fairfax forgot that special Spelger discount, I think the best thing he can do is go out to Portland and see Spelger, make a personal explanation,

and apologize. Good-will is a distinct asset, Mr. Piff."

Piff nodded, still a little disturbed that Fairfax must be disciplined.

"Yes, yes, quite right, Ball."

"It may be necessary to send him at once. In fact, I believe—"

"Certainly, Ball. Use your judgment."

Ball did not go direct to Osborn Fairfax. He waited until Fairfax was slipping into his coat, preparatory to leaving for the day. Then he informed the sales-manager that Piff had ordered him to catch the first train for Portland, Oregon, for a personal interview with Spelger. He did not tell Fairfax that he would be ordered to remain in the West in an inferior position. He did not care to risk the possibility of Fairfax's resignation on the spot.

"Good Lord!" the young man groaned ruefully. "Look at that desk full of stuff I'll have to clean up before I get the eleven-o'clock train."

"Send out for dinner," said Ball. "Telephone for what you need to travel with. I'll help you clear up the work."

A little surprise mingled with Fairfax's gratitude.

"That's mighty white of you, Ball," he said.

At half past nine o'clock Fairfax stopped work with a sudden look of alarm.

"Claire's birthday!" he gasped. "By all that's holy, I must tell her I can't come!"

He seized the telephone. Presently he hung up the instrument, baffled.

"She's gone out," he muttered.

"With Mr. Piff, I believe," said Ball.

"Where? Ball, this is serious. I've got to catch her."

"I'm sorry," Ball smiled sourly. "Mr. Piff merely told me they would be away from home."

At intervals, as possible addresses occurred to him, Fairfax telephoned, but in vain. At a quarter to eleven he decided on a note. He wrote with one eye on the clock. The note sealed, he tossed it into a basket filled with correspondence and shoved the basket at his tired, waiting stenographer.

"Mail it," he gasped. "You'll be sure? Well, good-by, Ball. I'll wire you."

Ball accepted the proffered hand coldly.

"Good-by," he murmured.

As the door closed on Fairfax, Ball's pale eyes stared at the panels as if they still followed the young man's form hurrying down

the corridor. Watching, his gaze blank, he again made that curious gesture of a slowly outflung hand that spread its fingers and seemed to cast Osborn Fairfax into outer darkness.

"Oh, Miss Clark," he said, turning on the stenographer. "Please get the A to Ch special discount files from my office."

When the young woman was gone from the room, Ball took Fairfax's letter to Claire from the heaped-up basket and dropped it into his own pocket.

VI

THE announcement of the engagement of Claire Piff to Walter K. Ball attracted much attention from the newspapers. The daughter of the razor-maker was herself a feature of society news, and Ball's reputation as "the man who never forgot" was more than local.

Claire was glad that the announcement attracted notice. She hoped it would be copied by newspapers everywhere, particularly on the Pacific Coast. She hoped, with a mixture of a little feminine spite and a great deal of sad wistfulness, that it would come to the eye of Osborn Fairfax, who had run away and forgotten her birthday, forgotten her, forgotten the promise of love she had given him.

Claire never received Fairfax's good-by letter. Ball made that his business. At first she was too proud to write to Fairfax. When she did write, she sent her letter to an address given her by the efficient Ball. There was no answer.

Ball lost no time with his wooing. Piff favored the match, and Claire gave her promise on a sudden impulse to show Fairfax what she thought of him. Then, to her horror, she discovered she had done an irrevocable thing. Ball was no man to release a girl from a promise. So, in spite of her pitiful subterfuges, despite the success of several postponements, Claire found the wedding-day at hand.

The ceremony was restricted to a few close friends. The cool church seemed quiet and impressively lonely. In the vestry there was a momentary wait for final arrangements. The dozen or more guests paused irresolutely, awaiting word from the clergyman. Voices were hushed in that sacred place, yet even hushed tones seemed to echo sacrilegiously.

"Sure you got the ring, old man?" a nervous best man nagged at Ball.

"No fear!" Ball's lip twitched coldly at the age-old question. "I didn't forget it."

"Forget!" Pfiff's nervous chuckle made them all start. "That man never forgot anything in his life."

"That's so." There was a general nodding of admiration. "He never forgets."

"No," Ball repeated calmly, "I never forget anything or anybody—unless it is my desire to do so."

The murmur of their talk died in the deeper voice of the organ, speaking tenderly of love and happiness. The guests took their places; the clergyman waited at the altar.

The party moved up the aisle, Claire a pale and thoughtful bride who shrank from the touch of a pallid, thoughtful groom. They paused, the music died away, and the rich, modulated voice of the rector began intoning the familiar phrases.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here—"

Already the nervous tension of the moment was lessened. Guests were smiling.

The smooth intoning flowed on to that conventional last-moment phrase, that quaint survival of old form. It mechanically spoke the solemn words:

"If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace—"

Before his warning was done, the clergyman saw something that made him stare. He sensed the interruption before it came, and his voice faltered and died.

Down the main aisle, advancing tremulously, but with a resolution that would have driven her into machine-gun fire itself, moved a woman. A glance showed she was not one of that party.

Whence she had come, and how, they forgot in the confusion. Later the sexton recalled that of late she had been there daily to pray, and must have lingered among the benches.

She was shabby in dress, shabby of feature, spiritless, yet inspired with the terrible bravery of the very cowardly.

When she spoke, it was in a curious, muffled tone that suppressed all emotion; yet every straining ear heard what this apparition had to say.

"He shall not do this. I am his wife!"

In that awful moment of calm, when every heart-beat paused, she turned to Ball, hands extended in a menacing gesture.

"Do you remember me, then, Walter Ball? Do you remember?"

At the sound of her voice Ball's eyes flickered with momentary surprise. A vague, troubled stare widened the pupils; then fear, instantaneous and terrible, was born in the man.

"You remember me, Walter Ball! You said you could put me out of your life—close the door on me. You have failed. You do remember! I am Lela. I am—"

Ball's voice cracked hysterically.

"Lela is dead!" he cried. "They told me so. My father wrote—"

"Yes, you killed me," mourned this ghost of Lela. "You killed me, all but my body. That lived. Dear God, how I've wished it could die! But it lived; I dragged on. And you, Walter, you forgot to verify that false news of my death. For once, *you forgot!*"

Ball's quavering lips echoed her phrase.

"The woman I forgot—forgot!"

VII

A SHABBY, ragged figure of imbecility had just been kicked from the corner saloon door. It picked itself from the hard pavement without surprise, without any emotion at all. It stood shuffling on the corner, hands tucked into the cuffs of a coat whose grotesque sleeves were far too long.

The lips of this derelict moved in a monotonous chanting.

The patrolman who stood near by grinned in a tired way, as one who is bored by an every-day occurrence. A chance passer-by asked him curiously:

"Who's that old dope?"

"He's a card," grinned the patrolman. "Funny old bird who can't sing but one song. Clear nutty!"

"What's he sing?"

"Ask him, if you want a laugh. His act's a scream."

"Well, dad, who are you?" grinned the interlocutor.

The other shuffled. Suddenly he withdrew one hand from its sheltering cuff and slowly extended it, the fingers closed tight. At arm's length the fingers opened, in the gesture of one who casts something from him.

Then his lips began their mechanical chant, monotonous, rapid at first, but slowing down as clockwork might run down:

"I—I forgot—forgot—forgot."

Replanting the Forests

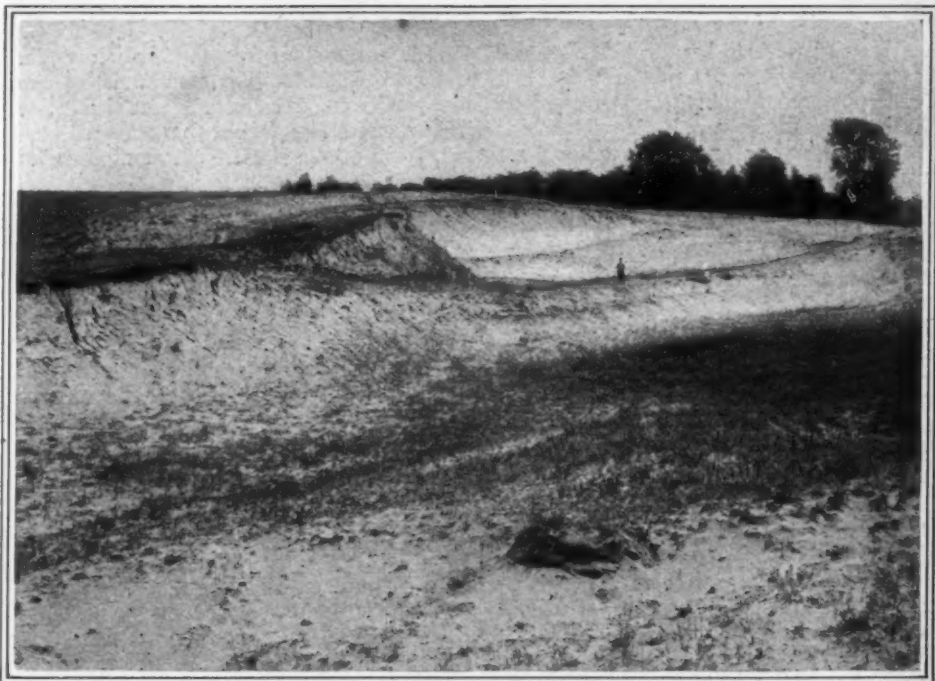
THE THREATENED EXHAUSTION OF AMERICA'S TIMBER-SUPPLY—WHAT ONE MIDDLE-WESTERN FARMER HAS DONE TOWARD SOLVING THE PROBLEM

By Robert H. Moulton

ONE of the losses that the great war brought to several of the belligerent countries was the wide-spread destruction of their trees. In France, of course, much of the damage was done by the blasting torrents of shell-fire that turned so many beautiful woods and plantations into pitiful rows of riven and blackened stumps. Elsewhere it was due to the increased demand for timber and the difficulty in importing it from the usual sources of supply. England is said to have sacrificed one-third of all her trees, chiefly for the

building of military camps, for burning as fuel, and for use as props in coal-mines. It is pleasant to read that the French and British governments have set afoot large plans for replanting; but for years, in both countries, many a fair landscape will be bare of the foliage that used to please the eye of the traveler.

Italy, too, has suffered in the same way. Her shortage of coal was such that we have read of her beautiful and valuable olive-groves being cut down to supply fuel for her imperiled industries.



WORTHLESS LAND IN WESTERN ILLINOIS, IN THE SANDY BELT ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, A SAMPLE OF THE ABBOTT TRACT IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION—IN THE BACKGROUND ARE YOUNG TREES PROTECTING THE FIELD BEYOND



A PLANTATION OF YOUNG LOCUSTS AND BLACK WALNUTS GROWING ON LAND WHICH FIVE YEARS BEFORE WAS AS BARREN AS THE SAHARA DESERT

In America we shall hardly miss what the war has taken of most kinds of trees; but of certain species, notably, the black walnut and the locust, the supply of which was greatly depleted by war-time demands, there is a marked scarcity.

As a matter of fact, this scarcity dates back to a time before the war. Forty years ago and more Germany began buying walnut lumber and logs in this country, ostensibly for veneering. No doubt much of it was used for that purpose; but it is easy to guess now that most of it was stocked up for use in her great gun-works.

Lumbermen along the rivers from the head of the Ohio to New Orleans busied themselves buying the fine walnut-trees formerly so plentiful throughout that region, cutting them and squaring the logs for shipment in seagoing vessels. They paid good prices for the trees, and their owners felt as if they were finding money, for there was no great demand for walnut lumber in this country at that time.

Later, say twenty years ago, it was reported that the walnut logs were to be made into gun-stocks; but very few of us feared the coming of war, and we continued

to sell our walnut-trees—cheaply enough, too—for export to Germany. There are many who can recall seeing great piles of the squared logs, with the ends painted red, lying at the stations all along some of our railroads.

We didn't know what it meant, but now we do, for thousands of our own men, some of them sons of the men who sold the walnut-trees, have been shot to death with guns whose stocks were made from the wood they sold.

Now that almost all the fine walnut timber is gone, and we can't get it back; there is no use crying about it. The best thing we can do is to try to replace the trees. What is true of the black walnut applies also, in most respects, to the locust, whose wood is highly useful for purposes in which great strength and toughness are required, as in wooden wheels and for various uses in ship-building.

There is another important point to be considered in the planting of these two species of trees—they can be grown on sandy tracts of land which are now considered practically worthless. Going still further, the reclamation of such tracts by

tree-planting has, in special instances, been the means of protecting other fertile acres adjoining them.

An excellent illustration of this, as well as of the adaptability of the black walnut and the locust to sandy soil, is furnished by the experience of an Illinois farmer, Mr.

acres here and there, has been covered with an abundant growth of black walnut and locust trees, not only giving to the land a value it did not have before, but also protecting other fertile areas lying around the once-barren spot from the inroads of the blowing and drifting sand.



HOW A PLANTATION OF TREES CAN PROTECT CROPS FROM DRIFTING SAND—NOTE THE FINE GROWTH OF CORN AND GRASS ON WHAT WAS FORMERLY A BARREN SPOT

A. N. Abbott, who owns a large tract in the western part of the State, near the Mississippi River. A few miles east of the river, running parallel to it, is a wide belt of sandy soil, the sand having been blown there, in past ages, from dry channels of the Mississippi.

When Mr. Abbott came into possession of his farm, it included a tract of about seventy-five acres which was absolutely devoid of vegetation except for the presence in the center of it of one huge cottonwood. This single tree gave him the idea of planting other trees in the sand. It also suggested certain species which would be likely to grow there, including the black walnut and the locust, and he set about the task of planting them.

That was eight years ago. To-day all of this tract, with the exception of a few

This single example of successful afforestation under anything but favorable circumstances offers the greatest encouragement to those who are interested in the preservation of our trees and in the replacing of two valuable species. It shows what might and should be done on a vastly larger scale if we are to avoid a very serious, not to say disastrous, scarcity of lumber in the near future. It is commonly estimated that the United States, taken as a whole, is cutting its timber twice as fast as it is growing a new supply; but Henry S. Graves, head of the Forest Service, recently gave it as his opinion that the annual growth is no more than one-third of the amount consumed or destroyed.

The problem thus presented is one of the most pressing and important that the nation has to face.

The Lowered Guard

BY KATHARINE HILL

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

"YOU hectoring, heartless beast, it's you, is it? Well, I'm thankful for the chance to tell you what I think of you, outside of a court-room, where you can't make me shut up! I've got as good a right to eat in this restaurant as you have, and I'm going to sit right down by you and give you an earful!"

The woman was badly dressed. Her hat was pinned crookedly over hair that straggled; her face was flushed and shiny.

The district attorney, a set little smile of embarrassment on his lips, made a pretense of not hearing her and not knowing that any one was speaking to him, until she made to carry out her threat, and, following the men to their table, actually pulled out the chair next his. Then he turned and said something that Joan Macomber did not catch. Joan saw the woman blench, falter, and, a minute later, leave the restaurant, to take up her station on the pavement and glare balefully at her enemy, past the tossing pancakes in the plate-glass front.

It was at Joan's table that the two men seated themselves, and she glanced furtively at them, as every one else was doing, except those whose stares were open. The district attorney she did not know; but the man with him was Garrett Winship.

At finding herself so near Winship, a surge of hate traversed her, and left her sick and shaking. The mere thought of this man, who did not know the girl opposite him from Eve, often affected her in that manner. She knew him well enough; her father had pointed him out on the street.

"There's the man that fired me, after thirty years' slavery for their blood-sucking company! There's that Eastern smart Aleck—take a good look at him!"

That was what John Macomber had said. And his young daughter had looked and learned to recognize the clear-cut, moodily handsome face.

Now she would have liked to lean across the table and affront Winship as that other woman had just affronted his companion—with violent abuse. She even began to frame sentences in her mind, rejecting some and sharpening others, when the man who had been attacked amazed her by saying tolerantly:

"Poor creature! I'm sorry for that woman."

"Her husband's a bad egg, I suppose?" commented Winship.

"I convicted him—that's why she has it in for me, of course. But what I was thinking was how much she'd like to injure me, and how utterly powerless she is to do it—short of a gun, and she's not that kind. Why, she could slang me all day, if it was any satisfaction to her. I shut her up just now—said something about the police—because you don't want a row in a place like this; but anything she can say to me slides off like water from a duck's back. What can it possibly matter to me what a woman like that thinks of me? Its unimportance is pathetic!"

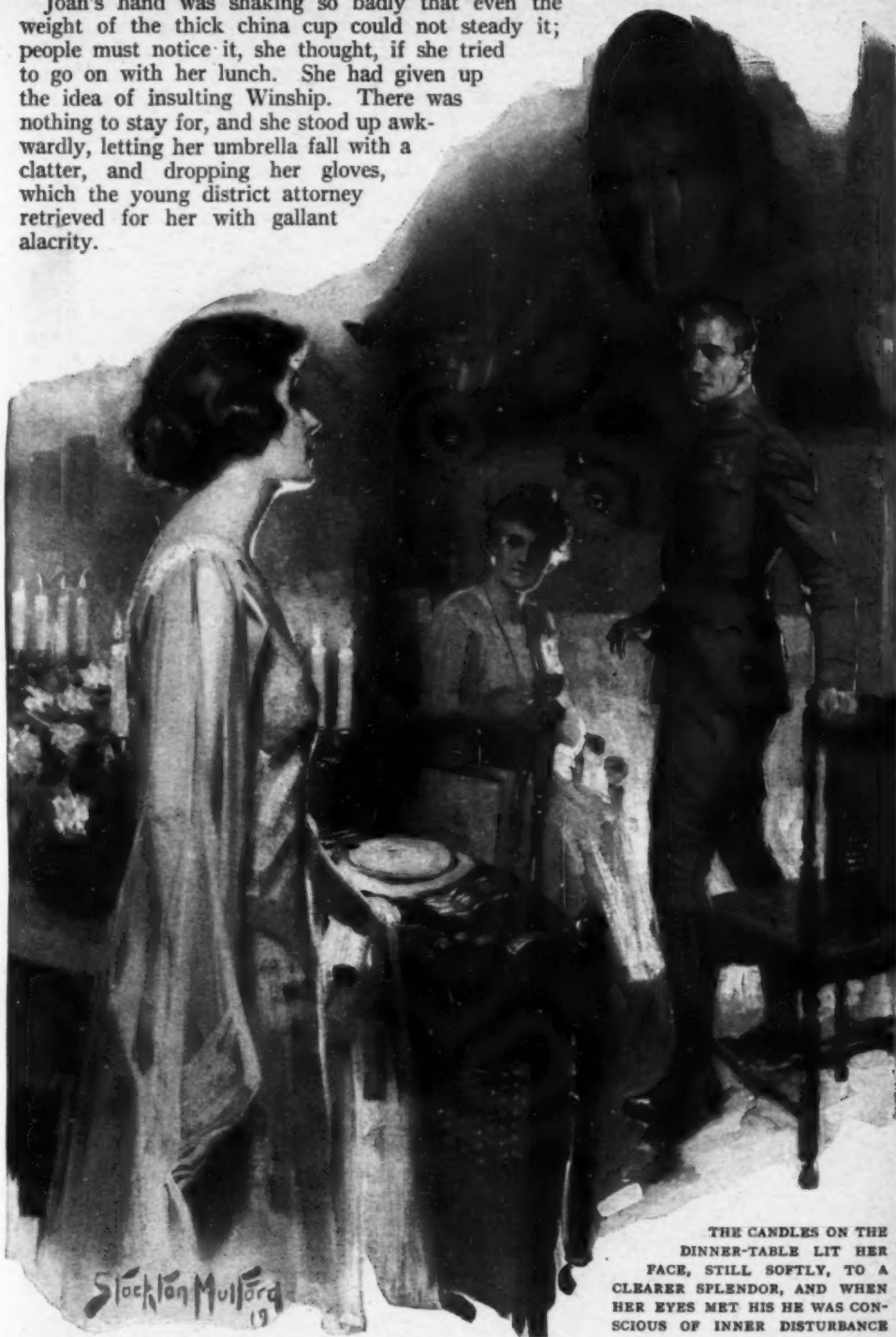
"I see what you mean," Winship said. "She can call you a murdering ruffian, and you should worry; but if Miss Gale were to imply that your taste in ties was poor, you'd be downhearted for a week."

"You have to attach some value to a person's good opinion of you before her bad one can hurt you," said the other man.

"And the more you care, the worse you can be hurt. I believe the truth is, except with the few people that he really trusts and cares for, a man's on the defensive, ready to repel any attack upon his feelings before it can get past his guard and home. With our friends and sweethearts, we take off our armor and leave our swords in the hall."

"You certainly have to look out for yourself in my business."

Joan's hand was shaking so badly that even the weight of the thick china cup could not steady it; people must notice it, she thought, if she tried to go on with her lunch. She had given up the idea of insulting Winship. There was nothing to stay for, and she stood up awkwardly, letting her umbrella fall with a clatter, and dropping her gloves, which the young district attorney retrieved for her with gallant alacrity.



THE CANDLES ON THE
DINNER-TABLE LIT HER
FACE, STILL SOFTLY, TO A
CLEARER SPLENDOR, AND WHEN
HER EYES MET HIS HE WAS CON-
SCIOUS OF INNER DISTURBANCE

Winship looked at her; everybody looked at her. She stumbled over to the cashier's desk, and, as she paid her check, stared resentfully at her figure given back by the mirror beside her.

She was still growing. Her last year's suit was too short in the sleeves; it "drew" across her young breast, and the skirt was longer in the back than in the front. Her hat had got wet, in spite of the broken-ribbed umbrella, in the same heavy shower that had sent Winship and his friend into the cheap restaurant, instead of going farther to fare better. Her mended gloves were splitting again, and her shoes were scuffed and down at heel; but the face that she saw in the mirror was beautiful.

Even then the lawyer, red-faced with stooping, was saying:

"Did you notice that kid?"

"I never overlook a bet," returned Winship.

Already such comments had begun to follow the girl's passing.

She walked home through the rain, hating Winship and thinking of her father and the desperate state of their household affairs. He had been paid, by the company which Winship had come out to reorganize, forty dollars a week, and on this sum the family had been always a little hard up, a little behind. However, it appeared that the business had offered opportunities for extra earnings, for sometimes John Macomber would "stump up" unexpectedly for new clothes for his wife and Joan, or a phonograph, a dining-room rug, or the like.

Those days of comparative plenty were far behind now; it was almost four months since Macomber had lost his job. It was because of his age that that bumptious whippersnapper had fired him, he explained to his women at home; and if a man's age was to count against him in the place where he'd worked for thirty years, the sooner the fellow who wanted men killed at forty got his ideas working, the better. Probably the Eastern manager had a lot of new-fangled ideas that he thought couldn't be grasped by a man of fifty-three, the other employees of the company said, and a change now and then gave other fellows a chance to move up. They took his dismissal philosophically enough.

In the four months' interval Macomber had applied everywhere for employment, and had found none. There was a good deal of sympathy for him in the town—

certainly he had been shabbily treated—but the times were hard, and there were younger, brisker men clamoring for every opening. Moreover, though John did not recognize this, and was only obscurely troubled by it without understanding its implications, there was something erratic in these days about Macomber's manner, an occasional wildness about his eyes.

She had never had any real comradeship with her father, nor any unusual pride in or love for him. Simply he was there, good-natured or irascible, the source of supplies and taken for granted; but now, with the beginning of an adult outlook upon life and the passing of the mere child's point of view, the tragedy of the elderly man seized her imagination and clutched at her heart.

He had worked faithfully, every day—every day—for so long; he had renounced all the wild, beguiling joys of travel, of adventure and holiday-making, to which her own young blood stirred so eagerly, and his reward was to know himself a failure, to have his simple pride broken, to be forced to beg employment of younger men and to have it refused him, at a time of life when it should have been he to whom others came suppliant. Joan felt all these humiliations for her father more keenly than the man felt them himself, and perhaps almost as deeply.

There had been talk of taking the girl out of school and letting her look for work, since her labor was now a more readily marketable thing than his. To Macomber the proposal had represented the last indignity, and he had forbidden it with threats of turning to day labor first; but for some time now, without his knowledge, Joan had been learning shorthand and typewriting. She had a natural aptitude for such things, and was making progress. Often she sat with what looked like an algebra book propped open before her, and worked busily under the lamp at word-signs which he took for problems.

The day was Saturday, and she planned for a long afternoon of study, since the rain made outdoor diversions unattractive, even if she had spirit for them.

She turned the corner into the street where their small house stood; and as she turned there burst upon her ears that sound which twenty years ago was a signal of alarm, but which nowadays is dismissed by most hearers as the mere blowing-out of a

motor-tire. Even yet, however, a loud bang sometimes means a revolver-shot.

Joan did not hurry her steps for it. She walked into the little hall unconcerned, and then a whiff of powder met her nostrils.

"Father! Mother!" she called wildly.

Her mother stepped out of a room up-stairs and told her, with the unnatural calm common in such moments, before the shock had time to work its havoc upon nerves merely surprised, that her father had just shot himself, and that he appeared to be quite dead.

Joan went for the doctor as directed, but before she went she came up-stairs to look at death for the first time—violent death, self-inflicted. She knelt by her father for a few moments, her young face rather terrible. Then she made to pick up the revolver that lay where he had dropped it after pulling the trigger.

"Don't you touch that gun!" her mother warned her shrilly. "It's got to stay just there till the coroner sees it. I've meant time and again to hide the thing. Oh, why didn't I throw it into the river?"

Joan still eyed the revolver sullenly as she got to her feet, and a sentence of the talk she had listened to at lunch-time drifted back into her mind—something about angry women who were powerless to inflict injury—"short of a gun." Yes, they were afraid of guns, those brutal, ruthless men. She knew how to load and fire one, too.

If Winship had stood before her then she would have fired without compunction, with a righteous satisfaction, at the man whom she accused in her heart as her father's murderer, but on whom she could invoke no punishment of law. If her mother had not forbidden her to touch the weapon, she would have been capable of searching the town for him that day to execute her revenge. But there was the doctor to summon, messages to relatives to be telephoned—her mother did not leave the room for a moment in which the revolver might be snatched. Presently the tense will to vengeance slackened, and a more wholesome, childish mood supervened. Joan cried, and after she had cried she could not have killed.

But she still hated Garrett Winship.

II

JOAN's mother went to stay with a married sister, who was an invalid and really needed her services, but in whose house

there was small room for Joan. The girl studied a few months longer and then found a position as a stenographer in a business office. Both women were paying their way, and if they had grief to bear they had no longer those small, intolerable crosses of grudging credit and pressing personal needs unsupplied.

Thus Joan's mind was set free to brood the more on her father's wrongs. The ending of his life had made its bitter tragedy a hundred times more poignant to her; she was obsessed with it and with her fury against Winship. Perhaps it was because she had come freshly from the restaurant, where he had sat opposite her, to the scene of Macomber's suicide, that the sentences Winship had spoken there lived in her mind with such intensity, became the text upon which she prepared to build her life.

No one but herself would give her redress. She had abandoned the idea of shooting; it would be too dreadful for her mother afterward. Besides, when she was not wrought up to hysteria, she saw such an act as clearly wrong. But some lesser vengeance she must have, and what could she, a seventeen-year-old girl in a Middle Western city, without a penny in the world except what she earned, do to injure Garrett Winship, the brilliant young business man of Washington and New York, rich, considered, powerful?

"Only the people we care for can get past our guard to hurt us, and the more we care the more we can be hurt."

Out of his own mouth the answer was given, even before the question had been asked. She had one weapon, one only, yet if rightly used the most powerful in the world, which in one or two respects is unchanged and unchangeable by all the complex developments of modern life.

Joan considered herself passionately, gave all her spare time to the tending of her hands and her hair, practised with utter callousness upon the hearts and nerves of the boys about her. In spite of her grief for her father, she was blooming in this year that followed his death; and the ready surrender of her victims, as well as the testimony of her looking-glass when she stood before it dressed in cheap prettinesses, gave her daily assurance that she was beautiful. How beautiful, she never guessed. Her beauty was indeed of the degree that seems to invite destiny—imperial, arresting.

So haphazard are most of the human

relationships into which people are drawn, so seldom do a plan and a will direct these matters of encounter and propinquity, and so docile are they to such guidance, that a well-wisher of Winship's might have been troubled to know of Joan's hatred and her purpose, poor and obscure and remote though she might be.

Events, too, played into her hands. She would have found another pretext, but the call for stenographers to come to Washington was sent out just at the time when her skill at her trade had become great enough to justify her offer of herself. The astounding salary that she was to earn made it easy to borrow money for traveling. She naively estimated twenty-five dollars a month for living expenses, the remainder of the hundred to go for clothes, dancing-lessons, and beauty treatments.

She was to be established now in the city where Winship's mother lived, where he made his home when business did not send him elsewhere. He was not married—nor engaged, so far as she could learn.



HOW OFTEN SHE HAD
THOUGHT OVER WHAT
SHE WOULD SAY TO
HIM IN THIS TRIUM-
PHANT CULMINATION
OF HER PLANS!

So far she had been successful and lucky; but the day after her arrival in Washington she met a serious check. Pursuant to her plans, she telephoned to his office, her question being merely whether he was in town. She did not mean to speak to him then.

"Mr. Winship sailed for France some little time ago," she was told.

She asked more questions, feverishly.

"We have heard in the office here that Mrs. Winship has received a letter—I really couldn't say—with the marines— Yes—good-by!"

III

"WHO is this girl, mother, that's coming to dinner to-night?"

It was Winship speaking, several months later.

"A Miss Macomber—Joan Macomber—a dear girl! I think I must have written you about her, Garry, because really she has been the greatest comfort to me this whole terrible year. She's one of those splendid young things who came to Washington all alone, just out of patriotism. She works as a stenographer in the War Department all day, and gives three evenings a week to my canteen. How these girls stand the strain I can't think. I don't want to say a word against the other women down there, but it just happens that I don't like any of them particularly. And in the slack periods, when there was nobody to wait on, Joan was always so pleasant to me, making me rest, telling me little stories about her work—taking trouble to be agreeable to an older woman instead of chattering with the other girls, in the way that older women always appreciate. Of course she was a little crude; but I have had her at the house a good deal, and have been able to do a good deal for her in the little things. Don't fancy she was nice to me out of social ambition—the child knows nothing about society, and has no time for it if she did."

"Yet she dines here? No, mother, I'm not saying a word against your paragon, but you must allow the returned warrior to feel that it is a privilege."

"It's a privilege that she has paid for, then, by listening good-naturedly to my rhapsodies about my wonderful son. I got her to copy all your letters on the typewriter."

"Mother! You didn't! Those awful scrawls?"

"That was a business arrangement—though she didn't want to be paid for it—said she'd enjoyed reading them so much. You needn't be so modest, Garry dear! I expect it will be a great treat for her, meeting you to-night. You must be very nice to her, please."

"Of course!" he agreed, but the mental

image he formed of the much-praised Miss Macomber was not a flattering one. Girls did not take the trouble to be so helpful as all that, so good-natured and attentive to older women, he reflected cynically, when they possessed any of the more obvious charms. Yet if this little Westerner had really helped his mother through the hard year behind her, certainly he owed her a debt of gratitude which must be discharged.

Winship was rather startled that evening when, to him and his mother sitting beside their fire of hickory logs, there came in a tall, gracefully moving girl whose beauty, in the half light, was not less than magical. The candles on the dinner-table lit her face, still softly, to a clearer splendor, and when her eyes met his he was conscious of inner disturbance.

"I suppose you'll soon be demobilized, too," he said to her, "now that the war is over. Shall you be glad to have your leisure again, Miss Macomber?"

"They're turning us off by the hundreds," said Joan. "My turn will come soon. My leisure? It's not my leisure I shall be recovering, but the need to look for another job."

"Yes, and it is a shame!" cried Mrs. Winship. "When so many of those women have come so far, and given up other positions—to drop them with almost no warning. What shall you do, my dear, when your turn comes? Have you thought?"

Joan smiled inscrutably, because what might happen to her in the future mattered so little compared to what was to happen in the next few weeks. Her purpose gained, she would quite willingly go home and become a waitress, if she could do no better, in the cheap restaurant where she had once before sat at the same table with Winship.

"I shall hate to lose you," declared his mother. "Perhaps we can find something interesting for you here, even though the war work closes down. I shall try, certainly."

It was evident, too, that Winship was interested. Joan had grown accustomed to producing her enticing effect, but she had seldom produced it more surely or more immediately than that night. The returned soldier is known to be susceptible, and the place she had made for herself in his home, the knowledge she had acquired of his history, tastes, and prejudices, gave her an advantage over other girls who might have wished to attract him.

"I say—has mother bored you dreadfully about me?" Winship asked her in their first moments by themselves. "I feel as if I ought to apologize, you know. Can't I—ah—*entertain* you somehow to make up for it? Ever have time for a show, Miss Macomber?"

Joan accompanied him to many shows. There were Sundays when they went for motor-rides, that mild winter, and always one evening at least in the week when she dined at his home.

As Joan had been a surprise for Winship, so also was Winship a surprise for Joan. When he had risen to bow to her first in his mother's drawing-room, she had felt herself shaken by a sick spasm of hate—the greater, she thought, because, while he had faced wounds and death under her country's flag, she had had a divided conscience in the matter of wishing him to escape them. Now that he had come back unhurt and covered with glory—he had twice been decorated—she might resume her old whole-souled enmity.

His luck had held, as she might have known it would. Insolently successful, hatefully favored by every element of chance and fortune, he would march on always to his own ends, disregarding, thrusting down, and trampling over all those weaker ones who deserved so much better of fate than he did—those who worked so hard, so long, only to be cheated of their pitifully small rewards through his ruthlessness.

The vision of her father's face, as it had looked one rainy night when he had come home after the day's useless round of applying for work, swept between her and Winship's rather magnificent presence, and she had to lower her lashes in order that he might not read hate in her eyes—too soon.

But as she saw more of him, the rushes of hostility visited her less often; they had to be summoned sometimes, of deliberate purpose. So delightful were his relations with the mother whom Joan herself reluctantly loved, so serene was the atmosphere of the home to which they welcomed her, so boyishly enthusiastic was he in the stories he told of other men's heroism, that for whole minutes at a time she would find that she had slipped into liking him.

"Why, this," she told herself, after the first dismayed recognition of her weakness, "is the very proof of my plan! It is just this human side of him that I am going to

be able to hurt. He *is* interested in me—already! He is looking at me now—thinking that I don't know it."

He was always looking at her. It is the one infallible sign, and Mrs. Winship, marking it, too, rejoiced innocently. She admired Joan and was fond of her, and she desired a congenial daughter-in-law rather than one of distinguished social connections. Joan was nobody, of course, but she was a dear!

IV

DELIBERATELY the girl laid aside her hostility as she might have folded a scarf that could be shaken out again on the second, and gave herself sympathetically to Winship's confidences, in order to lead him more quickly to the declaration that was to be his undoing.

The man, to whom her name had conveyed nothing, could scarcely suspect. He loved her, found her friendly and responsive, and knew only good of her.

He was scrupulous in small matters, and since she had no home—only the half of a boarding-house bedroom—and he did not wish to propose to her under his own roof, he took her, one Sunday afternoon in April, out into Rock Creek Park. Leaving the car by the roadside, they climbed a bank and found a lovely privacy of wide-flowered dogwood spangling the green, of soft leaf-mold and unnumbered violets. A fallen log would do to sit on, where the glint of water came to them through leaves, and the murmur of it over stones rose to them.

Joan took off her gloves and cooled the hand nearest him against the moss that cushioned their seat, and at once Garry's hand shot out and covered it. Joan did not withdraw hers. It was the anticipation of this moment that had steeled her purpose in the past. She looked dreamily down the glade at a lavender froth of Judas-blossom, and for just a breath let herself envy the girl who would one day sit like this beside a passion-urged Garry, with no compulsion upon her to use his love as a weapon to wound him. Then she remembered, and became cold again.

His hand tightened on hers, and he made a movement toward her.

"Joan!" he whispered.

Yes, let him kiss her, since that would be bitterest of all in the retrospect. She swayed toward him just that sufficient slight degree that a girl can always deny afterward if she wishes to, and the next

moment was in his arms, her mouth under that mouth which by half a dozen curt words had killed her father. She had time to think of this, to forget it, and to remember it again, and with the second remembering she broke away from him, her cheeks burning for the moment of forgetfulness.

Garry was frowning at her with ferocious tenderness, he was breathing deeply, he was utterly at her mercy. His guard was down now, with a vengeance. In the most improbable fulfilment of her crazy girlish dreams, he sat before her disarmed, unsuspecting, his breast bare to the stroke she was to deliver now with killing force.

How often she had thought over what she should say to him in this triumphant culmination of her plans! How she had sharpened and polished the words that were like little knives, discarding the cruder invective that had seemed telling to her two years ago, refining always as her knowledge of life and men had grown, until the sentences were edged like flame.

A little dizzily she groped for the opening words of the speech she knew by heart.

But Garry had begun to speak, and while she

fought to recover herself, she gave him a partial attention, left her hand still in his.

"I must let you know the worst of me, Joan—before we go further, before I even ask you to marry me.

You've been listening to what mother says about me. Don't believe her—what does a mother know about a man? Just whatever decency there may be in him—and she discounts all the rest. She's been telling you I'm a hero, I guess."

"Well, aren't you—all of you, nowadays?" she put in nervously, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, I didn't disgrace myself—over there. No, it was before. What's happened afterward can't wipe it out; I hoped it could, and that was why I volunteered. Oh, I don't say that being decorated and all that doesn't make the memory of the other a little easier to face; still, it's a thing I have to go on facing, and that you, too, have to face. It's the thing in my life of which I am most ashamed, Joan. I was just a physical coward in a crisis. I'll tell you all about it. May I?"

"THAT LITTLE ROUND HOLE AT THE END OF THE BARREL, POKING AROUND AFTER ME IN THE HAND OF A MADMAN
—WELL, IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME"



She nodded.

"It was about two years ago. I had gone out West, to reorganize one of our branch companies out there. I looked into their books, and found a fearful mess—you wouldn't understand, and I can't try to explain it to you; but there had been systematic small thieving over years and years. There was only one man who could have done it; I had seen him in the office the first day—an oldish, nervous-looking fellow. I was sorry for him. He looked as if he'd had his troubles, but, nevertheless, there wasn't any question at all about what it was my duty to do—and I hadn't the least notion of not doing it. He should have gone to jail, of course."

"I don't think so," she interjected quickly.

She had no inkling of the truth as yet, but she was on the side of old, harried workers always.

"He should, of course! Law is law, and if you break it you have to pay. For the protection of honest people, of all the women and minors whose affairs our company was trusted with, and whom this man had robbed—don't you see?"

She surrendered the point.

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Joan, he came in on me that night when I was working late, and there was nobody else in the building. He had a revolver—and I'm quite sure he was unhinged—for the time, anyhow. If I didn't agree to destroy my findings and all the evidence against him—simply discharge him, after making it impossible to proceed—he was going to shoot.

"Joan, I funk'd it! The kind of man you've been taking me for, the kind my mother thinks I am, would have grabbed that gun; would have taken a chance on being blown to pieces while he was getting hold of it. Oh, I've seen 'em do it on the stage—I hate to see them do it—so cool and quick. I wasn't cool, I was sweating and shaking. That little round hole at the end of the barrel, poking around after me in the hand of a madman—well, it was too much for me."

"Is that all?" asked Joan, her face very white.

"About. We staged a little fire there and burned his books, and I made up the money loss to our stockholders from my own pocket. But I couldn't live with myself after that—I kept brooding. Finally I

volunteered, just to find out if I really was a hound-dog under all circumstances—or only some."

He stopped, to scan her averted profile, into which he read scorn, detachment, and repudiation; but her throat was working, and that, he thought, might be pity.

"Did you," she said abruptly—"Mr. Winship, did you *often* go out West—and reorganize companies—and discharge old workers?"

He was puzzled, because her question seemed so utterly beside the point of his story.

"Often? We reorganize once in a while, of course, when it's necessary, but—discharging this fellow—that was one of the things that looked so bad—because it's always been our policy to keep our employees till they dodder—and didn't that give us a pull when the war came! When they're past work, we pension them. Turning this man off without any explanation—it gave us a black eye in the town, you know."

"You didn't tell me the name of the town," said Joan.

She was still fighting for her old beliefs; but now she knew that she did not want her old beliefs to win.

He named it, and they went down forever.

"I don't know that the name of the town matters," he expostulated. "Joan, I've told you the worst of me. Now I am asking you to marry me."

She was the daughter of a dishonest employee of his company, and his would-be murderer. To the direct question she answered huskily:

"I can't—I couldn't ever!"

Then, looking at him, she saw to her consternation that after all, after the shattering of her grievance and the transmuting of her hate into love that was now only too humble, she had struck home. His eyes showed the mortal hurt of his soul; and hurriedly she changed her answer.

"Oh, Garry, yes! Oh, if you want me, yes! He—he was my father, that poor, half-crazed man. He killed himself afterward, you knew? He wasn't bad, really! And"—her old filial piety flared up as it expired—"if you hadn't spared him, if you had sent him to prison, I could never have forgiven you!"

Garry swept her into his arms.

"Thank God, then," he exclaimed, "for the scare the old man threw into me!"

Pinched

BY LEWIS ALLEN

Illustrated by Herb Roth

MRS. WILLIS answered the bell. This was necessary, unless she let it ring unanswered, since her maid had left her the day before.

"Mr. Willis home?" rather gruffly asked a large man who seemed to fill the doorway.

"No, but I expect him any moment," she answered. "Was it important? Perhaps if you were to tell me—"

The big man grinned.

"I'll wait," he said, pushing his way in. "I've come to arrest him."

"Arrest him!" shrieked Mrs. Willis, horror-stricken. "What has he done? Killed some one, or—or—"

"Nothing to be alarmed about," explained the big man, taking a seat in an alcove. "A charge of overspeeding."

"Oh!" Mrs. Willis was evidently relieved. "He wouldn't stop, and you got his number? Where was it?"

"No, he wouldn't stop. Yes, I got his number. It was in the park. He had a big blonde with him."

"In the park! A—a blond woman!" gasped Mrs. Willis.

The big man nodded and grinned. Mrs. Willis flushed, closed her lips tightly, and sat down. Her knitting-needles nearly struck fire, she plied them so vigorously.

Suddenly the door opened and Willis popped in, grinning.

"Whoops, my dear!" he cried, attempting to kiss his wife. "You can't guess what I got!"

"A big blonde," snapped Mrs. Willis, dodging her head back to escape the kiss.

"Huh?" he stammered.

"And you've got something else you don't know about," she added.

"Cut the puzzles," he laughed. "Say, I don't know how you guessed the blonde, but you should have been down-town with me; I was nearly pinched—"

"You mean in the park, William," his wife said coldly; "and you didn't nearly get pinched, as you call it—you *are* pinched."

"What?" asked Willis in much surprise.

"Yep, hafter arrest you, Mr. Willis," said the big man, getting up from his seat.

"Arrest me? For what?"

"Overspeedin'. Not down-town, but in the park. You heard me shout."

"Who are you?" demanded Willis.

"Plain-clothes man."

"I can see that," snapped Willis, sizing the big man up.

"Cut the comedy. Next time an officer tells you to stop, do it."

"I didn't see you or hear you, and I was not speeding in the park—"

Mrs. Willis could restrain herself no longer.



"NO, HE WOULDN'T STOP. YES, I GOT HIS NUMBER. HE HAD A BIG BLONDE WITH HIM"

"Then you admit you were in the park?" she cried. "And with a brazen blond woman?"

Willis looked at her sharply, then turned on the big man.

"So you're the sort of a human hyena who goes around breaking up happy homes, eh? You didn't have to tell my wife I was riding with a blonde—"

"You admit it!" shrieked Mrs. Willis. "Officer, summon her to court as a witness. I just want to get my hands on her—"

"You can do that, my dear, by stepping into the kitchen," said Willis softly. "Her name is Hilda Svenvorkenson. I got her at an employment-bureau, and they say she is an excellent cook."

Mrs. Willis dashed for the kitchen. Willis turned to the man.

"How do I know you are an officer?"



"THEN YOU ADMIT YOU WERE WITH A BRAZEN BLOND WOMAN?"

The man showed his badge. Willis took a good look at it.

"All right," he snapped. "I'll accept the summons."

The man looked rather surprised.

"Truth is, I didn't bother to get one. Most men, you know, would rather I wouldn't—if they can fix it up without its getting reported. It saves the second and third offense record."

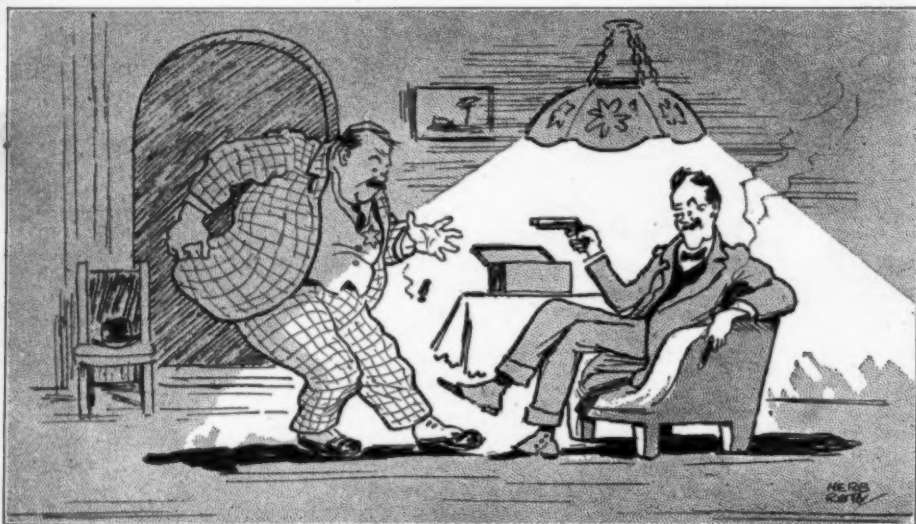
"I see," said Willis. "About how much will fix the thing up?"

"Oh, I guess twenty will be all right."

"Sit down. Have a cigar? I'll get it for you"; and Willis smiled at the big man, who grinned with satisfaction.

"You darling!" gushed Mrs. Willis, rushing out and kissing her husband.

"Yeah? Well, never mind that now. Just go back and help my blonde get a dinner. I'm hungry."

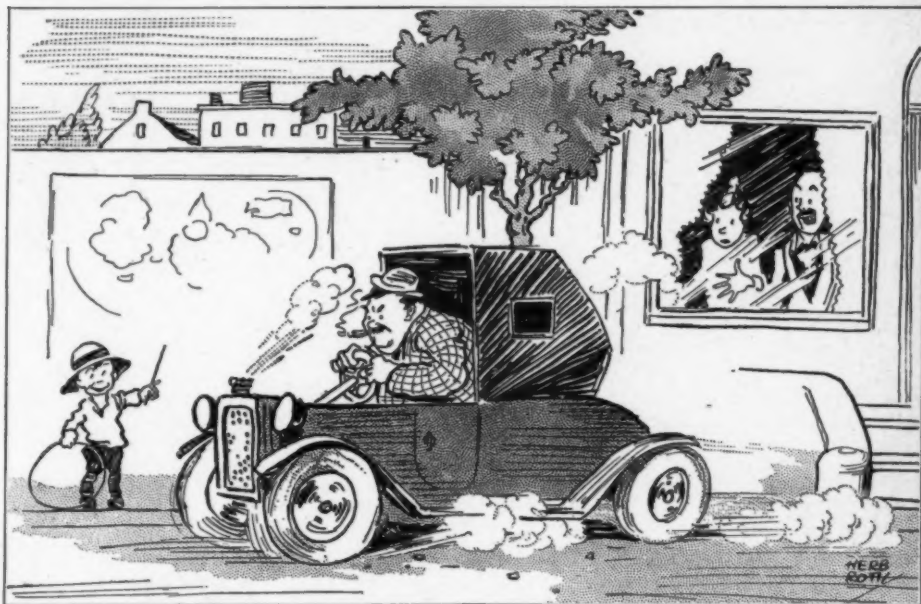


"YOU NEVER WERE ON THE FORCE. YOUR FEET AREN'T FLAT ENOUGH. YOUR HEAD IS TOO FLAT—AND THAT BADGE IS A PHONY"

Willis stepped into another room and reappeared with a cigar humidor and four five-dollar bills in his hand. He handed the money to the big man.

course I'd have turned in the proper share—"

"You're a plain grafter. You're the sort of a crook who goes about impersonating



"MY CAR IS IN THE GARAGE," HE SAID, YAWNING. "THAT'S THE JANITOR'S CAR HE'S TAKEN"

"Have a drink," he suggested, pouring one from the decanter.

The big man lighted the cigar, took a drink, counted the money, and started to go.

"Just a minute, Mr. Plain-Clothes," said Willis. "I think I can get a promotion for you. You are a clever, hard-working cop, and deserve it."

"Get a promotion? For me? What do you mean?" stammered the man.

Mrs. Willis came back and sat down. Willis took the telephone.

"Morningside 286—traffic division—Lieutenant Fiske there?" Willis was apparently using the telephone.

"Here, if you're going to phone him, I'll have to report you," said the man, starting for the door.

"Out? Thanks," said Willis, at the telephone. Then he turned to the man. "Be careful where you spend that money—it's marked," he said.

"Say, who are you?" snarled the man. "Are—are you from headquarters?"

"You're a pretty good guesser," said Willis, smiling.

"Well, I—I didn't recognize you. Of

officers and getting them in bad. Plain-clothes man! You never were on the force. Your feet aren't flat enough. Your head is too flat—and that badge is a phony. When I press this button, a squad will be here in about three minutes and jug you—"

"Is that so?" snarled the big man, making a leap at Willis.

"It is," smiled Willis, lifting an automatic from the humidor.

The big man jumped back.

"If—if I could square this little matter," he stammered.

"By giving me back my twenty and fifty more with it," suggested Willis softly.

The big man did so.

"You know what will happen if you talk," said Willis.

"Not a word!" said the man, and he hurried out.

"But—but you're not from headquarters, William. You're just a real-estate man," stammered Mrs. Willis. "Was he a real crook?"

"Did he act like a philanthropist?" demanded her husband.

She went over to the window to hide her

embarrassment, and proceeded to tell him how sorry she was that she had mistrusted him about the blonde. Suddenly she shrieked.

"Quick, come quick—that crook is going off with your car!" she cried, looking out of the window.

Willis did not stir.

"How can you sit there and let him steal the car?" she demanded angrily.

Willis got up and sauntered over to the window.

"My car is in the garage," he said, yawning. "That's the janitor's car he's taken."

The Sea Bride*

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING-CRUISE

By Ben Ames Williams

Author of "The Murder Ship," "Swords of Wax," "Three in a Thousand," etc.

WHEN Faith Kilcup married Cap'n Noll Wing there was much misgiving among her friends because of Wing's age; but the captain took his bride aboard the Sally Sims and set out upon another whaling cruise.

The first mate, Dan'l Tobey, who had loved Faith in vain for years, strove to belittle her husband in her eyes. He provoked Wing into attacking a ratlike little man named Mauger. The seaman lost an eye in the struggle that ensued, and his threats were so terrible that thereafter Cap'n Wing lived in fear of him.

When the Sally Sims stopped at a beautiful South Sea island for food and water, Faith went ashore alone, and, beside a deep pool, met an ex-seaman named Brander, a fine, intelligent fellow who had been unjustly marooned there. Faith procured him a berth aboard the whaling vessel, and when one of the mates lost his life in a battle with a harpooned whale, Brander was made fourth mate.

When a dead whale was sighted on a calm sea, Brander suggested that it might contain ambergris. But Cap'n Wing and Dan'l Tobey scoffed at the idea. The whale exuded an unbearable stench, and Tobey ordered Brander to take a boat crew and tow it away. Brander did so—and came back with some two hundred pounds of ambergris, worth about sixty thousand dollars. One-eyed Mauger, who almost worshiped the fourth mate, had been one of Brander's boat crew, and was particularly jubilant. Brander allowed the impression to spread that, having secured the ambergris by his own efforts, he meant to claim it for himself and his crew.

Tobey tried to make Roy Kilcup, Faith's brother, and others believe that Faith's interest in Brander was too friendly—tried in every underhand way at his command to besmirch her reputation.

Cap'n Wing, her husband, had gradually fallen into a mood of slothfulness, largely induced by liquor. He became cranky and querulous—not at all the man that Faith had thought him when she married him. She waited upon him, nursed him when he became ill, strove by every means at her command to be a true and dutiful wife. Wing appreciated this, and during a terrific fight with a bull whale he became again his old masterful self; but when the fight was over he leaned heavily upon Faith's arm; he was very tired.

XXI

ONE-EYED Mauger sought out Brander three days later. That is to say, the little man made occasion, during the work of scrubbing up after Noll's last whale, to come to Brander's feet; and while he toiled at the planking of the deck there, he looked up at the fourth mate and nodded significantly.

Brander understood the one-eyed man.

"What's wrong, Mauger?" he asked in a friendly tone.

Mauger chuckled mirthlessly, deprecatingly.

"Don't want you should git mad," he protested.

"Of course not. What is it?"

"There's chatter forward," said Mauger.

"They're talking dirt."

Brander's voice fell.

"Who?"

"Slatter was the first. Others now. Dirt!"

Brander looked about the deck; there was no one within hearing.

* Copyright, 1919, by Ben Ames Williams—This story began in the March number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"What kind of dirt?" he asked quietly. Mauger looked up and grinned unhappily and apologetically.

"You know," he said. "You and—her—"

Brander's eyes hardened.

"Thanks, Mauger," he said under his breath.

He walked away from where the one-eyed man was scrubbing. Mauger rose on his knees to look after the fourth mate with something like worship in his eyes.

Brander went aft with his problem. A real problem! Faith besmirched! He would have cut off his right hand to prevent it; but cutting off his right hand would have done no good whatever. He would have fought the whole crew of the Sally single-handed; but that would have done even less good than the other. You cannot permanently gag a man by jamming your fist in his mouth. And Brander knew it; so that while he boiled with anger and disgust, he held himself in check, and tried to consider what should be done.

He must do something; but it was no easy task to determine what that something was to be.

Brander considered the members of the crew—the foremast hands. Slatter he knew—an evil man. Others there were like him, either from weakness or sheer malignant festering of the soul. But there were some who were men, some who were decent; some who would fight the foul talk, wisely or unwisely as the case might be; some who had eyes to see the goodness of Faith and hearts to trust her.

Brander's task was to help these men. He could not himself go into the fo'c's'le and strike; to do so would only spread the filth of words abroad. But—one thing he could do. He saw the way.

He must avoid Faith. It would not be easy since their lives must lie in the cabin. He must avoid Faith, avoid speaking to her save in the most casual way, avoid being alone with her. That much he must do; and something more. The crew would be spying on them now, watching, whispering. He must give them no food for whispers; he must go further. He must give them proof that their whispers were ill-founded.

It was this word of Mauger's that led Brander to a determination which was to threaten him with ruin in the end. It was this word of Mauger's that determined Brander to give himself to the crew—to

keep some of them always near him, always in sight of him; to force them, if he could, to see for themselves that he had little talk with Faith and few words with her. That was what Brander planned to do.

He worked out the details carefully. When he was on deck he must keep in their sight; and he must keep himself on deck every hour of the day save when he went below for meals. He decided to do more. The nights were warm and pleasant. He had a hammock swung under the boat-house, and planned to sleep there; he laid open his whole life to their prying eyes. Let them see for themselves!

He was satisfied with this arrangement, at last. It was the best that could be done. He put it into action at once, and he saw within three days' time that Slatter and the others had noticed, and were wondering and questioning.

The men were puzzled; the cabin was puzzled; and no one was more puzzled by Brander's new way of life than Dan'l Tobey. He was puzzled, but he was at the same time elated. For he perceived that Brander had given him a weapon, a handle to take hold of. And Dan'l was not slow to take advantage of it.

They were working westward at the time, killing whales as they went. Ahead were the Bay of Islands and Port Russell; southward the Solander Rock and the Solander Grounds, where all the big bull whales of the seven seas have a way of flocking as men flock to their clubs. A cow is seldom or never seen there; the bulls are slain by scores. Toward this hunting-ground, as famous for its whales as it was infamous for its ugly weather, the Sally Sims was working. They would touch at Port Russell on the way.

Three days before they were like to make the port, Dan'l made an occasion to have a word with Noll Wing. Noll was on deck, Faith and the officers—save Brander, who was with Mauger forward—were all below. There was a group of men by the try-works; and Dan'l strolled that way. He moved inconspicuously, approaching them on the opposite side of the ship; and when he came near he stopped and seemed to listen. Noll, aft, was paying him little attention, though Dan'l made sure that the captain saw.

Slatter was among the group of men; Dan'l scattered them, angrily, and drove them forward. When they were gone he

went aft again. As he had expected, Noll asked:

"What was that, Dan'l?"

Dan'l smiled and said it was nothing that mattered; but his tone suggested that it mattered a great deal. Noll sternly bade him speak.

"It was but the foolish talk of idle men, sir," Dan'l said reluctantly. "I bade them keep their tongues still."

"What manner of foolish talk?"

Dan'l would not meet Noll's eyes.

"Why, lies," he said. "Chatter."

"I'm not a man to be put off, Dan'l," Noll said heavily. "Speak up, man!"

Dan'l frowned sorrowfully.

"It was just their talk about Mr. Brander and Faith, sir. Lies, as I told you. They shut up when I spoke to them."

"What talk of Brander and my wife?" Noll asked slowly.

Dan'l shook his head.

"You can guess it for yourself, sir. The men have nothing better to do than chatter and gossip like old women. They've had no work for three days. We need another whale to shut their mouths."

"What talk?" Noll repeated.

Dan'l smiled.

"I think too well of Faith and of Brander to say it for you," he insisted.

Noll fell silent, his brows lowering for a space; then he waved his great hand harshly.

"Bosh!" he said. "Foolishness!"

Dan'l nodded.

"Of course. Nevertheless, I—"

He fell silent; and Noll looked at him acutely.

"You—what?" he asked.

"I don't blame Mr. Brander, you understand," said Dan'l. "But—it's in my mind that, being with the crew as much as he is—he should put a stop to it."

Noll's eyes ranged the deck. Brander was amidships now; and Mauger was still with him. Mauger was scraping at the rail, cleaning away some traces of soot from the last trying out, under Brander's eye. They were talking together; and Noll frowned.

"You think Mr. Brander is too much with the crew?" he said to Dan'l.

Dan'l shook his head.

"No, not too much. It's as well for an officer to be on good terms with the men. Leastwise, some think so. I was never one to do it. But—no, not too much. Nevertheless, he's much with them."

Noll thought for a while, his brows lowering.

"That matter of Faith is trash!" he said harshly. "Their clacking tongues should be dragged out!"

Dan'l nodded.

"Aye; but that would not stop them. You know the men, sir. Still, it seems Brander should be able to hush them," he added. And after a moment more: "You mark, he's all but deserted us in the cabin. He sticks much with the men of late."

Noll's face contracted. He touched Dan'l's arm.

"I've seen that he is much with Mauger," he agreed. "And Mauger—" His muscles twitched, and he went on, under his breath: "Mauger's whetting his knife for me, Dan'l! I'm watchful of that man."

"He has a slinking eye," said Dan'l. "But I make no doubt he's harmless enough, sir. I'd not fear him."

"I'm not a hand to fear any man, Dan'l," Noll said stoutly. "Nevertheless, that twitching eye of his frets me." He shuddered and gripped Dan'l's arm tighter. "I should not have kicked the man, Dan'l. I've been a hard man—too hard; an evil man, in my day. I doubt the Lord has raised up Mauger to destroy me."

Dan'l laughed.

"Pshaw, sir! Even the Lord would have small use for a thing like Mauger." He waited for a moment, thoughtfully. "Any case," he said, "if you were minded, you could drop him ashore at Port Russell and be rid of him."

Noll moved abruptly.

"Eh?" he said. "I had not thought of that." He seemed to shrink from the thought. "But it may be he is meant to be about me. I'd not go against the Lord, Dan'l."

Dan'l looked sidewise at the captain; and there was something like contempt in his eyes.

"If it was me," he said slowly, "I'd set the man quietly ashore."

He turned away and left Noll to think of the matter.

Dan'l wondered, all that day, whether Noll would act; but toward nightfall they raised a spout, and killed as dark came upon them. That held them, for cutting in and trying out, three days where they lay; and they killed once more before they made the Bay of Islands. They were touching at

Port Russell for water and fresh vegetables; they put in there.

When the anchor went down, Noll sent for Brander to come down to him in the cabin. They had anchored at nightfall, and would not go ashore till morning. When Brander came, Noll looked at him furtively.

Brander saw the captain had been drinking; Noll's hands shook, and his fingers and his tongue were unsteady. The muscles of his face twitched; and there was a Bible open in his lap and a bottle beside him. Brander held his eyes steady, masked what he felt. Noll beckoned with a crooked finger.

"Come 'ere," he said huskily.

Brander faced him. They were in the after cabin; and Noll sat still.

"We're staying here a day," he said.

Brander nodded.

"Wood and stores, sir, I suppose."

"Oh, aye; and something else, Mr. Brander. I'm goin' leave here that man in your boat—Mauger."

Brander's lips tightened faintly; he held his voice.

"Mauger?" he echoed. "Why? What's wrong with him?"

"Don' want him around any more," said Noll slowly.

"Why not?" Brander insisted.

Noll's lips twitched with the play of his nerves, and he poured a drink and lifted it to his mouth with unsteady fingers. He set down the glass, spilling a little of the liquor; and he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I had 'casion to discipline Mauger," he said with awkward dignity, his head wagging. "I had 'casion to discipline Mauger. An' now he's got a knife for me. He's goin' kill me. I ought kill him. I'll put the man 'shore 'stead of that."

Brander smiled reassuringly.

"Mauger's harmless, sir; and he does his work."

Noll shook his head.

"I know 'im. He's a murd'rer. I'm goin' put him ashore."

The fourth mate hesitated; then he said quietly:

"All right. If he goes, I go, too."

Noll's head jerked back as if he had been struck. His red eyes widened and narrowed again as he peered at Brander, and he hesitated unsteadily.

"Wha's that?" he asked. "Wha's that you say?"

"I say I'll go if he goes."

Noll's head drooped and swayed wearily; but after a moment he asked:

"Wha' for?"

"The man shipped for the cruise," said Brander. "He does his work. I'll not be a party to putting him ashore—dumping him in this God-forsaken hole!"

Noll raised a hand.

"Don' speak of God," he said reprov- ingly. "You don' understand Him, Mr. Brander." Brander said nothing; and Noll's hand dropped, and he whined: "Man can't do what he wants on his own ship!"

"Do as you like, sir," Brander said. "I think you should let him stay. He means no harm."

Noll waved his hand.

"Oh, a' right," he agreed. "Say no more 'bout it at all. Let be. Keep 'm; keep 'm, Mr. Brander. But lis'en." He eyed Brander shrewdly. "Lis'en. I know one thing. He's goin' to knife me some night. I know! He's a murd'rer. And you're defending him—pr'tecting him. Birds of a feather flock t'gether, Mr. Brander." The captain got unsteadily to his feet and raised a threaten- ing hand. "When he kills me, just r'mem- ber—my blood's on your head, sir!"

Brander hesitated; his heart revolted. His impulse was to leave the ship, to take Mauger, to trust his luck. But he thought of Faith. This man, her husband, was dying—he could see that; and when the captain was gone, there would be trouble aboard the Sally. Faith herself meant trouble; the ambergris in the captain's storeroom meant more trouble. Brander knew it might well be that Faith would need him in that day. He could not leave her. "I take that responsibility, sir," he said quietly.

Noll was slumped in his chair again.

"Go 'way," he said, and waved his hand. "Go 'way!"

That night, in the small hours, Noll screamed in a way that woke the ship; he had come out of a drunken slumber, desper- ate with a vivid hallucination that appalled him.

He thought that Mauger was at him with a sheath-knife, and that Brander was at Mauger's back. Faith and Dan'l fought to soothe him; Faith in her loose dress- ing-gown, her hair in its thick braids. Dan'l had more eyes for Faith than for Noll. He had never seen her thus before; never seen

her so beautiful; never seen her, he thought, so desperately to be desired. His lips were wet at the sight of her.

Noll's terror racked and tore at the man; it seemed to rip the very flesh from his bones. When it passed, at last, and he fell asleep again, he was wasted like a corpse.

Dan'l, looking at Noll and at Faith, wished Noll were a corpse indeed.

XXII

A CHANGE was coming to pass in Faith at this time. As the strength flowed out of Noll, it seemed to flow into her. As he weakened, she grew strong.

She had never lacked a calm strength of her own; the strength of a good woman. But she was acquiring now the strength and resolution of a man.

For a long time she clung to the picture of the Noll of the past, to the hope that the captain would become again the man she had married. But when Noll came back to her that day, exhausted by the struggle, the fire gone out of him, Faith perceived that he was a weak vessel, cracking and breaking before her eyes.

Noll was no longer a man. His hands and his heart had not the force needed to enable him to command the Sally, to make the voyage successful, to bring the bark safely back to port. Yet Faith refused to consider the chance of failure. She would not have it said of him, when he was gone, that he had sailed the seas too long; that he had failed at last, and shamefully.

She had come to look upon the success of this last voyage of Noll's as a sacred charge; and when Noll's shoulders weakened she prepared deliberately to take the burden on her own. The Sally must come safely home, with filled casks for old Jonathan Felt, no matter what happened to Noll—or to herself. The prosperity of the Sally Sims was almost a religion to Faith.

She had begun to study navigation, more to pass the long and dreary days than from any other motive. Now she applied herself to it more ardently. And she began, at the same time, to study the men about her; to weigh them, to consider their fitness for the responsibilities that must fall upon them. The foremost hands, and particularly the mates, she weighed in the balance—and above all, Dan'l Tobey. For if Noll were to go, Dan'l, by all the ancient laws of the sea, would become master of the ship; and their destinies would lie in his hands.

Short of the Solander Grounds, they struck good whaling and lingered for a time. Day by day the tuns and casks were filled; the Sally sank lower in the water with her increasing load. They were two-thirds full, and not yet eighteen months out—good whaling.

At dinner in the cabin one day, Dan'l Tobey said to Faith:

"You've brought us good luck, Faith, by coming along this cruise. We never did much better since I've been with Cap'n Wing."

Faith looked to Noll. Noll was eating slowly, paying them no attention. Silence was falling upon the captain in those days. He said nothing; so Faith said:

"Yes, we've done well. I'm glad!"

Old James Tichel, the second mate, looked slyly from face to face.

"And the 'gris, stowed below us here, will make it a fine, fat cruise for old Jonathan Felt when we come home," he chuckled.

At the mention of the ambergris a little silence fell. Brander was at the table with the others. Dan'l and Willis Cox, the third mate, and young Roy Kilcup looked at Brander, as if expecting him to speak. He said nothing, and old Tichel, gnawing at his food, chuckled again, pleased with what he had said.

The ambergris, so rich a treasure in so small a bulk, had never been forgotten for a minute by any man in the cabin. Nor by Faith. But they had not spoken of it of late; there was nothing to be said, and there was danger in the saying. It was as well that it should be forgotten until they were home again. There were too many chances for trouble in the stuff.

When Brander did not speak, however, Dan'l gently prodded him.

"You're forgetting that Mr. Brander claims it for his own," he said to Tichel.

Tichel chuckled again:

"Oh, aye, I was forgetting that small matter," he agreed. "My memory is very short at times."

Still Brander said nothing. Dan'l looked toward him.

"I'll warrant Mr. Brander doesn't forget," he said.

Brander looked toward Dan'l and smiled amiably.

"Thank you," he told the mate. "Keep me reminded. It had all but slipped my mind."

There was so much hostility in the air, in the slow words of the men, that Faith said quietly:

"We'll be on the Solander soon. I'm looking forward to that, Dan'l. You've seen the Rock?"

She hoped to change them to another topic; but Dan'l brought it smoothly back again.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. Last cruise, the Betty Howe, out of Port Russell, picked up a sizable chunk of 'gris not a week before we touched the grounds. That brought two hundred and sixty to the pound, I heard."

"How much was it?" Willis Cox asked.

"Fifteen pound or so. No more than a thimbleful, to what we've got—that is to say, to what Mr. Brander's got—below here."

Brander had finished eating; he rose to go on deck. But Roy Kilcup could no longer hold his tongue. He got to his feet in Brander's path and demanded sharply:

"Do you honestly mean to claim that ambergris for your own, Mr. Brander? Are you so much of a hog?"

Brander looked down at the boy and smiled.

"I'll give you your share now if it will stop your worrying, youngster," he said.

"I want to know what you're going to do," Roy insisted. "Are you going to stick to your claim?"

"Others want to know that, too," said Brander, and stepped to one side to pass Roy.

Roy would have spoken again, but Noll said heavily from the head of the table:

"Roy, let be!"

That put a moment's silence upon them all. In this silence Brander went on his way to the deck. Roy stared after him for a moment, then sat down in his place. His face was sullen and angry. No one spoke of the matter again; but Dan'l saw that Faith was troubled. Faith was puzzling over Brander, trying to fathom the man. Dan'l saw that Noll had lifted his heavy head and was watching her.

Afterward, Dan'l went with Noll into the after cabin. Faith had gone on deck. She and Willis Cox were talking together by the wheel with Roy. Brander, as usual, had taken himself to the waist, where he was under the eye of the crew. His harpooner, Loum, was with him. Mauger hung within sound of his voice like an adoring dog.

Dan'l, in the after cabin with Noll, made up the log. Noll sat heavily on the seat, half asleep. He got up, while Dan'l was still writing, and got his bottle. It was almost empty, and he cursed.

"Sit down, sir," said Dan'l, looking up. "Give that to me. I'll fill it."

Noll accepted the offer without speaking, and gave Dan'l the key to his storeroom, where there was a cask of whisky and another of rum. Dan'l came back presently with the bottle filled. His eyes were shining with an evil inspiration, but he said nothing for a little. When his work on the log was done, however, he looked across to Noll, and after a little, as if answering a spoken question, said:

"I wouldn't worry about him, sir."

Noll looked at him dully.

"About whom, Dan'l?"

"Brander. I saw you watching him."

"I don't like the man."

"He's a good officer."

Noll waved a hand fretfully.

"He's too much with the crew, Mr. Tobey."

Dan'l shook his head.

"I doubt it. That's one way to handle men—be one of them. They'll do anything for him, sir."

Noll's eyes narrowed with the shrewdness of a drunken man.

"That's the worst part of it. Will they do anything for me, Dan'l? Or for you?"

"Well, sir, maybe they'd jump quicker for him," Dan'l said reluctantly.

"And that's not reassuring," said Noll.

"Is it, now?"

"It wouldn't be, if he meant wrong. I don't think he does. You're concerned over Faith and him—the way they are when they're together," Dan'l added. "But there's no need, sir. Faith is loyal."

Noll looked at the mate and frowned.

"How are they, when they're together?"

"I thought you had marked it for yourself. I meant nothing."

"Nothing? You meant something. What is it you've seen, Dan'l?"

Dan'l protested.

"Why, nothing at all. There's no harm in their being friends. He's a young man, strong, with wisdom in his head; and she's young, too. It's natural that young folk should be friendly."

Noll's head sank upon his chest.

"Aye, and you're thinking I'm old," he said dully.

"No, sir!" Dan'l cried. "Not that. You're not so old as you think, sir. Not so old but what you might strike, if there was need. I only meant it was to be expected that they should be drawn together, like. Faith's young—"

Noll's eyes were reddening angrily.

"Speak out, man!" he exclaimed. "Don't shilly-shally with your tongue. If there's harm afoot, by God, I can take a hand! What's in your mind?"

"Why, nothing at all. No harm in the world, sir. I was only meaning to reassure you. I thought you had seen her eyes when she looked at the man."

"Her eyes?"

"Aye."

"What's in her eyes?"

Dan'l frowned uncomfortably.

"Why—friendship, if you like. Liking, perhaps. Nothing more, I'll swear. I know Faith too well—"

"I'll watch her eyes, Dan'l," Noll said heavily.

"You should not concern yourself, Cap'n Wing," replied Dan'l, with apparent anxiety.

"It's but the fancy of youth for youth—"

Noll came to his feet with sudden rage.

"Have done, Dan'l!"

They both heard, then, Faith's step in the main cabin; and their eyes met and burned. Dan'l got up quietly and laid aside the log, and as Faith came in he went out and closed the door behind him. He crossed to the companion as if to go on deck; but he lingered there, listening.

There was little for him to hear. When the door closed behind him, Faith had turned to her own cabin, hers and Noll's. Noll sat down, his eyes sullen. He watched her through the open door to the cabin where their bunks were. She turned after a moment and came out to him; and he got to his feet with a rush of anger, and stared at her, so that she stood still.

He said hoarsely:

"Faith—"

His words failed, then, before the steady light in her eyes. She was wondering, questioning him. She met his eyes so fairly that the soul of the man cowered and shrank. The strength of rage went from him. He drew back.

"What is it, Noll?" she asked. "Why are you—angry?"

He lifted a clenched hand over his head; it trembled there for an instant, then came slowly down. He wrenched open the door

to the main cabin, and went out and left her standing there.

Faith watched him go, perplexity in her eyes. Dan'l joined him, and they went on deck together.

XXIII

THEY came to the Solander Grounds with matters still in this wise—Brander much with the crew; Noll Wing rotting in his chair in the cabin; Faith gaining strength of soul with every day; Dan'l playing upon Noll, upon Roy, upon all those about him to his own ends.

The Solander received them roughly; they passed the tall Solander Rock and cruised westward, keeping it in sight. There was another whaling-ship, almost hull down north of them, and the smoke that clouded her told the Sally she had her try-pots going. Dan'l Tobey was handling the vessel, and he chose to work up that way; but before they were near the other craft, the masthead men sighted whales—spouts all about, blossoming like flowers upon the blue water.

Noll had regained a little of his strength when they came upon the grounds; he took the ship, and bade Dan'l and the other mates lower and single out a lone whale.

"They'll all be bulls, hereabouts," he said. "Big ones, too. We'll take one at a spell, and be thankful for that."

The whale was, as Noll had predicted, a bull. Dan'l made the kill, a ridiculously easy one. The vast creature lifted a little in the water at the first iron; he swam slowly southward; but there was no fight in him when they pulled up and drove home the lance.

An hour after lowering the whale was alongside the Sally—a monstrous creature, not far short of the colossus Cap'n Wing had slain. He was made fast to the fluke-chain bitt, and the cutting in began forthwith. That, too, on Noll Wing's order.

"Fair weather never sticks, hereabouts," he said. "Work while there's working seas."

Now the first task when cutting in a whale is to work off the head; and that is no small job. For the whale has no neck at all, unless a certain crease in his thick blubber may be called a neck. The spades of the mates, keen-edged, and mounted on long poles with which they jab downward from the cutting stage, chock into the blubber and draw a deep cut along the

chosen line. The carcass is laboriously turned, the process is repeated. Thus on, till at last the huge mass can be torn free.

Before the work on this whale was half done, it became apparent that a gale was brewing. Cross swells, angling together at the mouth of Foveaux Strait, kicked up a drunken sea that made the Sally pitch and roll at the same time—a combination not relished by any man. Nevertheless, the head was got off and hauled alongside for cutting up.

This work had taken the better part of the night; and with the dawn, there arose a whine in the wind that sang a constant high note in the taut rigging. With the Sally pitching and rolling drunkenly, the fifteen-ton junk was got off the head and hoisted aboard, while every strand of rigging creaked and protested at the terrible strain. The blubber was coming in; but the wind was increasing.

In the end the Sally had to let go what remained of her catch and run for it, losing thereby the huge "case" full of spermaceti, and a full half of the blubber.

They ran into Port William for shelter. Noll Wing swore at his ill luck, and when the ship was anchored, went sulkily below. Dan'l drove the men to their tasks.

The weeks that followed were repetitions of this first experience, with such capricious modifications as the gales and the sea chose to arrange. They killed many big whales; some they lost altogether, some they lost in part, and some few they harvested. They fell into the way of running for port with their kill as soon as the whale was alongside, rather than risk the storms in the open. It was hard and steady work for all hands; and as the men had grumbled at ill luck when they sighted no whales, so now they grumbled because their luck was overgood.

Dan'l found them easy working, ready for his hands; and by a word dropped now and then through these busy times, he led them in the way he wished them to go. He never let them forget, for one thing, the ambergris beneath the cabin. When they grumbled, he reminded them it was there as a rich reward for all their labors. He reminded them, at the same time, that Brander claimed it.

Neither did he let the men forget that which he wished them to believe of Faith and Brander. By indirections; by words with Roy which he took care they should overhear; by reproofs for chance-caught

gossip, he kept the matter alive in their minds, so that they began to look at Faith sidewise when she appeared on deck.

Brander was not blind to this; and if he had been blind, Mauger's one eye would have seen for him. He knew the matter in the minds of the men; but he could not be sure that Dan'l was putting it there. Nevertheless, he spoke to Dan'l of it one day. It was the first time since Brander came aboard that he and Dan'l had had more than a passing word alone.

Brander made an opportunity to take the mate aside. He held Dan'l's eyes with his own and said steadily:

"Mr. Tobey, there's ugly talk among the men aboard here that should be put a stop to."

Dan'l looked surprised; he asked what Brander meant. Brander said openly:

"They're coupling my name with that of the captain's wife. You've heard them. It should be ended."

"I know," Dan'l said amiably. "It's very bad. But that is a thing you can't stop from the after deck, Mr. Brander."

"That's true. So what do you think should be done in the matter?"

The mate waved his hand.

"It's not my affair, Mr. Brander. It's not me whose name is coupled with Faith's."

Brander nodded, his face hot.

"Suppose I go forward again," he said. "I'll make some occasion to commit a fault; Cap'n Wing can send me forward and put Silva, or another, in my place."

Dan'l looked at Brander sharply; and he shook his head.

"The men would be saying then that it was because of this matter you were put out of the cabin."

"I suppose so."

"It is very sure."

"What would you suggest?" Brander asked, his eyes holding Dan'l's.

Dan'l seemed to weigh the matter.

"How if you were to leave the ship completely?" he inquired.

Brander's eyes narrowed; and Dan'l, in spite of himself, turned away his head. If Brander left the ship—There was no other man aboard whom he need fear when the time should come. If Brander but left the ship—

Brander's eyes narrowed; he studied Dan'l; and after a little he laughed harshly, and nodded his head as if assured of something which he had doubted before.

"No," he said. "No. I'll not leave the Sally." He could never do that; there might come the day when Faith would have to look to him. "No; I'll stick aboard."

Dan'l's hopes had leaped high; they fell low. But he hid his chagrin.

"You are right," he said. "That is a deal to ask, just to stop the idle chatter of the men. Best stay—it will be forgotten."

Brander turned abruptly away, to crush down a sudden flood of anger that had clenched his fists. He knew Dan'l now beyond doubt. He had guessed the mate's eagerness to be rid of him. Dan'l should not have his way in this so easily.

Dan'l's own eyes had been opened by this talk with Brander. The mate's heart had not yet formed his full design; he was working evil without any further plan than to bring harm and ruin. But Brander's suggestion, the possibility that Brander might leave the ship, had revealed to Dan'l in a single flash how matters would lie in his two hands if Brander were gone. Noll Wing was nothing; old Tichel he could swing; Willis Cox was a boy; the crew were sheep. Only Brander stood out against him; only Brander must be beaten down to clear his path. With Brander gone—

Dan'l set himself the task of eliminating Brander. He thought of many plans. A little mishap in the whaling, a kinked line, a flying spade, an ugly mischance— These could not be arranged; he could only hope for the luck of them; but that need not prevent him working to help out the fates. Not openly; he could not do that without setting Brander on guard. And Brander on guard was doubly to be feared. Dan'l remembered an ancient phrase, the advice of a philosopher to a rebellious soul. "When you strike at a king, you must kill him!" It was so with Brander; he must be destroyed at a blow—utterly.

Noll was a tool that might serve; Noll would strike, if he could be roused to the full measure of wrath. Dan'l worked with Noll, discreetly, in hidden words, appearing always to defend Brander. Brander and Faith meant no harm, he said. They were friends, no more. Dan'l assured Noll of this, again and again; and he took care that his assurances should not convince.

"Why must you always be defending Faith?" Noll stormed at him, one night. "Why do you stand by her?"

"I've always known Faith, sir," Dan'l said humbly. "I don't want to see her do

anything—that is, I don't want to see you harsh with her, sir."

And Noll fell into a brooding silence that pleased Dan'l mightily. But still the captain did not strike at Brander.

Dan'l reminded the captain that Brander still gave much time to the crew; he played on that string, still hoping that Noll might be roused to overwhelming rage. But Dan'l's poisoned soul was losing its gift of seeing into the hearts of men. The old Noll would have reacted to his words as he hoped. This new Noll was another matter; this Noll, aging and rotting with drink, was led by Dan'l's sly talk to hate Brander—and to fear him. His fear of Brander and of the one-eyed man obsessed even his sober mind. He would never dare seek to crush Brander openly; Faith he might strike, but not the man.

In the end, even Dan'l perceived this; he cast about for a new instrument, and found it in the man Slatter.

Slatter had crossed Brander's path, to his sorrow. The loose-tongued man dropped some word of Faith which Brander heard, and Brander remembered. He made pretext of Slatter's next small failure at the work to pommel the man unmercifully. No word of Faith in this; he thrashed Slatter for idling at the windlass when a blanket strip was being hoisted, and for impudence. Slatter was his enemy thereafter.

Dan'l saw and understood. He cultivated Slatter; tended the man's hurts, and gave him covert sympathy for the beating he had taken; and Slatter, emboldened, swore harshly that he would finish Brander, give him half a chance.

Dan'l said hastily and quietly:

"Don't talk such matters, man. There's more than you aboard ship would do that if they dared. I'm not saying even Noll Wing would not smile to see Brander gone. No matter why."

"I know why," Slatter grinned evilly. "Every man forra'd knows why!"

"Well, then, you'll not blame Noll," said Dan'l. "I'm thinking he'd fair kiss the man that had a hand in ending Brander, if it was not done too open; but there's none aboard would dare it."

"By God, let me get him forra'd, right, and I'll—"

"Quiet!" said Dan'l. "Here's the man himself."

Here was his tool; Dan'l waited only the occasion. There was a way to make that.

A whaler's crew are for the most part scum; harmless enough when they are held in hand, easily managed so long as they are kept in fear. But alcohol drives fear out of a man; and there was whisky and rum in the captain's storeroom aft.

It was one of the duties of Roy, as ship's boy, to fetch up stores from this room at command; he was accustomed to fill Noll Wing's bottles now and then. Dan'l saw he might use Roy; and he did so without scruple.

"I've need for liquor, Roy," he told the lad. "But I'd not ask Noll. He's jealous of the stuff, as you know. So when next you're down, fill a jug with whisky, and fetch it up to me."

He said it so casually that Roy agreed without question. The boy was pleased to serve Dan'l. Dan'l held him; had captured Roy, heart and soul. Roy gave him the jugful of liquor next morning. Slatter had it by nightfall, and that without Dan'l's appearing in the matter. Slatter came aft to take the wheel, and Dan'l saw to it the jug was in his sight and at hand. Slatter carried it forward with him. He passed Dan'l in the waist; and Dan'l looked at the jug and laughed and said:

"Man, that looks like liquor!"

Slatter grinned uneasily.

"Oil for the fo'c's'le lamp," he said.

Dan'l wagged his head.

"See that that's so," he said. "If any ructions start in the fo'c's'le, I'll send Brander forward to quiet you. You'll not be wanting Brander to lay hand on you again."

Slatter's eyes shifted hungrily; he went on his way with quick feet. Dan'l watched him go, and his eyes set hard.

That was at dusk. Toward ten that night, when Brander was in his hammock under the boat-house, one of the men howled, forward, and there was the sound of scuffling in the fo'c's'le. Dan'l was aft, waiting. He called to Brander:

"Go forward and put a stop to that yammering, Mr. Brander."

Brander slid out of his hammock, assented quietly, and started forward along the deck. Dan'l watched his dark figure in the night until it was lost in the waist of the Sally. He waited a moment. Brander must be at the fo'c's'le scuttle by now.

Came cries, blows, a tumultuous outbreak. The Sally rang with the storm of battle. Then, abruptly, quiet.

At that sudden-falling quiet, Dan'l turned pale in spite of himself; he licked his lips. The thing was done!

He ran forward, virtuously ready to take a hand.

XXIV

WHEN Brander, at Dan'l's command, went forward to quiet the men in the fo'c's'le, he found two or three of the crew on deck about the scuttle, watching the tumult below. When they heard him and saw him, they backed away. The light from the fo'c's'le lamp dimly illumined their faces; and Brander thought there was something murderous and at the same time furtive in their eyes.

More than that, he caught the smell of alcohol. So there was whisky loose!

A man sped up the ladder past him to the deck, saw him, and slid away into the dark; and then another. Six or eight were still fighting below.

Brander had that sixth sense which men must have who would command other men; he felt, now, the peril in the air. His duty was down there among those fighting men. To get down, he would ordinarily have used the ladder. But to do so would be to engage his hands and his feet, and he might well have need of both these members. He put his hands on the edge of the fo'c's'le scuttle and dropped lightly to the floor of the fo'c's'le without touching the ladder. He landed on his toes, poised, ready.

The narrow, crowded, triangular den was thick with the smell of hot men, of whisky, of burning oil; the air was heavy with smoke. A single swinging lamp lighted the place. Beneath this lamp, four or five men were involved in a battle from which legs and arms were waved awkwardly as their owners struggled. Two other men crouched at opposite sides of the fo'c's'le—watching. One was Mauger; the other Slatter.

"Stop it, now!" Brander cried.

The character of the struggle changed; the fighting men straightened. Some one hit the lamp and sent it whirling into darkness; and at the same moment, Brander heard Slatter scream murderously. He slipped to one side, backed into a corner and held his hands before him, ready to meet an attack.

Slatter's charge, if he were attacking Brander, should have carried the man past the mate's hiding-place; but Brander, in the dark, heard a thump of two bodies to-

gether, heard Slatter bellowing profanity, heard heels thumping upon the floor. Then two or three men made a rush up the ladder to the deck.

Brander stepped forward, tripped over a whirling leg, and dropped upon a smother of two bodies which writhed beneath him. An arm was flying; he gripped for it and felt the prick of a knife in his wrist. Death in the air!

He dragged that arm down to his face and bit at the wrist and the back of the hand till he felt the knife drop from the man's fingers. The three of them were writhing and striking and kicking and strangling; but the knife was gone.

He began to fumble with his right hand, seeking marks for his fists. He did not strike blindly, but when he struck, his blows went home—on some one's ribs, and back, and once on the neck at the base of the ear.

They were fighting in silence now. All had passed so quickly that it was still scarce more than seconds since Brander dropped into the fo'c's'le. Their bodies thumped the planking resonantly; they struggled in a fashion that shook the ship. They were gasping and choking for breath.

Some one screamed terribly in Brander's very ear, and a hand that was gripping his neck relaxed and fell away. The bodies of the fighting men were for an instant still; and in that instant's silence, some one asked:

"You all right, Mr. Brander?"

Brander knew the voice—Mauger's.

"Yes," he said.

Mauger squirmed out from under Brander.

"What hit Slatter?" he asked sharply.

"Did you get him?"

Brander got up, and the body of Slatter fell away from him limply. It was about that time that Dan'l reached the fo'c's'le scuttle above, and looked down into the darkness. He saw nothing.

"Mr. Brander?" he called.

"Yes, sir," Brander said quietly. "All right."

"What's wrong there?"

"Slatter tried to knife me."

"Have you got him?"

"I don't know. He's still. Strike a light, if you please."

Dan'l was already half-way down the ladder; but even before his sulfur match scratched, Brander's nostrils told him what had happened. They brought him a smell;

unmistakable, appalling—the smell of blood!

He was on his knees beside Slatter's body when Dan'l bent over him with the flickering match. They saw Slatter doubled forward over his own legs.

"I had a full nelson," Brander explained swiftly. "I was forcing him over that way when he yelled—"

He lifted Slatter's body; and they saw the hilt of a knife that was stuck downward, deep into his right thigh.

"You've killed him!" Dan'l cried.

And Mauger interrupted loyally:

"No! He didn't."

Dan'l looked at the one-eyed man.

"How do you know?"

"I did. I stuck the knife in him."

Brander looked at Mauger, and he touched the little man's shoulder.

"You're mistaken, little friend," he said, and smiled. He turned to Dan'l: "I bit the knife out of Slatter's hand," he said. "It fell against my chest and slid down. It must have dropped between his body and his legs; and his own body, bending forward, drove it in."

Dan'l smiled unpleasantly.

"All right; but Mauger says he did it."

Brander shook his head.

"He didn't—for a good reason. He was flat on the floor, and I was kneeling on his back, between him and Slatter, when Slatter yelled and quit fighting."

Dan'l groped for the whale-oil lamp, lighted it, and bent to look at the knife.

"How did it kill him, there?" he demanded.

"It must have struck the big thigh artery," said Brander.

Noll Wing's voice came down to them from the scuttle. "What's wrong, below?" And his big bulk slid down the ladder.

Dan'l and Noll and Faith talked the affair over between them in the after cabin the next morning. Faith had slept through the disturbance of the night before; but when she heard of it, on waking, it absorbed her. She went on deck, found Brander, and made him tell her what had happened. He described the outbreak in the fo'c's'le. He told how, when he went forward, he smelled liquor on the men; how he dropped through the fo'c's'le scuttle, and some one knocked the lamp from its hanging, and Slatter rushed him.

"Mauger saw what the man meant," he said. "He jumped on him from the side;

and then I took a hand. We had it for a while, in a heap on the floor."

The other men in the fo'c's'le had fled to the deck, leaving Slatter to do his work.

"I made him let go of the knife," Brander explained. "After we had banged around for a while, I got him from behind, my arms under his, my hands clasped behind his neck. I bent him over, forward. He was trying to get hold of my throat, over his shoulder; but he yelled and let go."

Faith's eyes were troubled.

"You say the men had been drinking?"

"Yes."

"Where did they get it?"

Brander shook his head; he waited for her to speak.

"Let me talk to Mauger," she said.

He sent the one-eyed man to her, and took himself away. Mauger told his story volubly. The little man had added a cubit to his stature by his exploit; he had done heroically, and knew it, and was proud. He told, straightforwardly, how Brander dropped down into the fo'c's'le.

"Slatter had fixed it with a man to knock out the light," he explained. "I heard them whispering. I was watching. I saw Slatter had a knife; so when he jumped for Mr. Brander, I tripped him, and he fell over me, and then Mr. Brander grabbed him." The little man chuckled at the joke on himself. "They fit all over me, ma'am," he said. "They done a double shuffle up and down my backbone, right!"

Faith smiled at him, and told him he had done well.

"But where did the men get liquor?" she asked.

"I dunno, ma'am. Did they have any?"

"Mauger," she said steadily, "where did the men get the liquor?"

The man squirmed, but he stood still under her eyes. He tried to avoid her; but in the end he came nearer, looking backward and from side to side—came nearer, and whispered at last:

"Slatter brought a jug forward after his go at the wheel, ma'am."

"Slatter?" Faith echoed softly. "Slatter? All right, Mauger. And—don't talk too much forward."

The man escaped eagerly. He had been willing enough to talk about Slatter's knife and his own good deed; but this other was another matter. Whisky in the fo'c's'le—

This was in the early morning, before the whole story had spread to every man. Faith

went quickly below, asked his keys from Noll, and went into the storeroom. She found nothing there to guide her; but while she was in the room, Tinch, the cook, came down to get coffee. She studied the man.

"Tinch," she said, a finger pressing her cheek, "I left a jug down here. It's gone. Have you seen it anywhere?"

Tinch, a tall, lean man with a bald head, looked at her stupidly, ran a thin finger through his straggly locks, and thought.

"Wa'al, now, ma'am," he said at last, "I rec'lect I see Roy fetch a jug up out o' her, yist'day."

"Roy?" she asked. "What was he down here for?"

"Come down to—" He looked at her, and was suddenly confused with fear he had played Judas. "Wa'al, now, ma'am," he drawled, "I cal'late you'd best ask the boy that there."

She nodded at once.

"Of course! Thank you, Tinch."

So Faith had this matter in her mind when Dan'l came down to find Noll, in mid-morning, and ask what was to be done about the tragedy.

"Slide Slatter over th' side, Mr. Tobey," Noll said fretfully. "Do I have to look after everything aboard this ship?"

"Hitch is fixing for that," Dan'l said. "What I mean is, how about Mauger? He says he done it."

"Well, if he says he done it, he done it," Noll said sullenly.

"That's what I say," Dan'l agreed. "Only thing is, Brander stands up for him. So what do you aim t' do?"

"Brander stands up for him?"

"Says he couldn't ha' done it, anyways."

Noll threw up his fist angrily.

"Damn it, Mr. Tobey; don't run to me with this. Find out what happened—then tell me. That's the thing. My God, this ship is—Mr. Tobey, be a man!"

"All right!" Dan'l said steadily. "I say Mauger did it."

Noll's cheeks turned pale and his eyes narrowed on the mate.

"Stuck the knife in him?"

"Yes."

"How did he know to stick it in the man's leg so neat? Most men would ha' struck for the back. The man knows the uses of a knife, Mr. Tobey."

Dan'l nodded.

"Oh, aye!"

Noll looked furtively toward the door.

"I've allus said he'd a knife for me. He'll be on my back one day!"

He was trembling, and he poured a drink and swallowed it. Faith, sitting near him, looked up, looked at Dan'l, then bent her head over her book again.

"I'm thinking it's wise to put him in irons," Dan'l suggested.

"Then do it, Mr. Tobey," Noll roared. "Don't come whining to me with your little matters. Settle such things. That's the business of a mate, Mr. Tobey."

"Why make so much talk?" Faith said quietly, without looking up. "Mr. Brander has explained what happened."

The men were silent for an instant, surprised and uneasy. Dan'l looked at the captain; Noll's head was bent.

"You think Mr. Brander is right?" Dan'l ventured to say.

"Of course."

"You—think he's telling the truth?"

"Any one can see that."

Dan'l laughed mirthlessly.

"Then we'd best write—we'd best let Mr. Brander write his story in the log, sir."

Faith looked at Dan'l steadily; then she turned to her husband.

"Noll," she said, "you write the log. I'll tell you what to write."

He eyed her stupidly, not understanding. She got up and opened the log-book and gave him a pen. He protested:

"Faith, wait—"

She touched his shoulder lightly with her hand, silencing him.

"Write this," she said; and when Noll took the pen, she dictated: "Some one gave the men liquor this day; they were drinking in the fo'c's'le. When Mr. Brander went forward to quiet them—" She saw Noll had fallen behind with his writing, and waited a moment, then repeated more slowly: "When Mr. Brander went forward to quiet them, Slatter attacked him with a knife. In the struggle Slatter dropped the knife, and a moment later fell on it, dying from the wound."

She repeated the last sentence a second time, so that Noll got it word for word; and then she took the log from him, and blotted it, and put it away.

"Aren't you saying anything about Mauger?" Dan'l Tobey protested.

Faith smiled quietly.

"Thank you for reminding me." She opened the log again, bade Noll write, and said slowly: "The man Mauger saved Mr.

Brander's life by tripping Slatter as he charged."

Dan'l grimaced as she finished.

"Now," said Faith, "Slatter was not important; at least he is no longer important. But there is one thing, Noll, that you must stop—the whisky that went forward."

Noll looked at her dully, frowning, as if he sought to understand.

"It was probably Slatter stole it," Dan'l said. "The men say so."

"He took it forward," Faith agreed; "but he did not get it from the stores. He could not." She hesitated, her lips white; then she set them firmly. "Dan'l, fetch Roy here," she said.

Dan'l was so surprised that for an instant he did not stir.

"Roy?" he repeated. "What's he—"

Faith looked to her husband.

"Will you tell him to bring Roy?" she asked.

"What's the boy—" Noll asked heavily.

"Go along, Dan'l. Fetch him."

Dan'l got up at once and went out, closing the door behind him. They heard him go on deck. A minute later, he was back with Roy at his heels, and Faith saw her brother's face was white.

"Roy, why did you steal a jug of whisky from the stores?" she asked.

"That's a lie!" Roy cried on the instant.

Faith studied him. He expected accusation, questioning. Instead, she nodded.

"All right."

"Who says I stole whisky?" Roy demanded.

"I," Faith told him.

"Who— Somebody lied to you!"

"No."

Roy was near tears with bafflement.

"Why—what makes you—"

"Don't you want to tell?" Faith asked quietly.

"It's a lie, I say!"

She looked to her husband. Noll saw they were all waiting on him, and he tried to rise to the occasion.

"By God, Roy, what did you go and do that for? Can't a man have a ship without a pack of thieves on her? Mr. Tobey, you—"

He wavered, his eyes swung helplessly to Faith. He seemed to ask her to speak for him.

"Take him on deck, Dan'l," she said, "till Cap'n Wing decides."

"I tell you," Roy insisted, "I didn't—"

But Dan'l Tobey hushed him. Dan'l was getting his first glimpse of the new Faith; and he was afraid of her. He took Roy's arm, led him out and away. Faith and Noll were left alone.

At noon that day, at Noll Wing's profane command, Roy was put in irons and locked in the after 'tween-decks to stay a week on bread and water. The boy cursed Faith to her face for that; and Faith went to her cabin, and dropped on her knees and prayed.

But she kept a steady face for the men, and in particular she kept a steady eye for Dan'l Tobey. She knew Dan'l, now! Dan'l had warned Roy, before bringing him to the cabin. He must have warned the boy, for Roy was prepared for the accusation. He must have warned the boy, therefore he must have known what Faith would assert.

And Faith knew enough of Dan'l's ascendancy over Roy to be sure the mate had prompted her brother's theft.

She must watch Dan'l, fight him. And—she thanked God for Brander. There was a man, a man on her side! She was not to fight alone.

She dreamed of Brander that night. He was battling for her, in her dream, against shadowy and unseen things. And in her dream, she thought he was her husband.

XXV

AN unrest seized Noll Wing—an unrest that was like fear. He assumed, by small degrees, the aspect of a hunted man. It was as if the death of Slatter prefigured to him what his own end would be. His nerves betrayed him; he could not bear to have any man approach him from behind. He struck out nervously at Willis Cox one day when Willis spoke from one side, where Noll had not seen him standing.

The continual storms of the Solander irked him; the racking work of whaling, when it was necessary to run to port with each kill, fretted the flesh from his bones. They lost a whale one day, in a sudden squall that developed into a gale and swept them far to the southward; and when the weather moderated and Dan'l Tobey started to work back to the grounds again, Noll would have none of it.

"Set your course to the east'ard," he commanded. "I'm fed up with the Solander. We'll hit the islands again."

Dan'l protested that there was nowhere such whaling as the Solander offered; but

Noll would not be persuaded. He resented the attempt to argue with him.

"No, by God!" he swore. "A pity if a man can't have his way. Hell with the Solander, Dan'l! I'm sick o' storms and cold. Get north to where it's warm again."

So they did as he insisted, and ran into slack times once more. The men at first exulted in their new leisure; they were well enough content to kill a whale and loaf a week before another kill. Then they began to be impatient with inaction; discontent arose among them. They remembered the ambergris; and their talk was that they need stay out no longer, that the voyage was already a success, that they had a right to expect to head for home.

Noll was wax in Faith's hands in these days. His fear, growing upon him, had shaken all the fiber out of the man. He could be swayed by Dan'l, by old Tichel, by Faith, by almost any one—save in a single matter. He was drinking steadily now, and drinking more than ever before. He was never sober, never without the traces of his liquor in his eyes and his loose lips and slack muscles. And they could not shake him in this matter. He would not be denied the liquor that he craved.

Faith never felt more keenly the fact of her marriage to Noll, and her identity with him, than now. She never thought of herself apart from him; and when he debauched himself, she felt soiled as if she were herself degraded. Nevertheless, she clung to him with all her soul; clung to him, lived the vows she had given him.

There were other times, after that first, when she dreamed of Brander. She could not curb her dreams. He was much in them; but waking, she put the man away from her. She was Noll's; Noll was hers.

Brander avoided her. His heart was sick; she possessed it utterly. But he gave no sign; he never relaxed the grip in which he held himself.

Now and then, on deck, when Noll swore at her, or whined, or fretted, Brander had to swing away and put the thing behind him; but he did it. He was strong enough to do this; he was almost strong enough to keep his thoughts from Faith. Almost—but not quite. She dwelt always with him; he was sick with sorrow and pity and yearning for the right to cherish her.

They spoke when they had to, in cabin or on deck; but they were never alone, and

they avoided each the other as they would have shunned a precipice.

Save for one day, a single day, a day when Faith called Brander to her on the deck and spoke to him; a day that would have been, but for Faith's strength, the bloody destruction of them both.

This incident was the climax of two trains of events, extending over days—extending, in the one case, back to that first day when Dan'l had roused the jealousy in Noll and blown it into flame. Dan'l had never let that flame die out. He fanned it constantly; and when he saw in Faith's eyes, after the matter of Roy's theft of the whisky, that she had guessed his part in it, he threw himself more hotly into his intrigue. He kept at Noll's side whenever it was possible. He covertly taunted the captain with his growing fear of Brander. He roused Noll to gusts of rage, but always these passed in words, and Noll fell back into his lethargy. Dan'l began to fear there was not enough man left in Noll to act. Noll, moved though he might be, had in his heart a trust in Faith which Dan'l found it hard to shake. He might never have shaken it had not luck favored him. And this luck came to pass on the day Faith sought speech with Brander.

That move, on Faith's part, was the result of an increasing peril in the fo'c's'le. The men were getting drink again.

This began one day when a foremast hand came aft to take the wheel. Old Tichel smelled the liquor on him, saw that the man's feet were unsteady, and flew into one of his tigerish fits of rage. He drove the man forward with blows and kicks. He came aft with his teeth bared, and flamed to Noll Wing.

Men were sent for and questioned. Three of them had been drinking. They were badly frightened; they were sullen. Nevertheless, in the end, under old Tichel's fist, one of them said he had found a quart bottle, filled with whisky, in his bunk the night before. Tichel accused him of stealing it; the man stuck to his tale and could not be shaken.

The men could not come at the stores through the cabin; there was always an officer about the deck or below. Tichel thought they might have cut through from the after 'tween-decks, and the stores were shifted in an effort to find such a secret entrance to the captain's stores. But none was found; there was no way.

Three days later there was whisky forward again—found, as before, in a bunk. Two men drunk, rope's-endings at the rail—but no solution to the mystery.

Two days after that, the same thing; four days later, a repetition. And so on, at intervals of days, for a month on end. The whisky dribbled forward a quart at a time; the men drank it; and never a trace to the manner of the theft.

In the end, Roy Kilcup found a bottle in his bunk and drank the bulk of it himself, so that he was deathly sick and like to die. Faith, tormented beyond endurance, looking everywhere for help, chose at last to appeal to Brander.

Brander had the deck that day. Willis Cox and Tichel were sleeping. Dan'l was in the main cabin, alone; Noll in the after cabin, stupid with drink. Roy had been sick all the night before, with Willis Cox and Tichel working over him, counting the pounding heart-beats, wetting the boy's head, working the poison out of him. Roy was forward in his bunk now, still sodden.

Faith came from the after cabin, passed Dan'l, and went up on deck. Something purposeful in her face caught Dan'l's attention, and he went to the foot of the cabin companion and listened. He heard her call softly:

"Mr. Brander!"

Dan'l thought he knew where Brander would be—in the waist of the Sally, no doubt. There was a man at the wheel, and Faith did not wish him to hear what she said. She met Brander forward of the cabin skylight, by the boat-house; and Dan'l, straining his ears, could hear.

"Mr. Brander, I'm going to ask you to help me," Faith said.

"I'd like to," Brander told her. "What is it you want done?"

"It's—Roy. I'm desperately worried, Mr. Brander."

"He's all right, Mr. Cox tells me. He'll be well enough in a few hours."

"It's not just—this drunkenness, Mr. Brander. It's—more. He is in my charge, in a way. Father bade me take care of him. And he's—taking the wrong path."

"Yes," Brander said quietly.

Dan'l looked toward the after cabin, thought of bringing Noll to hear. But there was no harm in this that they were saying; no harm—rather, good. He listened.

"My husband is not—not the man he was, Mr. Brander," Faith said steadily.

"And Mr. Tobey—I can't trust him. I've got to come to you."

Dan'l decided, at that, to bring Noll and risk it, trust to his luck and to his tongue to twist their words. He went softly across to the after cabin and shook Noll's shoulder; and when the captain opened his eyes, Dan'l whispered:

"Come, Noll Wing! You've got to hear this."

Noll sat up stupidly.

"What? What's that you say?"

"Faith and Brander are together, on deck, whispering," Dan'l said. He banged his clenched fist into his open hand. "By God, sir, I've grown up with Faith; I like her; but I can't stand by and see them do this to you!"

"What are they about?" Noll asked, his face flushing. He was on his feet.

Dan'l gripped his arm.

"I heard her promise him you would soon be gone, sir. That you were sick. That you—"

Noll strode into the cabin.

"Quiet!" Dan'l whispered. "Come!"

He led him to the foot of the companion stairs, bade him listen. And the malicious gods played into Dan'l's evil hands; for as they listened, Faith was saying:

"Try to make him like you. But be careful. He doesn't, now. If he guessed—"

Brander said something which they could not hear—a single word; and Faith cried:

"You can. You're a man. He can't help admiring you in the end. I—" She hesitated, said helplessly: "I'm putting myself into your hands—"

Dan'l had wit to seize his fortune. "By God, sir!" he cried out.

But there was no need of spur to Noll Wing now. The captain had reached the deck with a single rush. Dan'l was at his heels. Faith and Brander sprang apart before their eyes; and because the innocent have always the appearance of the guilty, there was guilt in every line of these two.

Noll Wing, confronting them, had in that moment the stature of a man; he was erect and strong, his eyes were level and cold. He looked from Faith to Brander.

"Brander, be gone," he said. "Faith, come below."

Brander took a step toward Noll. Faith said quickly to him:

"No!"

And she smiled at him as he halted in obedience.

Then she turned to her husband, passed him, went down into the cabin; and Noll, with a last glance at Brander, descended on her heels.

Dan'l, facing the fourth mate, grinned triumphantly; but for an instant he saw death in Brander's eyes, so that his mirth was frozen. Then Brander turned away.

XXVI

FAITH went down into the main cabin, crossed, and entered the cabin across the stern, turned there to await her husband. He followed her slowly; he came in, and shut the door behind him. The man was controlling himself; nevertheless, he thrust this door shut with a force that shook the thin partition between the cabins. And he snapped the bolt that held it closed.

Then he turned and looked at Faith. There was a furious strength in his countenance at that moment; but it was like the strength of a maniac. His lips twitched tensely; his eyes moved like the eyes of a man who is dizzy from too much turning on his own heel. They jerked away from Faith, returned to her, jerked away again—all without any movement of Noll's head. And as the man's eyes wavered and wrenched back to her thus, the pupils contracted and narrowed in an effort to focus upon her.

For the rest, he was flushed, brick-red. His whole face seemed to swell. He was inhuman; there was an apelike and animal fury in the man as he looked at his wife.

Abruptly, he jerked up his hands and pressed them against his face and turned away; it was as if he thrust himself away with this pressure of his hands. He turned his back on her, went to his desk, and unlocked a drawer. Faith knew the drawer; she was not surprised when he drew out of it a revolver.

Bending over the desk, with this weapon in his hand, Noll Wing made sure every chamber was loaded. He paid her no attention.

Faith watched him for an instant; then she turned to the bench that ran across the stern and picked up from it a bit of sewing—embroidery. She sat down composedly on the bench, crossed her knees in the comfortable attitude of relaxation which women like to assume. One foot rested on the floor; the other swayed back and forth, as if beating time, a few inches above the floor.

Sitting thus, Faith began to sew. She was outlining the petal of an embroidered flower, and she gave this work her whole attention. She did not look up at Noll.

The man finished his examination of the weapon; he turned it in his hand; he lifted it and leveled it at Faith. Still Faith did not look up; she seemed unconcerned.

"Faith!" Noll said harshly.

She looked up then, met his eyes fairly, smiled a little.

"What is it, Noll?"

"I'm going to kill you," he said with stiff lips.

"All right," she said quietly, and bent her head above her sewing once more, disregarding him.

Noll was stupefied. This was not surprise; it was the helplessness which courage inspires in a coward. For Noll was a coward in those last days. His face twisted; his hand was shaking. He stared over the revolver barrel at Faith's brown head.

Her hair was parted in the middle, drawn back about her face. The white line of skin where the hair was parted fascinated him; he could not take his eyes from it. The revolver muzzle lowered without his being conscious of this fact; the weapon hung in his hand.

His eyes were still fixed on Faith's head, on the part in her hair. She wore an old, tortoise comb, stuck downward into the hair at the back of her head, its top projecting upward—a singular, old-fashioned little ornament. There was a silver mounting on it; and the light glistened on this silver, and caught Noll's eye, and held it.

Faith continued her quiet sewing. Noll's tense muscles, little by little, relaxed. His fingers loosed their grip on the revolver butt; it dropped to the floor with a clatter. The sound seemed to rouse Noll; he strode toward Faith.

"By God!" he cried. "You'll—"

He swung down a hand and gathered the fabric of her work between harsh fingers. Her needle was in the midst of a stitch; it pricked him. He did not feel the tiny wound. He would have snatched the stuff out of her hands. He felt as if it were defending her.

But when his hand swept down between hers and caught the bit of embroidery, Faith looked up at him again, and she caught his eye. That halted him; he stood for an instant motionless, bending above her, their faces not six inches apart.

Then the man jerked his hand away. He released his grip on the bit of fancy-work; but the needle was deep in his finger, so that he pulled it out of the cloth. The thread followed it; when his quick movement drew the thread to full length, the fabric was snatched out of Faith's unresisting hands. It dangled by the thread from the needle that stuck in Noll's finger. He saw it, jerked the needle out with a quick, spasmodic gesture, and flung it to one side. He did not look at it; he was looking, still, at Faith.

"Put that away!" he said hoarsely.

Faith smiled, glanced toward the bit of white upon the floor.

"I'm afraid there's blood on it," she said.

"Blood!" he repeated, under his breath.

"Blood!"

She folded her hands quietly upon her knee, waiting.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

She nodded.

"All right. Do."

His wrath boiled through his lips, chokingly.

"You—" he stammered. "You and Brander—"

Her eyes, upon his, hardened. She said nothing; but this hardening of her eyes was like a defiance. He flung his hands above his head.

"By God, you're shameless!" he choked.

"You're shameless! A shameless woman! And him— I took him out of a hell-hole, and he takes you! I'll break him in two with my hands!"

She said nothing. He flung into an insanity of words. He cursed her unspeakably, with every evil phrase he had learned in close to thirty years of the sea. He accused her of unnamable things. His face swelled with his fury, the veins bulged upon his forehead. He was uncontrolled, save in one thing. Something made him hush his voice; he whispered harshly and chokingly. What he said could scarce have been heard in the main cabin, six feet away from them.

The man was slaving; there were flecks of foam upon his lips. Faith watched him in a curious detachment, as if he were something outside the world, below it, beyond it. She scarce heard his words at all; she was looking at the man's naked soul. It was so inexpressibly revolting that she had no feeling that this soul had once been

wedded to hers; she could not have believed this if she had tried.

This was no man, but a beast. There could be nothing between them. She had married Noll Wing; not the body of him, nor the face of him, but the soul within the man. And this was not Noll Wing's soul she saw. That was dead; this horrible thing had bred festeringly in the carrion.

Faith shrank in spirit and heart before Noll's horrible outpouring; yet at the same time she was steady and undisturbed. There was a numbness upon her—a numbness that killed suffering and at the same time stimulated thought. She was able to perceive the very depths of Noll; she looked, at the same time, into her own depths. She heard him accuse her of foul passion for Brander; she knew, instead, that she loved Brander completely. She had never known her love for Brander before; Noll showed it to her, dragged it out where she could see it beyond mistaking. Even in that moment she welcomed this love; welcomed it, and saw that it was honest, and wholesome, and splendid, and clean. She welcomed it, so that she smiled.

Her smile struck Noll like a blow in the face, stunning and sobering him. He flung out his hands.

"Come!" he commanded. "What do you say? Say something! Say—"

"What shall I say?" she asked.

"Is it true? Damn you, is it true?"

"Could I say anything that you would believe?"

"No, by God! You're dirty and false as hell. You—" He struck his hands together helplessly. "Nothing!" he cried. "Nothing you can say. Dirty as hell!"

Yet his eyes still besought her to speak; she touched the bench beside her.

"Sit down, Noll," she said gently.

The man towered above her, hands upraised. His fingers twisted and writhed and clenched as if upon a soft throat that he gripped. His features worked terribly.

And then, before her eyes, a change came upon him. The tense muscles of his fury sagged; the blood ebbed from his veins, so that they flattened; the black flush faded on his cheeks. He opened his mouth and screamed once, a vast and stricken scream of a beast in pain. It was like the scream of a frightened, anguished horse. It rang along the length of the Sally, so that the men forward shrank and looked over their shoulders.

He screamed, and then his great body shrank and collapsed and tottered and fell. He dropped upon his knees, at her feet. He flung his head in her lap, his arms about her waist, clinging as a drowning man might cling to a rock. His cap dropped off; she saw his bald old head there. He sobbed like a child, his great shoulders twitching and heaving. His face was pressed upon her clasped hands; she felt his tears upon her wrists, felt the slaverings of his sobbing mouth upon her fingers.

"Eh, Faith!" he cried softly. "Faith, don't you turn against me, now! I'm old, Faith!" And again: "I'm old, Faith—dying, Faith. Don't leave me. Don't turn against me now!"

She bent above him, filled with an infinite pity and sorrow. This was the wreck of her love. She no longer loved him, but her heart was shaken with grief.

She bent forward and laid her smooth cheek against the rough parchment of his bald old head. She loosed her hands, and drew them out from beneath his face, and laid them on his shoulders, stroking him gently.

"There, Noll! There," she murmured. Foolish words, meaningless, like the comforting sounds of an inarticulate animal; yet he understood. There were no words for what was in her heart; she could only whisper: "There—there—there," and gently touch his shoulders and his head.

"They're all against me, Faith," he told her, over and over. "All against me. Even you!"

"No, no, Noll!"

"You love him! You love him!"

"No, Noll—no." She lied, not to deceive her husband, but to comfort him. Her eyes, above Noll's head, seemed to ask her love's pardon for the lie. "No, Noll. You're my husband."

His arms tightened about her waist; his great chest pressed against her knees.

"You're mine," he begged. "You're mine. Don't go away from me!"

"No. Never—never, forever."

He raised his face from her lap at last; and she saw that it was sunken like the countenance of one long dead. He cried, in utter self-abasement.

"Eh, Faith! I don't deserve you. I'm an old, helpless man."

She smiled at him.

"I married you, Noll."

"I'm no good. They're laughing at me."

Her eyes heartened him.

"Master them. Command them. You are the master, Noll."

"I can't. There's no strength in me."

"It's there. Master them, Noll!"

"I can't hold myself, Faith. Not even myself. I'm rotted with whisky and years and strife."

"Master yourself, Noll."

"Faith, Faith, it's too late. I'm gone. I can't!"

"You can," she said.

She spoke the two words quietly; yet somehow they gave him of her strength, so that his head lifted higher, and the muscles took form beneath his slack cheeks. He stared into her eyes, as if he were drinking her soul through them; his chest swelled as if virtue were going into him.

They sat thus, minutes on end. He got to his feet. His eyes cleared, with the tempestuous and short-lived fire of age in their depths.

"By God, Faith," he swore, "I will. I'll command—myself and them!"

"You can," she said again. "You can. So—do, Noll."

He turned away from her, looking about with new eyes. She smiled sadly; she knew him too well, now. She was not surprised when his first act was to go to the lockfast and get his bottle, and drink. He smacked his lips, chuckled at her.

"By God, Faith, I'll show these dogs!" he cried, and flung open the door.

She heard him go out and climb up to the deck. She sat where he had left her.

Sat there, and knew her love for Brander. In those minutes while she remained where Noll had seen her last, she listened to the singing of new voices in her heart. Brander was before her, in her eyes, in her thoughts. He possessed her, in that moment, more completely than Noll had ever done. She gave herself to him, completely, without reluctance and without faintest reservation. No need to see him, no need to tell him. She knew, he must know.

She never asked herself whether he loved her; she had always known that—known it without admitting the knowledge, even in her thoughts. She loved him, body and heart and soul; her eyes yearned for his, her tongue to tell him what her heart was singing, her arms to embrace him.

She got up, at last, a little wearily. It was only a matter of minutes that she sat

there, looking within herself. When she listened, now, she could hear Noll's voice, on deck, roaring in the old way. Once she heard Brander answer him from somewhere amidships. Again she caught the murmur of Dan'l Tobey's tones.

Brander was her love; but Noll—Noll was her husband, and she his wife. Faith passed her hand across her eyes as if to wipe away these visions she had looked upon. Noll was her husband; her vows were his. She was his, and would be. Nothing he could do would make her less his; he was in her keeping, his life and hers could never take diverging paths. He was her charge, to strengthen, and guide, and support; his tasks were hers, his responsibilities were her responsibilities, his burdens must rest upon her shoulders.

But she did not deceive herself. Old Noll was dead, old Noll Wing who had mastered men for year on year. That Noll was dead; the Noll who lived was a weakling. But she was a part of the living Noll; and she was no weakling. So—

Her lips set faintly. Love Brander though she did, there was no place for him in her life. Her life was Noll; her life belonged to Noll. Noll was failing; his flesh might live, but his soul was dead and his strength was gone. His task had fallen upon her.

Quite simply, in that moment, Faith promised herself that whatever happened, the Sally Sims should come safe home again; that no man should ever say Noll Wing had failed in the end; that no man should ever make a jest of Noll's old renown. If Noll could not manage these things for himself, she would.

She began, suddenly, to cry. She locked herself in her cabin and wept bitterly for hours; but afterward, bathing her eyes, freshening herself to meet Noll's eyes, she looked into the mirror, and smiled and lifted her head.

"You can do it, Faith," she told herself. "You can do it, full as well as he." And then, more seriously: "You must do it, Faith Wing. You must bring the Sally safe home!"

When she stepped out into the after cabin, she saw the revolver still on the floor where Noll had left it. She picked it up to return it to its proper drawer.

But on second thought, she changed her mind, and took it and hid it in her bunk.

(To be concluded in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)